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[THE WRECK OF A WHOLE LIFE.]

**A YOUNG GIRL FROM THE COUNTRY.**

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CHAPTER I

STRANGERS AT THE HOLLY FARM.

He came at night—that time of care—  
And brooding over hours misspent—  
Like to a spectre of despair,  
Or warning from a lost one sent. *James Elwin.*

LATE one spring evening, some seven years ago, two travellers made their way into the public room of the Holly Farm Inn, which, in its hale and hearty old age, nodded over the high road about fifty miles west of London.

The Holly Farm was a very ancient house—a queer place, with creepers everywhere hiding its walls, and a huge sign, which flapped in the wind.

Its windows were cut diamond-shape, its floors were uneven, its ceilings black, murky, and crossed by huge beams, more murky and ill-looking still. With its bulging casements, its odd, uncertain gables, its overhanging eaves, the Holly Farm seemed, as I have said, to be nodding over the road—nodding in a sleep which scarcely a strange footfall ever disturbed.

On the evening in question, Silas Venture, the landlord, was seated in the public room, surrounded by his admirers and parasites, who, when the old man said, "when I speaks—I speaks"—which was his usual style of clinching an argument—considered that he uttered an oracular saying, entitling him to universal admiration.

The public room was a quaint looking place, not uncomfortable to be said, and quite in keeping with the general appearance of the inn of which it formed a portion.

There was a set of shelves containing crockery and glass-ware of all imaginable shapes, sizes, and ages—a heavy, dark-looking clock, which ticked with an idiotic sort of grunt, in a corner, where no one could see it;

there was a portrait of the landlady in a huge white frilled cap, and a likeness of the landlord, very fat and oily. From the black beam across the ceiling hung various kinds of dried comestibles; and up the vast open chimney roared many a goodly flame, which indulged in a variety of indescribable contortions, apparently in mockery of the chill weather without.

The conversation flagged for a time after the entrance of the first traveller, a young man with a sun-burnt countenance, bright black eyes, and a fine manly figure.

He appeared constrained amid the small throng of country gossips who were collected round the fire; and scarcely exchanged a word with any of them. As, however, he ordered a good supper, and paid for grog for old Silas, he was, after a while, considered a "good sort," and the checked conversation once more flowed freely.

"This is the anniversary of a strange time," said Silas Venture, authoritatively, "but it's a stranger thing still that Milton Conyers should choose such a night as this to keep holiday at the hall."

The traveller started slightly, and then a glow of confusion spread over his handsome features. But no one had noticed him, and he settled himself to listen.

"What's this night the anniversary of, then?" asked Burnett Crowe, the schoolmaster, with odd emphasis.

Silas glanced at the speaker in pity.

"An inhabitant of this ere hamlet for forty year and not remember the 25th of February!" said mine host, with bitter scorn. "Ask Lusy if he knows it."

Lusy was the sexton. His name was Lewis, but by some playful dalliance with the syllables it had been made into the familiar appellation used by the landlord. He was Silas Venture's shadow—his echo—his mouth-piece.

Lusy shook his head.

"I know it well," he said.

"I don't remember," persisted Crowe, doggedly.

Silas Venture was disgusted.

"Then Burnett Crowe," said he, emphatically, "you ought to be ashamed to confess it. I say so, Burnett Crowe, and when I speaks, I speaks."

"Well," said the admonished pedagogue, "tell us all about it. I like to hear you talk."

This was true; for it spared him the necessity of

doing so himself, and enabled him to give himself up to his memories.

Silas waved his pipe majestically.

"It was on the 25th February, 1831," he began, after gulping down a huge draught of home-brewed ale, "it was on the 25th February, 1831, that Milton Hall was broken into. It was a wild night—just such another as this promises to be. The wind howled fitfully amid the trees—young saplings were torn up by the roots—whole stacks of chimneys fell, and amid the roaring of the blast and the patterning of the snow and sleet, and the shaking of the old windows, the sounds of crime were heard by none. The thieves came for more than plunder, for next morning the room in which one of the nursery governesses slept was found to have been entered. Young Ralph Conyers was carried off, and the girl, who appeared to have struggled violently with the villains, was lying on the floor cold and stark, with her poor face and white night-dress bathed in blood. That boy has never since been heard of."

A dead silence followed this speech. An awe seemed to have fallen upon all—an awe which was enhanced by the howling of the rising wind, and the tapping of the ivy creepers against the windows.

At length the stranger spoke.

"And were the men ever discovered?"

Silas Venture turned round solemnly, and, after eying the young traveller from top to toe as if to discover what right he had to ask the question, answered concisely—

"No. They were never heard of more."

"And so they're a merry-making at the hall, where I suppose they soon forgot poor Ralph."

"They have, sir. But may I ask whether you are acquainted with the Morton family?"

Again the flush mounted to the brow of the young stranger as he replied—

"No—no. I felt interested in your story, that was all."

He then relapsed once more into silence.

"Yes," said Lusy, the sexton, as if replying to some imaginary question, "I think I see her now, as she passed along the churchyard with the thick veil over her face, and her white dress floating behind her. She looked just like a spirit."

"Who?" asked Crowe.

"The woman—the veiled woman who haunts the hall!"

The stranger moved uneasily.

"She is the first wife of Milton Conyers, the gossips say," continued Silas Venture, forgetting that he himself was at the head of them; "but as she was dead and buried twenty-five years ago, that cannot be. However, Lusy has seen her, and followed her, and heard the rustling of her dress against the tombs, but he could never catch her. And he has seen, too, John Shadow—that ogre of the hamlet who disappeared about the time of the murder, and whose villainous eyes I think I should know anywhere."

"And I, too," said the sexton, "though twenty-five years have rolled away since I and he met face to face. I should know him again, let him be ever so well disguised."

At this moment they could hear amid the howling of the approaching storm the creaking of a man's boots along the gravelly path, and in another instant the door was flung rudely open and the second traveller entered.

The new-comer paused for a moment upon the threshold, and cast upon the assembled guests a defiant glance, as if in anticipation of their unfavourable opinions. Then, closing the door roughly, without turning, he advanced towards the fire and said:

"A stiff glass of grog, landlord, and let it be hot, for the night is chilly and I have walked long."

With these words he flung himself down upon a bench in the shadow of the great chimney, carelessly and wearily it seemed, but, in reality, so that his back might be half-turned towards the guests, and his face entirely concealed.

Nature had not been bountiful to this man, and the world had evidently been indisposed to remedy its unkindness.

He was tall, spare, and ungainly; his face long and sallow: his beard red and stubby; his eyes small, and twinkling with an evil intelligence. His clothes clung to him with the peculiarly tight embrace of poverty; his jack-boots were rusty where they were not splashed with mud, his hat battered, and here and there jagged, as if eaten away by some ravenous animal.

His clothes would have named him the victim of a long life of failures and disappointments; his features and his clothes combined, spoke of a career of unsuccessful villainy.

His entrance cast a far greater damper on Silas Venture's quiet gossiping party than that of the youthful traveller.

For this man—who seemed to have the weight of some forty-five years upon his shoulders—appeared to sit there defiantly, resolutely, with a kind of braggart show, as if warning them off, or casting in their teeth beforehand any irrelevant or unnecessary questions.

At length, when the man had been served with his steaming glass of grog, the sexton, after a preliminary gulp, as if he were trying to swallow something greatly against his inclination, suddenly exclaimed:

"We were speaking of John Shadow."

The silence for some time before this had been most profound; nothing had been heard but the ticking of the clock, the tapping of the leaves on the panes, the mutterings of the wayward wind, the far-off sighing of great trees, the flutterings of the red flames.

The sexton spoke with a peculiar intonation of voice; and so abruptly, that every one in the room started—none more so than the second traveller, whose pale face was for a moment distinctly visible to all—scowling at the old man with a terrible glance of menace.

"Bah! you startled me," he cried, moving back again into his old position.

The sexton took a second gulp, this time gazing over at Silas Venture with a kind of hysterical smile.

"We were speaking of John Shadow, and I say again, although it's five-and-twenty years since I met him face to face, I should know him again as if I'd seen him yesterday."

The schoolmaster, as he had nothing to add to this speech, gave an approving nod and Lusy continued:

"There's no doubt that John Shadow was the man who killed the governess, and they do say he was the cause of Mrs. Conyers' death too."

The man moved uneasily in his seat; but, as if taking a sudden resolution, he turned round, saying:

"Conyers! Isn't that the name of the people at the hall?"

For the first time since his entrance, his eyes were fixed on those of the young traveller, who sat quietly gazing at the fire and listening eagerly to the conversation. The glance of the stranger was not one of surprise, but one of anxious scrutiny, and a grim smile passed over his lips as he ceased observing him, and turned to the sexton, who answered:

"Yes; Conyers is the name of the people at the hall."

"Ah! and this John Shadow—what was he like?"

"As like you as one pea to another," said the sexton, with a burst of hysterical boldness.

A scowl, a cloud of terrible hate, passed over the man's face, as old Lusy spoke thus, and bringing his

clenched fist down on the table with a thump which made the glasses dance, he cried, in a loud voice:

"Harkee, old man! keep a civil tongue in your head, or old as you are I'll make you repeat it."

The tuft of woolly hair on old Venture's head, which looked very much like the white froth on a mug of ale, bristled at this angry speech, and rising and spreading out his two hands as if brushing down an imaginary horse, he cried:

"Gentlemen, I have never had a quarrel in this house for five-and-twenty years, since that identical John Shadow struck Hubert the gardener at the hall; and I don't mean to have a quarrel here now. Leastwise that ended badly enough, for Hubert was killed soon afterwards no one knows how. I'm the landlord here, gentlemen, and when I speak I speak."

Having delivered himself of this oracular speech, Silas Venture reseated himself, and quietly resumed the smoking of his pipe, as if, of necessity, the quarrel must be ended.

The stranger, after a moment, burst into a hoarse laugh, and, after taking a long draught of his grog, said:

"Well, well, I was too hasty, perhaps. I don't know this John Shadow from Adam, and never heard of him before; but as you said he'd murdered some one, it was not over pleasant to be told I was like him."

At this moment the young stranger rose.

"I see it's just half-past nine," he said, as if apologising for going. "At ten o'clock I can see Milton Conyers, and it's a good half-hour's walk to the hall."

"You'll save ten minutes and more, if you go through the wood," said Venture. "It's lonely like; but there ain't any bad characters about here now."

The young man laughed.

"They've disappeared since John Shadow's time, I suppose," he said gaily. "Good evening, gentlemen—good evening!"

He had been muffling himself up, all this time: he now opened the inn door, stood one moment in the shadow of the old porch to glance round at the weather, and then walked rapidly down the dark road in the direction of the wood.

A few minutes after, the second traveller also rose, and, having paid his score and growled a surly "good night," followed the young man.

For sometime, the latter walked on hurriedly, as if anxious to escape from the loneliness and the darkness of his journey as soon as possible.

Nothing was to be heard for some time but the sound of his own feet upon the crisp ground, the hum of insects near him, and the far-off sighing of the trees. Presently, however, he became conscious that he was being followed; and, anxious to ascertain the character of his companion before he entered the wood, he slackened his pace, to allow the new-comer to reach him.

"Well met!" cried a voice, which he recognized as that of the second traveller at the Holly Farm Inn, "well met. It's lonely work in the wood yonder, and I'm thinking you'll not be sorry of a companion."

The young man glanced doubtfully at the speaker, whose manner and whose voice belied the cheeriness of his words, and a chill insensibly crept through him as he answered:

"You are right—a companion in an out-of-the-way place like this is welcome. So let us go on together, for I am in a hurry."

"You're bound for the hall are you not?" asked the other.

"Yes, I am. I've come a long way to see Milton Conyers, and I must see him to-night."

His companion eyed him observantly.

"May you be bringing him news of his son," said he. "If so, you'll be right well received."

The stranger flushed, and made a gesture of impatience, as if the words of his question annoyed him.

"My business with Milton Conyers is very private," said he, rather distantly, "otherwise I should not be so eager to see him in person. Hang this road! it is as rough as a mountain-path and as dark as pitch under these trees."

"It's worse as you go into the wood," replied his companion, "but I know my way well, so never fear. Take my arm and I will guide you."

They had just reached the path leading into the forest—a path deviating suddenly from that skirting the road, without stile or gate.

So, arm-in-arm the two men entered the long avenue of gloomy trees which waved and moaned in the breeze, and their voices and their forms were soon lost amid the sighing and the darkness.

## CHAPTER II.

### SHADOWS ON THE HEARTH.

MILTON CONYERS—a wealthy member of an influential family, and the expectant heir of a marquisate and noble estate—was, at the period our story opens, some sixty years of age, though time had left so few traces

of its passage that he might well have claimed to be ten years younger.

In his early days he had been "a three-bottle man," before he could vindicate properly for himself the title of "man": he had loved the long carouse at night and the shady side of Pall Mall in the daytime: he had uttered the usual absurdities about the joys of bachelorhood and folly of marriage, and wound up by falling desperately in love at nine-and-twenty and marrying at thirty.

The woman upon whom his choice fell was one far below him in point of wealth; but her family was good and her *ton* irreproachable. Conyers, moreover, had no one to consult, and, consequently, a year after their first meeting, the beautiful, accomplished, and youthful Laura Wellesby became his wife.

The result of this union was a son Ralph and a daughter Laura.

For some few years all went well at the hall. Milton Conyers loved his wife to distraction—was proud of exhibiting her to his friends, and never tired of singing forth her praises. Uninterrupted gaiety was the order of the day—the hall was the scene of festivities such as its original founders had scarcely dreamed of, and Conyers began to laugh at the predictions of his forsaken London associates.

About four years after his marriage, being in need of a secretary, he chose for the post a young man who had been brought up in the village school, but who, by earnest study, placed himself intellectually far above his companions.

This man was John Shadow.

From the moment he entered the hall a gloom seemed to fall over the place. Yet this was scarcely attributable, in justice, to him: he was a tall, fair fellow, though with a forbidding face: his manners were lively, easy, and even merry at times; while his air towards his benefactor was always respectful and quiet in the extreme.

A few months after his arrival a strange phenomenon presented itself. John Shadow had either taken a violent fancy or a violent antipathy to Mrs. Conyers; and more than once it was noticed by her servants, though not by her husband, that a glow of anger overspread her face when she had just quitted him, while a smile of cynical triumph was over on his lips.

At length, one morning, John Shadow and Milton Conyers were closeted together for some two hours; but though loud voices, and the angry pacings to and fro of a violent man were heard by several, none knew what passed at that interview.

John Shadow came out quietly, with his usual smile upon his lip, and sent by a servant a message to Mrs. Conyers to the effect that her husband desired to see her.

Then there was another interview, calmer, briefer than the first. No one could hear the low words spoken, though several listened; and one, more curious than the rest, peeped through the door and saw a wife with dishevelled hair and tearful eyes, kneeling before a stern and relentless husband.

That evening Mrs. Conyers left the hall. No one knew what had happened; some terrible calamity had fallen on the house, and broken up its peace for ever; but the sufferer, whoever it was, folded his grief to his own heart, and kept it there in secret.

On the day following John Shadow also left.

"Why you go, I know not," Mr. Conyers was heard to say, "except it be that now I am broken-hearted you care not any longer to afford me your sympathy."

"Alas, sir!" exclaimed his secretary, "Heaven knows how gladly I would remain by your side to comfort, to cheer, to assist. But I cannot live longer in the house upon which I have aided in bringing sorrow. There is a gloom—a solemn terror—a dread which you seem to inhale with every breath you draw, and I must leave this place."

So he went too; and Milton Conyers was left alone at the hall—alone at least, with the exception of his children and the servants.

A year passed.

Life was becoming insupportable to Milton Conyers, and despite his children, he was on the point of returning to London and seeking oblivion in the mad life of his youth. One morning, however, a letter came from John Shadow.

It was edged with black, and ran thus:

"Sir,—I take the liberty of writing to you, to inform you of an event which has accidentally come under my notice. Mrs. Conyers, your wife, is dead. She died after a short illness at Merton, in Yorkshire, where she was staying, apart from all friends, with some cottagers. I enclose a copy of the register, and beg to remain, your humble servant,

"JOHN SHADOW."

Milton Conyers took the copy of the register and read it over once—twice—three times.

"Poor misguided girl," he murmured, "she is then gone from me for ever."

He went in mourning—kept himself secluded for a year, and married again—this time the daughter of a neighbour, Sir Humphrey Ashton, a proud member of a proud family.

His second wife was far different from the first. She was handsome, young, accomplished; but she had a firmness which amounted to obstinacy, a will which made her the master spirit at Milton Hall, and utterly enslaved Milton Conyers.

To this servitude, however, he seemed to yield with a kind of pleasure. He forgot his troubles, and adored his wife because she was so entirely opposed in all her desires, all her ambitious views, in her very style of beauty itself, to Laura Wellerby.

A year after their marriage Isabel Conyers presented her husband with a son. This was the only child she ever had, and she doted upon it almost to folly.

The two children of Laura Conyers, Ralph and Laura had never to complain of unkindness, or even want of due care from their step-mother; but yet there was not in her manner towards them that gentleness, and that earnest devotion which would have been theirs had their mother lived.

It was a year after the birth of Reginald Conyers that the event took place which had caused so much discussion among the gossipers at the Holly Farm Inn.

It was on the 25th February, 1851, as Silas Venture had said, and all the family had retired to rest. It was a cold, pitiless night; the snow came down in torrents, scarcely in showers, for it descended in a rush-whirled round the trunks of the old trees, and piled itself up on the window-ledges and the steps, and half choked up the avenues. It lay upon the roof so thickly, in such odd shapes, and in such uneven masses, that the old house seemed less like an ordinary human habitation than some fantastic vision of the romancer.

The snow was so thick that the feet of the men who broke into Milton Hall that night, made no noise as they approached, and the snow so pattered on the window panes, and the wind so moaned amid the trees that the sound of the instruments with which they entered was completely and effectually drowned. Consequently, none knew till the following morning what fearful crime the night had screened. Then truly evidence enough was found; young Ralph was gone; and on the floor of his room lay Susan Midgely, the nursery governess, quite dead, with a gaping wound in her breast, and a track of blood in the snow showed that the murderer had escaped.

Every effort was made to discover the identity of the assassin, and the place where the lost child was concealed; but all was in vain. John Shadow, who had reappeared some weeks before Mr. Conyers' second marriage, and had created for himself the hatred of the villagers by his drunken and reprobate habits, was nowhere to be found the morning after the murder, and suspicion naturally alighted on him. He contrived, however, to hide away from the authorities, and as there was absolutely no reason for suspecting him, Milton Conyers declined to prosecute his old secretary—changed and worthless as he had become.

So the master died away—Laura and Reginald grew up—Mrs. Conyers, now that Ralph was gone, was as kind to Laura as to her own son, and Milton Conyers began to taste a happiness which he had scarcely hoped would have been his.

On the night of the arrival of the two strangers at the Holly Farm Inn, there was, as has been said, a gala at the hall. Reginald Conyers had but just returned from abroad, and his arrival was celebrated with all the joy natural to fond parents. Up-stairs, in the great banqueting-hall, there was a gay assemblage of the best families in the neighbourhood; below, there was a ball to which the young people of the village—a selection of them, we must add—had been invited.

It was about nine o'clock when Reginald Conyers led from the dance Lady Caroline Mountmorris, to whom he was supposed to have been engaged in early youth, and stood with her in the shadow of a bow-window, talking somewhat animatedly of the pleasures of travel.

Reginald was a handsome fellow—a fine, well-made fellow—but there was something unaccountably insipid in his appearance, in spite of his good looks. His features were regular, his voice was faultless, his manner that of a man of society; but there was evidently wanting the glow and warmth of intellect.

The girl to whom he was talking was tall, majestic-looking, fair, with blue eyes and a figure full and rounded. She listened to his conversation as if it interested her; yet ever and anon her glance wandered uneasily around the room.

While they were talking, Mrs. Conyers approached.

"Ah! Reginald," she cried, smiling and tapping him with her fan; "I have been seeking for you everywhere."

"Indeed, madam!"

"Yes; the servants and the villagers have asked me to beg of you to come down into their room that they may see the heir to Milton Hall."

Lady Caroline laughed.

"Go, Reginald," she said; "you must learn now, you know, to be rustic in your habits. Pray, however, don't fall in love with a shepherdess!"

With an amused smile, Reginald gave his arm to his

mother, who proudly led him through the guests and down the broad oak staircase to the servants' hall.

Here the young man passed listlessly through the admiring groups, returning, with a kind of languid and placid conceit, the curtseys and bows of the villagers and domestics.

At length he stopped and started; clutched his mother's arm, and stared across the room in wonder.

The object of his glance was a young girl about seventeen, whose pure and chaste style of beauty was certainly calculated to excite in the highest degree the admiration of one who had mingled only with the proud beauties of society.

She was about the middle height, with a nicely rounded figure, and a face of exquisite loveliness, around which clustered a myriad curls. Her eyes were bright, large, and expressive, her whole air and manner possessing an infinite grace.

"Who is that girl, madam?" whispered Reginald.

"That is Cicely Crowe the daughter of the village schoolmaster," said Mrs. Conyers: "I will introduce you to her, since you seem so greatly to admire her. She is the belle of the village."

Reginald smiled, advanced towards the young girl, and said:

"My mother has told me the name of the belle of the village. Your father must be proud of you."

The girl blushed, glanced down, and was about to answer, when a servant entered the room hastily, and, approaching Mrs. Conyers, whispered a few words to her, which caused her to turn deadly pale, and to press her hand tightly over her breast.

"Reginald," she said, "we must go up directly. Your father has received strange news, and wishes to see us immediately."

She turned to go.

Reginald stooped down, whispered a few words to the young girl, and then left the room with his mother.

Cicely Crowe stood gazing after him with bewildered eyes. The few words he had said utterly astonished her, and caused in her breast a commotion of wild and unaccountable feelings.

When the mother and son reached the study, Mr. Conyers, it was found, desired to see his wife only, and Reginald Conyers returned to the side of Lady Caroline Mountmorris, quite regardless of the fact that he had left an impression on Cicely's mind, which it would take years to efface.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE BLUE CASEMENT.

WHEN Mrs. Conyers entered her husband's study, she found him sitting in an arm-chair by the fire, while near him stood Madame Delaume, Laura's governess.

Madame Delaume was a woman about seven-and-forty. Her hair was black as jet; her eyes bright, hazel; her figure firm and commanding; while her black, olive complexion proved that she was the native of a sunnier clime than that of England.

She had entered Milton Hall when Laura was ten years of age, and had never left it since. She loved the child as tenderly as if she had been its mother—watched her every movement with a mother's eager fondness; and by her demeanour towards all, soon won for herself a position of influence in the house, only second to that of Mrs. Conyers herself.

She stood very quietly by the table, glancing at Mr. Conyers, who seemed utterly absorbed in the contemplation of a letter in his hand. When his wife entered, Madame Delaume retired into the shadow of the casement, and looked out upon the night.

"I have strange news—strange news indeed," cried Mr. Conyers, as his wife sank into a chair near him; "Ralph, my eldest son, is coming home to-morrow."

Mrs. Conyers clutched the arm of the chair convulsively.

"This is sad news for me," she said, in a low, hushed voice, "very sad news indeed. That wound, so long healed, I had hoped would never have been re-opened. It is a bitter thing that some one, claiming to be your son, should come back, after these long years, to rob my son of his inheritance."

Milton Conyers eyed her sternly.

"This, madam," he said, "is scarcely the language which you should address to me. Reginald is my son, and has my warm love; but Ralph is my eldest son, and I shall welcome him with open arms."

Madame Delaume stood still looking out upon the night, but her eyes were fixed upon vacancy—her ears heard nothing but their voices. A smile of triumph crossed her lips as Mr. Conyers spoke; but it was quickly suppressed, and a shudder passed through her form as Mrs. Conyers leaned forward, and, grasping her husband's arm, said:

"Milten, I love my son too well to give up his inheritance without a murmur. This man may be an impostor; have you proofs of all he says? Remember, five-and-twenty years have passed since you last saw Ralph, and you cannot recognize the child of four in the man of nine-and-twenty."

"You may depend upon it, madam," returned Mr. Conyers, "that I will see that your son is not robbed of his wealth or his title; but for the sake of old memories and early vows, I must see also that my son has justice."

Madame Delaume had apparently heard enough, for she glided from her place of observation in the window, and approached the table.

"Shall I be required any more this evening, madam?" she said; "I am very weary, and would gladly retire to rest."

"Ah, Madame Delaume! have we been detaining you? Will you not join in our festivities?"

"No, madam, thank you, I feel ill. Good-night, madam; good-night, Mr. Conyers."

She then left the room, closed the door carefully after her, and ascended another flight of stairs. She did not, however, make her way towards her own chamber; but passing along a corridor, soon found herself in a disused portion of the hall—a part of the left wing, which was rarely put in requisition unless the building was crowded with visitors.

Here she cautiously opened a door, entered a large and gloomily-furnished room known as the blue chamber from the colour of the furniture and the stained glass; and stationed herself in the large bow-window, from which she could command a view of the grounds, and a portion of the long avenue of beeches which formed the commencement of the wood.

The moonbeams had the whole place to themselves. They lay boldly on the lawn and on the front of the mansion; they crept stealthily in at the windows and down the old staircases; they timidly peeped into the blue chamber, and into the armoury, where, through the stained casements, they threw blood-red patches on the floor.

And Madame Delaume stood in the unearthly shadow of the blue window, watching apparently some spot on the further extremity of the grounds.

The clock struck half-past nine, and the wind began to rise, and the clouds to gather.

"Will he never come?" she murmured, rocking herself to and fro; "what keeps him?—what keeps him?"

Then, despite the cold, she opened the casement and leaned out. For whom was she waiting? Was it for Ralph Conyers? and if so, what interest could she have in watching for him?"

The clock struck ten.

"This agony will kill me," she muttered, "I must leave all and go and meet him."

She took the lamp, placed it in the window close by the glass, and then opening the door, crept to her own room and muffled herself up in a cloak with a large hood.

Thus attired, she glided once more down the broad stairs, and passed the banqueting hall where the guests—unaware of the sudden change which was threatening the house—were still gay and careless, and flattering the young heir to his face and through his mother.

Madame Delaume paused a moment to gaze in, and as her eyes fell upon the form of Reginald Conyers her hands clenched nervously together and her lips moved in a whisper:

"Poor butterfly! And it is against him that Ralph Conyers has to battle!"

She waited only a moment, for she evidently feared discovery, and passing down the back staircase she hastened through the postern and crept round the well-kept hedge which skirted the expansive lawn.

It was now a little more than half-an-hour since the two travellers had left the Holly Farm, and the weather, which up to nine o'clock had been comparatively calm, was now threatening if not stormy.

The wind howled fitfully—the clouds obscured the moon and the stars—the great trees of the forest moaned mournfully, and now and then a broken branch was hurled crackling along the crisp ground.

Many women, and indeed many men, would have trembled in terror as they left the more human portion of the grounds and struck into the wood, but Madame Delaume was of a fearless temperament, and scorned the semblance of danger when there was no reason for the reality.

By a lofty beech-tree, near the commencement of the long avenue, she stopped and waited.

Every now and then she waited; her senses were so strained that the sudden waving of a bough caused a thrill to run through her form and a chill to strike to her heart.

"It is weary waiting thus," she murmured. Just as she spoke there was a rustling of boughs near her, and a man's form appeared. He staggered back on seeing her, uttered a startled cry, and fled.

Cain, when he had killed his brother, did not fly more quickly or with more eagerness.

Madame Delaume had not seen his face, and knew not his form, but something seemed to impress upon her heart the conviction that that man's flight was connected with her own fate.

To follow him was useless—he had already disappeared in the darkness of the long avenue, and his footsteps had died away in the distance.

"What was she to do?

There was one thing—the simplest—the most easily comprehensible, and yet the most terrible. Where that man had first appeared to her might be hidden a ghastly secret—it was for her to discover it.

She gathered her cloak more tightly round her, glanced once more up and down the avenue, and then with a whispered prayer, moved towards the thicket whence the man had issued.

She pushed aside the brushwood, and after a moment reached a little clearing, where a dismal patch of clouded moonlight, lay upon the ground.

What did she see there?

A pile of freshly gathered leaves, and fern twigs—a still, pale face, upturned towards the sky, and the moonbeams playing gloomily over the quiet features. That was all; but it was the wreck of a whole life for her.

What could she do—she, the lonely woman whose story no one knew? Could she return to the hall and wake the servants, and ask them to lift the dead man carefully—reverentially—and bear him away from his cold bed?

No; she could only kneel down, kiss the pale brow, murmur a vow and prayer, and then creep stealthily back to her quiet room where she could tremble and weep alone.

On the morning after the gala at Milton Hall—early morning—long before the school commenced, Burnett Crowe, the village schoolmaster, sat in his armchair in the little parlour, while Cicely was preparing breakfast. Burnett Crowe was a strange man. He had been schoolmaster at Thornton for thirty-five years, and had taught John Shadow his letters. He had married twenty years before our story opens, a blithe, merry happy girl, who for a brief period was the sunshine of his advancing years. But Mary died in giving birth to the first child—died in the very bloom of womanhood, and Burnett Crowe, the strong-hearted, vigorous-minded man became bowed and stricken as with time.

The scholars all loved him, yet with the strange perversity of boyhood they were for ever annoying him with their childish ridicule—for ever resorting to petty schemes of baffling him—for ever wounding him in his most sensitive points.

Poor Burnett Crowe! He gave many opportunities of attack. From the time of his wife's death all was changed in him—his walk—his voice even appeared altered—he was no longer able to gaze men in the face, and there were moments when reason seemed absolutely to have left her seat.

He would rise in the midst of teaching a class and pace the room hurriedly—stopping every now and then to clasp his hands—shake his whitened locks—upturn his eyes weary with age and grief, and murmur, "Alas! poor Mary!"

This was the signal for the commencement of any petty scheme of annoyance, long planned among the boys; but whatever might be the nature of the offence, however bitterly he felt ridicule at the moment of sublime sorrow, he never allowed temper to overcome him. Chastise his pupils he would; but with tears streaming from his eyes. God bless you! that man was incapable of feeling resentment; he chastised them not to save himself from the shafts of their ingratitude, but to prevent their growing up a humiliation and disgrace to themselves.

So Burnett Crowe sat by the fire thinking, on the morning after the gala at the hall.

Cicely—sweet Cicely Crowe—was bustling about, getting ready his coffee, spreading out the white cloth, cutting the bread and butter, and singing to herself the while merrily as a bird.

Presently she came behind her father's chair, and her white arms stole round his neck.

"Father dear, breakfast is ready," she said, "everything is nice and hot, so do begin."

The old man started, and looked up fiercely into her face.

"No—no," he said, "I tell you—it is not he—he would not dare to return."

Cicely was used to this kind of ebullition; for many years she had been all in all to him, had watched his whims, and awakened his affections. So she took no notice of this burst of excitement.

"Come now, father," she persisted, "everything is ready," and she sat down opposite to him.

The old man turned round to the table with a quickness quite unusual to him.

"You must forgive me, Cicely," he said, "but I was almost dreaming at that moment. I had a very unpleasant adventure last night."

"Indeed."

"Yes. I went to the Holly Farm last night, you know, while you were at the hall, and smoked a pipe with old Silas Venture. Two strangers came in while I was there—the first a young man apparently from abroad—the other a tall, broad-built fellow, bloated and broken with dissipation."

Cicely listened eagerly. Her father stopped a moment, wiped the perspiration from his brow, took a long gulp of coffee, and then went on.

"The young man was apparently a nice fellow. We

were talking of the murder at the hall, of which yesterday was the anniversary, and he seemed deeply interested. The second traveller also took much interest in what we said, and asked some questions. Afterwards they both left almost at the same moment."

Cicely was puzzled.

"But what is there unpleasant in this, father?" she said, smiling. "Whom do you suppose these men to be?"

"I think that one was Ralph Conyers," said Burnett Crowe, "and that the other was John Shadow."

Cicely uttered a suppressed cry. The name of this man had always been connected in her mind with crime of every hue, and the bare mention of it made her tremble.

"What can he want here?" she murmured—"he who is a proscribed man—who is suspected of the murder at the hall?"

"He is here for no good, depend on it," returned Crowe. "He never appears without leaving the trace of his vile progress behind him. It chills my blood to think of his approach, Cicely, for I feel he comes to injure us all, this time."

Cicely felt sick at heart. There was a solemnity in her father's manner which appalled her.

"What can he do?" she asked. "Why do you fear him? We have never injured him."

The old man smiled sadly.

"I have saved him from many a scrape," he said, "He was the cleverest boy I had in my school, and I fear I pitted him too much. I taught him to be the scholar he is, and he has used his knowledge to become an adept in crime. Yes," continued he, as if answering an imaginary question, "I did offend him once, mortally, and for that offence he will yet repay me."

"Tell me," cried Cicely—"tell me, how have you injured him?"

"Injured him, my child?" returned her father; "I have never injured him. Four days after the disappearance of young Ralph Conyers he came to me. Every one thought he had gone—no one could find him, yet he had been in the neighbourhood the whole time. He was flushed and excited, and shut the door nervously behind him.

"Mr. Crowe," he said, at first quietly, "it is necessary for me to leave England; lend me ten pounds. I cannot explain what for; but I can promise faithfully to repay it."

I regarded him as a murderer, and felt a loathing for him as he stood before me.

"John Shadow," I said, "I wonder you have the audacity to appear before me. Go, and go in peace; but to a murderer I can lend no money."

"I was alone then, and the expression of his face alarmed me. The most terrible passions were evidenced in his features, and as he strode towards me I receded.

"Stand back, John Shadow," I cried; "let there be peace between us."

"He smiled scornfully.

"No!" he exclaimed, as he went back towards the door; "there will be no peace between us. For my own sake I will not harm you. Wait till the time has come when you have an object dear to your heart, then will I return and pluck it from you. It was to save one who, of all others, is most innocent of wrong that I asked this money: and in her name I curse you and yours for ever."

He was in the shadow of the porch as he spoke, and was gone in a moment. Murderer as I felt him to be, I think I should have relented had he asked again; but his pride—his bad, angry pride made him fly away from me. Even now I dread his coming; though five-and-twenty years have passed away since I saw him last, I feel he will yet come for his revenge."

For some moments neither spoke; both were thinking of the bold, bad man whom time would not soften. Suddenly Crowe started.

"Hark!" he said. "What is that?"

There was a slight grating along the gravelly path without.

"It is only some one walking past, dear father," said Cicely, smiling, though her heart trembled, and her voice was tremulous too.

As she spoke a form passed the window, and a face peered in.

"Oh! I feel that is his form," cried Crowe, wildly; "go—go, Cicely, and tell him I cannot—will not see him."

Cicely rose to approach the door, but before she could reach it, it was opened from without, and there, smiling defiantly, as if aware of what had just passed, John Shadow stood between her and the sunlight.

(To be continued)

soldier, had sailed with the contingent to Constantinople, leaving her the mother of an Egyptian infant, and was supposed to be dead. When she came into my family her infant was left with her aunt, and died. A few months ago the husband returned, found his child dead, and his wife in service, and came to my house in great wrath to claim her. She was exceedingly frightened, clung to me for protection, and implored to be allowed to remain with us. The husband said that he could not do without a wife, that she had cost him in dowry and clothes four guineas and a half, and that he must have her back. "She has cost you," I said, "four guineas and a half. If I give you five guineas, will you divorce her?" "With the utmost pleasure," he answered. So I sent for witnesses, he repeated in their presence the formal words—"I divorce thee once, I divorce thee twice, I divorce thee thrice"—and she has remained with me ever since. But she is still so young that I am forced to keep a woman to look after her." "If she was a mother two years ago," I asked, "when was she married?" "When she was between ten and eleven," he answered. "That is a common age. My wife married late; she was fifteen."—Nassau W. Senior.

#### THE FLOWER OF AUBURNDALE.

I HAIL the rose with fond delight,  
The lily too, so pure and bright;  
While lovely jessamines dispense  
Their sweet perfume to greet the sense;  
Yet all these flow'rets ever grow pale,  
Compared with one of Auburndale.

On her fair brow the lilies shine,  
Her breath outvies the jessamine,  
While on her cheeks more freely glows,  
The tint of June's fair blushing rose;  
Each beauteous charm such sweets exhale,  
She's named the flower of Auburndale.

Pure love and innocence combined,  
With meekness and sweet virtue joined,  
Her lips the honey-dews outvie,  
Coloured by nature's choicest dye;  
No flower e'er decked the grove or vale,  
More sweet than that of Auburndale.

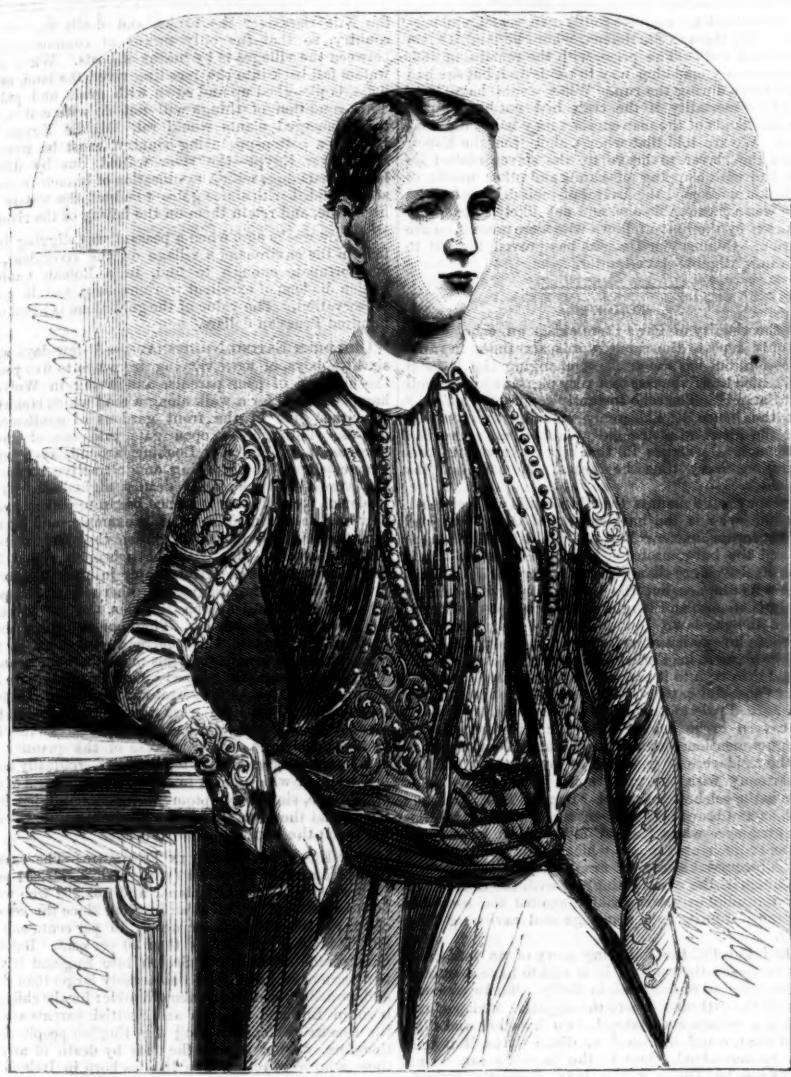
J. A.

A few days ago a lad, named Vine, was carrying some horse-gearing and iron tackle, in the neighbourhood of Worcester, during a heavy thunderstorm, when the lightning struck him. His smock-frock and all his clothes, with the exception of a part of the front of his shirt, were set on fire and scattered in all directions, while a new pair of boots were ripped from his feet, doubled up, and carried a distance of several yards. In the soles were two round holes, where the electric fluid had escaped. The lad was conveyed to the Worcester Infirmary as soon as possible, where his injuries were attended to, and no dangerous consequences are apprehended.

**A GIGANTIC SKELETON.**—At Dromelihy, County Clare, some men, in digging for potatoes, came on a massive boulder, which required their united exertions to remove, having been artificially set over four others, which formed an enclosure of about two feet square. But well repaid were they for their labours, for having displaced it, they found the contents to be a copper kettle filled with silver pieces, each being worth about tenpence, and some of which bore the date of 1510. On digging further, they perceived some stones set in mason work, which they upturned with renewed energy, and succeeded in entering a vault, which, to their surprise and disappointment, contained nothing but a leaden coffin, about nine feet in length. On taking off the lid (which, by-the-bye, was considered very daring of them by the peasantry), they beheld a human skeleton of massive proportions, the thigh alone measuring two feet eleven inches, and the cranium half an inch in thickness.

**SINGULAR ACCIDENT FROM LIGHTNING.**—During a thunderstorm which lately passed over Canterbury, a very extraordinary incident occurred at the gatekeeper's lodge on the level crossing of the South-Eastern Railway, at St. Dunstan's Street, Canterbury. The lightning appears to have been attracted by the telegraph-wires, and the fluid passed down the wire which connects the telegraph with a dial-plate at the keeper's-lodge, arranged to communicate to him the necessary instructions for opening the gates on the approach of the trains. The man describes that he heard a tremendous report, and on looking he found that two holes were fused in the dial-plate, and the gaspise close to it was severed and melting; while the gas was ignited and burning from the fused end; but there being only the residue of gas between the crossing and the adjacent station, where the meter is placed, and at which the gas had been, as usual, turned off the preceding night, the flame lasted but a few minutes. The telegraphic communication was entirely suspended between Canterbury and all stations up the line for some time.

**A YOUNG WIFE.**—Madame Bonfort was out, but her youngest child, about a year and a half old, was brought in the arms of its nurse, a girl of fourteen. "I took that girl," said M. Bonfort, "into my service on the birth of my child, as a widow. Her husband was a



[GEORGE I, KING OF THE HELLENES.]

## KING OF THE GREEKS.

THE arrival of the King of the Greeks amongst us affords a favourable opportunity for making some remarks on the high destiny to which he has been called. When her Royal Highness the Princess Alexandra took her departure from Copenhagen, no one imagined that a similar event, as evinced in the case of the young King, and so nearly affecting the royal family of Denmark, would so soon occur; but it may be said that it was the circumstance of the marriage of the Princess of Wales, which gave the impulse that attracted public attention to her brother, then the young midshipman, who, a few months afterwards, was to be invited to fill the throne of one of the most renowned countries of antiquity. Since Fortune has thus far been so propitious, we hope that he will bear in mind that power has its obligations as well as its rights, and that great opportunities are but the measure of the moral responsibility they carry along with them.

Whatever may be the personal qualities of George I., King of the Hellenes, as the ruler of a subtle people, they have yet to be discovered. That he enters upon a great responsibility, and has undertaken a difficult task, is unquestionable; but the universal sympathy which his youth must secure for him, will be a great means of sustaining him in the complicated difficulties that must meet him even at the outset of his career. In England, especially, he may safely calculate on a large amount of sympathy. In many ways, Great Britain is intimately connected with the fortunes of the Greek monarchy. Forty years ago, in the very earliest blush of the Greek revolution, Englishmen gave utterance to their fervent aspirations for Hellenic liberty. They were the first to hail the dawn of Greek independence. They largely supplied the patriots with material aid, and made the cause for

which they maintained an unequal struggle famous throughout the world. Both poetry and oratory united their efforts to recall the splendours of the past of that comparatively circumscribed land, and to rouse every sentiment of enthusiasm for those little bands that were waging a death-struggle against the Turkish Pashas. The stereotyped policy of this country was abandoned in favour of the new nationality, and, carried away by a noble ardour for Greece, we even joined the Emperor Nicholas, and lent our hearty assistance to destroy the Ottoman State. Not satisfied with these proofs of our Philhellenism during the revolution, we continued to extend our protecting influence to the little kingdom throughout the unhappy reign of Otho; and although more than one dispute took place, and a kind of political animosity seemed to prevail between the two countries, still the Greeks have shown, by the course of subsequent events, that they fully comprehended the principles upon which England acted towards them. Both our statesmen and people protested against the conduct of the Athenian Court; but it was no apparent use. That Court seemed wedded to an incorrigibility, upon which no earthly foreign friendly power could operate or change; but after years of wrangling and all manner of diplomatic strivings, the Greeks showed themselves of our opinion, for they dismissed their anti-British sovereign and then appealed to England to find them another.

Circumstances such as we have just related naturally suggest, that the part which the Government of this country has played in raising the present king to the Hellenic throne, must render the future condition of Greece a subject of great interest to us. However much we may disclaim any responsibility, and declare that King George I. is free to live upon whatever terms he may think proper with his subjects, the world will still consider him as, in some degree, the repre-

sentative of English ideas, if not of English influence. This is no more than what may reasonably be expected. He is the brother-in-law of the Prince of Wales, and he was suggested by the Foreign Secretary of England as the most eligible choice for the sovereign of the Greek people. These are facts which cannot be concealed from the eyes of the political powers of Europe. Nevertheless, it is evidently the wish of the Greeks that the most friendly relations should continue to subsist between the Courts of Athens and Great Britain. That this is the fact may be taken as proved ever since they deposed their late king; whilst they have, in the most emphatic manner, expressed their desire to draw nearer to England politically, and to make their second trial of self-government under the influence of her institutions.

In speaking of the difficulties which the new Sovereign of the Greeks will have to encounter, it is generally believed that, great as they may be, he will be able to surmount them. "His very youth and inexperience," says a friendly contemporary, "will be in his favour, for not only do they attract sympathy, but they are pledges that he does not come among his subjects with any principles of policy or administration rooted in his mind. Better that the king's mind should be ready to receive even the narrowest ideas of his people, than that he should begin with all sorts of dynastic and party notions, derived from his own country or his own order, and should attempt to make the national life of Greece direct itself according to these imported principles. The King of the Greeks is quite young enough to become one with his subjects, unless he be withheld by influences from without; and it is just because Denmark is not Bavaria, and England is not Russia, that we foresee a better chance of success for his reign than was the lot of the late king. His native country will send out no swarm of officials to live upon and irritate his subjects; and England's only use of any such influence as the good-will of the Greeks may invest her with, will be to prevent European Powers from interfering with the politics of Athens. Thus every advantage that a Greek King can have, is possessed by this young prince. The difficulties he will have to meet are those which are inseparable from the government of the country. But even these we are not disposed to exaggerate. The Greeks have shown themselves to be obedient enough, even to a feeble and capricious monarch. They bore with Otho for years after he and his system were universally condemned. We do not believe that there will be any great difficulty in controlling the more turbulent spirits, and working the constitutional machine which already exists. The knowledge that the king is acting without any foreign objects or foreign partisans will give him a strength which his predecessor never possessed."

In speaking of the King and Kingdom of Greece, the subject of the Ionian Islands necessarily thrusts itself upon us. The inhabitants of these islands have now proclaimed their acceptance of the offer which Britain made them early in the history of the Greek Revolution, to be united to Greece. This offer they have now accepted, and tendered us their thanks for our generosity. We believe, however, that Britain has no regrets for having terminated her responsibility for the affairs of a republic which has never, hitherto, appreciated her motives or acknowledged the services she has performed, and which now, perhaps, for the first time in the history of the British protectorate, has voted her its grateful acknowledgments. We will not here enter upon the province of the prophet by fore-shadowing the probability that the continental Greeks may prove worse, or, at least, not better masters to the Ionians than the British; but we may remind them that we have borne all their anger with philosophic calmness, and we have taken the first feasible opportunity of relaxing the Promethean chain with which they seemed to have been so gallantly bound. Our duties, therefore, towards them have been performed, and are now at an end; and we may be permitted to congratulate ourselves that, for the future, we have neither the expense nor the responsibility of providing for their requirements.

Turning from Greece to Denmark, we may observe that it has fallen to the lot of the latter to be exposed to much injustice, and severe times may still be in store for her; but this, no doubt, will have the effect of making her more grateful for such events as those of the present year. These have been so remarkably favourable, that they may be considered to be almost a full of compensation for all the anxiety of which the "Danish question" has so long been, at once, the cause and the consequence. It is not unreasonable, however, now to entertain the hope that the frank and courteous manners of the young King, after having made his appearance at the courts of the three great protecting Powers, may more strongly recommend to their favour the interests of a country in which these were acquired and fostered. The royal house with which his Majesty is connected is one of the oldest in Europe, and there are few countries in which is to be found the same harmony between the King and the people as in Denmark.

## DISCOVERIES AT POMPEII.

M. MARC MONNIER supplies the *Revue des Deux Mondes* with a highly interesting account of the last great discovery made at Pompeii, during the excavations undertaken by Cavalier Fiorelli—the corpses of the unfortunate Pompeians, whom the lava stream surprised in their flight, and whose forms and features are preserved in the attitude in which death overtook them. The bodies, or rather the lava mould which covers them, are now to be seen at the Museum, and striking photographs of them have been transmitted to Paris; they give, however, by no means so effective a description as the account of M. Marc Monnier. He says:

"One day, in a little street, under a heap of stones and rubbish, a vacant space was discovered, at the bottom of which appeared something looking like bones. M. Fiorelli was summoned in haste, and he conceived a luminous idea. He poured in some liquid plaster, and the same operation was performed at other points, where bones had been likewise discovered; and as soon as the plaster was hardened the mould was lifted with the greatest precautions, and, on the hardened ash and lava being removed, four corpses appeared. They are now at the Museum, and no more striking sight is it possible to behold. They are not statues, but human bodies moulded by Vesuvius, and preserved from decay by that envelope of lava which reproduces the clothes, the flesh, nay almost the appearance of life. The bones protrude here and there where the molten liquid did not completely cover the limbs. Nowhere does anything like this exist. The Egyptian mummies are naked, black, hideous. They appear to have nothing in common with humanity; they are dressed out by the Egyptian undertaker for their eternal repose—the exhumed Pompeians are human beings in the act of dying.

"One of the bodies is that of a woman, near whom were found ninety-nine silver coins, two silver vases, some keys and a few jewels. She was flying, carrying her most valuable commodities with her, when she fell in the little narrow street. She may be seen lying on her left side. Her head-dress, the tissue of her clothes, and two silver rings on her finger can be easily detected. One of the hands is broken, and the cellular structure of the bones exposed to view; the left arm is raised, and writhing, the delicate hand convulsively shut; the nails appear to have entered the flesh. The whole body appears swollen and contracted; the legs alone—the rounded and delicate outline of which has not suffered—are stretched out. You can feel that she struggled long in fearful pain. Her attitude is that of agony, not death. Behind her a woman and a young girl have fallen. The former, the mother, possibly, was of humble extraction, to judge from the size of her ears. On her finger is a single iron ring. Her left leg, raised and bent, denotes that she also struggled and suffered. Near her reclines the youngest girl—almost a child. The tissue of her dress is seen with wondrous distinctness—the sleeves coming down to the wrist, and the embroidery of her shoes. She had, through fear, probably, lifted her dress over her head. She fell with her face to the ground. One of her hands is half-open, as though she had used it to keep her veil over her face. She appears to have died easily. The fourth body is that of a man—a Colossus—he is stretched on his back, as though he meant to meet his fate bravely; his arms and legs show no signs of struggling; his clothes are very distinctly marked; the *bracca* (trousers) close-fitting; laced sandals, the soles studded with thick nails; on one finger an iron ring; a few teeth are broken; his eyes and hair are obliterated, but his thick moustache is clearly apparent, and it is impossible not to be struck with the martial and resolute appearance of his features. After the women convulsively clinging to life, we see here the man calmly meeting his fate in the midst of the great convulsion—*impavidus perictrina*. Nothing yet discovered at Pompeii offers us anything to be compared with this palpitating drama. It is violent death with its supreme tortures, its convulsions and agonies, brought clearly before us, and, as it were, taken in the act, after the lapse of eighteen centuries.

CAPTURE OF A SLAVER.—A correspondent informs us that the Espior took her prize within twenty-four hours of the shipment of the unfortunate slaves; but such was the crowded state of the decks, and the stench proceeding from below, that the boarding officer and men could with difficulty carry out the duty entrusted to them. Shades of Wilberforce, Clarkson, and Buxton, are you not horrified to find that, after fifty-six years since the English slave-trade was abolished, and twenty-nine years after the extinction of slavery in the British dominions, 577 human beings are crammed into a hold, for a lengthened passage across tropical seas, so small that twenty adult Europeans would complain of want of room to breathe? So dense was the packing of the living cargo, that Commander Douglas, in the exercise of a sound and humane judgment, removed

111 of the hapless creatures to his own vessel, and proceeded with them to St. Helena, where he landed them all safe and well. The prize, with the remaining 466, had previously made her way to the island, but she had buried three during the run. What would have been the rate of mortality if the craft had not been seized from the hands of the man-stealers may be readily imagined. We are told that when a shot from the Espior caused the slaver to heave to, the slaves rushed on deck, and with clapping of hands and other marks of exultation welcomed the arrival of their deliverers. The scene was a memorable one, and not likely to be easily forgotten by the brave fellows who were present on the occasion. Commander Douglas has proved himself to be an indefatigable slave-hunter.

## ECHOES.

In the vicinity of Paris there exists an echo which not only repeats the same words six times in rapid succession, but has the trick of changing the letter S to V, which has given rise to a very pleasant joke. Call out "Satan!" The echo instantly replies, "Va t'en!" (Get the hence!) The reply undoubtedly proceeds from the ghost of some old sinner, who, compelled to do eternal penance in that spot, is moved to this adjuration every time he hears the name of his tormentor.

A saucy echo haunts the Rhine cliffs at Oberwesel. Ask him who is the burgomaster of Oberwesel, and you get for an answer, "Esel!" Esel is the German for ass, and the burgomaster is highly sensible to the implied insult. More than once he has ordered the echo to hold its tongue; but the saucy mocker is not liable to imprisonment, and laughs at the attempted application of the gag-law.

Echoes love to haunt caverns and grottoes. There is a large cavern in Finland, in which the cries of an animal thrown into it increase in volume and multiply to such a fearful extent that men of the strongest nerves have turned pale to hear them. The peasantry believe the cavern to be one of the principal gateways to a place not mentionable to "ears polite." Other grottoes are the residences of good and happy echoes that live in harmony with the great spirit of nature. One of these is the celebrated cave of Fingal. The vast proportions and beautiful details of the cavern charm the delighted eye, while the ear is enraptured by sweet strains of enchanted music which continually fill the air. The crystal sounds of numberless waterfalls, the breathings of the winds, mingling with the cadence of the multitudinous waves striking against the sonorous columns of basalt, make a strange and ravishing harmony.

The interest of the following story of an indiscreet echo verges on the tragic. It is said to have occurred in the cathedral of Girgenti, in Sicily. There was one point in the cathedral where the slightest whisper uttered in a certain confessional, two hundred and fifty feet distant, could be heard as distinctly as if it had been spoken aloud, close to the listener's ear. One morning a handsome young lady, elegantly attired, entered the fatal confessional. At the same instant a gentleman entered the cathedral, and, by chance, took his station on the very spot which stood in connection with the confessional. He was the lady's husband! She began with the common-places of confession. She was too fond of balls, theatres, dress; was uncharitable towards the failings of her female friends, etc. The husband smiled, but, over-curious, continued to listen. The fair penitent had something more serious on her mind. She confessed it between two delicate sighs. The husband trembled, and mechanically put his hand on his forehead. Leaving the cathedral, he waited for his wife at the door, saluting her, when she appeared, with a violent blow. The incident caused a deal of scandal in Girgenti, and the unlucky confessional was removed to a place where there was less danger of creating domestic discord.

There is a well-known echo in the Bavarian Highlands that is very wonderful. Standing by a little lake with woods on one side, and cliffs 5,000 feet high on the other, the report of a pocket-pistol is first returned faint and low from the wooded side and dies away. In a second more it is heard gathering along the cliffs on the other side, like a gradual roll of thunder, increasing in volume, until it breaks over your head in a deafening crash, louder than the broadside of a ship of the line.

EGYPTIAN COTTON is now found all along the banks of the Nile, in small patches of half an acre or an acre each, and cultivated as carefully as a garden by the Fellahs, who have lost no time in turning their attention to so profitable a produce, and so perfectly alive are they to their own interest, that they have petitioned his highness the viceroy to have the land regularly allotted, that they may be enabled to grow cotton on a large scale. To accomplish this, great works will be required, such as dikes and canals to bar off the high Nile, and yet to retain and contract its waters when low. At present, the lands of a village are held in common, and

the Nile rises over the banks, and floods the whole country, so that the only means of communication between the villages is by means of boats. When the waters fall back into the receding river, the land, as it dries, is ploughed up and sown with grain and pulse. This condition of things will not do with cotton, as the submerged plants would rot. Middle Egypt, to become a cotton-producing country, must be treated like Lower Egypt—the river walled out by dikes, large canals dug, with a ramifications of branch-feeder, and provided with sluice gates to admit the waters at high Nile, and retain them on the falling of the river.

A few weeks ago, when a peasant was digging in a field in the environs of a village on the river Saar, he was fortunate enough to find, in a Roman tomb, a golden diadem, of excellent workmanship, and in good preservation. The value of the gold alone is about one hundred Prussian dollars.

**CHILDREN EATING NIGHTSHADE.**—A few days ago, six little boys, of ages varying from two to five years, the children of poor parents, and living in Wolverhampton, went for a walk along a road which is skirted on either side by the front gardens of gentlemen's houses. Through an open gate into one of these gardens they entered. Looking around, their eyes were caught by the ripening and attractive berries of the *Atropa belladonna*, or deadly nightshade. The leader of the little party at once began to pick and eat; four of the others followed his example, and by the time the children quitted the garden they had not only glutted their appetites with the poisonous repast, but had each secured a plentiful supply in their pinafors. Two of the little urchins were brothers, named respectively William and Joseph Hobbins, the first five and the second three years old. Thence, on returning home in about an hour after the occurrence, sat down by the fire. Soon the usual symptoms made their appearance. The children were first seized by an unusual desire for sleep; this was followed by hysterical agitation. Doctors were called in, remedies were administered, and in the case of the elder boy these proved successful; the younger, however, either because of the quantity he had eaten or because of his tender years, gradually sank into a stupor which ended in death. In the cases of the other three, similar symptoms were observed, but it is hoped that these will recover. The sixth little boy did not touch the berries.

**THE IRISH AND SCOTCH IN ENGLAND.**—The census of 1861 found in England (with Wales) 601,634 persons who were born in Ireland, and 169,202 who were born in Scotland. This is an increase since the census of 1851 of 81,675 Irish, or nearly 16 per cent., and of 39,115 Scotch, or no less than 30 per cent. But the immigration of Irish and Scotch into England in the ten years must have been considerably larger than this, and, probably, somewhere about double; for the children born in England of Irish and Scottish parents are in the census reckoned among the English people, and, therefore, do not supply the loss by death of any of those who were returned in 1851 as born in Ireland or Scotland. There must, then, have arrived here not only these additional 81,675 Irish and 39,115 Scotch immigrants, but also others to supply the vacancies created by death. The Irish have come to England in greater proportion (in relation to the population of their country) than the Scotch, but the ratios are now becoming more equal. With regard to the distribution of these immigrants the metropolis of course tempts more than its share. The Irish-born persons in all England in 1861 were 1 in every 33 of the population, the Scotch-born in 118, but in London there were 106,879 Irish-born persons (a rather smaller number than in 1851), and 35,733 Scottish-born; so that the Irish were 1 in every 26, and the Scotch one in 78 of the people of London. In various other towns, and especially in the manufacturing districts, the Irish settle in large numbers. In Leeds 1 in every 20 persons enumerated at the last census, was returned as having been born in Ireland; in Manchester, 1 in 9; and in Liverpool, nearly a fifth of the entire population. In Bradford the proportion is 1 in every 17; in Preston, 1 in 12; in Stockport, 1 in 9. The women are a very large proportion of the population in the manufacturing districts; in the districts of Rochdale, of Ashton, and of Salford, and in the city of Manchester 3 in 5 of the Irish-born inhabitants are females. This is accounted for by the demand for female labour. Scotch women in England are fewer than Scotchmen; there are but about four women to five men. The inference is that Scotchmen frequently come here simply to push their fortunes often marrying English wives, and leaving an undue proportion of women in Scotland. The Scotch settle largely in the north. One in every 58 of the inhabitants of Manchester at the census was returned as born in Scotland, and 1 in every 25 of the inhabitants of Liverpool; and of the 169,000 Scottish-born persons in England nearly half were found in Lancashire and the four counties nearest the border—Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Durham. Of the 600,000 Irish-born persons in England more than half are in London and Lancashire.

## A NIGHT OF MYSTERY.

THE train went groaning and shrieking on its way through the open country, amid the fast deepening shades of evening. To escape the feeling of solitude that was taking possession of me, I leaned back, and gave myself up to a deep reverie.

I was going to meet the woman I had loved five years before, with the absolute, entire passion of five-and-twenty. I was poor, she rich, handsome to my partial eyes, and eighteen. Her father had parted with her; now he sent for me—a sort of urgent, fretful summons, giving a grudging yet imperious consent to our marriage, and wishing it to take place as soon as I could make the proper arrangements.

Perhaps the story deserves more than this passing notice. At least, I gave it more then, in my thoughts. I remembered the day that had crowned my years of labour; the examination which was passed so successfully that it had elicited applause, and the being admitted to the bar, a full-fledged lawyer. Yet to this had succeeded an evening of depression. I was poor and without influential connections; what could my next step be?

"Don't mope over it, Woodbury," said the gay Frank Hutton, as he called upon me. "You're just the fellow I want to go down to M—— with me. There's an abundance of capital fishing, hunting, and lounging, and no girls, except a Californian widow, who understands the science of flirting. In return for your good company, I'll waylay Uncle Robert the instant he comes home, and make him take you in his office. You can do anything these two months, you know."

Robert Hutton was one of the first lawyers in the city. I had met him several times, and the offer of Frank's intercession looked so tempting that I packed my travelling-bag and accompanied him to M——. We were domesticated at his father's cousin's, a thrifty farmer, the only females of whose family were his wife, and this daughter whose husband was in California.

About a mile from Mr. Dawson's, on the sea-coast, there was a village, that no one dreamed would turn into a fashionable resort at a later period. Beyond this, for some distance, houses of a better class rose singly, as if some one had once determined to have a rather aristocratic settlement. One of these places interested me greatly. It was an old grey stone mansion, and what had once been a chapel was now attached to the main building by a wide hall. There was a tower on one corner, with narrow, deep-set windows all the way up; and at the back some more recent owner had built up two or three rooms in wood, painted a dingy brown, which was an eyesore to me, as it interfered sadly with my notions of the picturesque. The house was mostly surrounded by a dense thicket of pine and hemlock, with a few oaks interspersed. I should have asked Frank for its story if I had not been afraid a commonplace recital would destroy my romance about it.

I was out fishing on the bay one afternoon. Frank had been rather unwell for a few days, and hearing him express a desire for some fresh fish for supper, I had taken Simon, a sort of general factotum, and gone out with the sail-boat. The sky filmed over with a tender grey haze, and the wind died down; so we drifted about until I came in sight of that quaint old mansion, when I began to pause and dream over wild legends I had read, idly trying if any would fit the picture that lay before me—the long sandy beach, the grey house, and the deep green of the embowering trees. Should I put love there, or hate, treachery, revenge—lawless deeds of reckless men who roamed the ocean in search of booty? I don't know how long I mused; a sudden gust flapped the sail, and but for Simon's quick hand, we should have been upset. A black cloud was scudding rapidly up from the south.

"We must get home with all haste," I exclaimed. "There will be a storm."

"Only wind," Simon returned; "but the wrong kind of that, for it blows us out to sea."

It was true. If our sail had been manageable, it would only have assisted the adverse wind. There was one ear in the bottom of the boat, but what could I do with this against such waves as came tumbling up in great breakers. One moment we saw the shore and made signals of distress; the next we were wetted to the skin by the walls of emerald spray, closing round us with a height that grew more fearful with every new wave.

In one of these glimpses of the land a picture met my gaze. To-day it sleeps in my heart as entire, and in colour as vivid and perfect, as if graven there by a master hand. A group on the shore, a woman mounted on a superb grey steed, her figure proud and faultless in its black dress, her low-crowned hat just relieved by a long snowy plume, and from below it deepened a wealth of golden ringlets, not pale or turning into brown, but of that "gude red gold," the lass of Rockroyan claimed for the strength of her lover's affections. She was gesticulating with her riding-whip. I knew as perfectly what she said as if I had heard the words,

I knew, too, that when a crushing breaker, turning up with the strength of a giant, swept us from the boat, I should be saved. So I resigned myself to fate, now engulfed by the fleecy spray and shut out from the world, then lifted high for another glimpse of that pale face. And at the last, when I could no longer think, I felt strong arms around me, and a voice that thrilled me, cried:

"Saved!"

When I recovered consciousness, in the fisherman's low, ill-lighted cottage, her face was bending over me. I knew she was not aware of the long, delicious draught of satisfied gazing that permeated every fibre of my being. I heard some one say:

"Why, he takes a long time to come to."

"Oh, he has opened his eyes, and he breathes," the soft, musical voice exclaimed; and I was content to let my weak breath surge to the vibratory music the words left in the air.

When I did really rouse, and sit up, she was not there. I felt as if something had suddenly gone out of my life. I listened mechanically to the "narrow escape," and the kind offers of taking me home, as well as the expressions of sympathy. Simon, who seemed little the worse for his ducking, had given all necessary information about us. There had been scarcely sufficient rain to lay the dust, and as I jolted along in the uneasy wagon, I at length summoned courage to ask who the lady in the riding-habit was.

"Oh, that's Miss Rothelan. She lives away down in that queer stone house. She seen you first, and wanted some one to go out. You owes your life as much to her as any one."

I was glad to owe my life to Miss Rothelan, and I cordially forgave the man the slight he put upon Lindley Murray. Once at home, Simon related our adventures with a great deal of satisfaction.

Mrs. Casler pillow'd me on the sofa, and gave me some cordial; declared I was white as a sheet, and that I must not speak a word.

"To think, mother, that Miss Rothelan is absolutely grown up. She has been at school so long I had almost forgotten her. We must go over and call on them, for I daresay she is lonesome enough in that old grey castle."

I shut my eyes in supreme content, and listened to the gossip of mother and daughter, learning that Mr. Rothelan, the present owner of my castle romantic had come into possession about seven years previous, on the death of an uncle. He had never affected the country folk much. For weeks at a time his house would be filled with gay revellers from the city, to which would succeed weeks of silence, when he returned his friends' visits. No one knew him intimately, or cared to, although he was not an unpleasant man.

The next afternoon, Mrs. Dawson and her daughter, accompanied by Frank and myself, drove over to the Rothelan mansion. Its master received us graciously, bantered me a little on reversing the order of things, and being rescued by a lady, and entertained us handsomely until Miss Rothelan made her appearance. Her figure was fully as elegant in the fleecy summer robe she wore now, as it had been yesterday. She was quite tall, full, round, and firm; no angles, no abrupt movements, and wonderfully self-possessed. Her eyes were large, serene, and full of dreamy langour that one absolutely longed to arouse. Her complexion clear and soft, with rose tints in the cheeks, and a riper glow colouring the beautifully curved lips. The golden bronzed ringlets, that wonderful hue of the old masters, rippled like a silken sea, rich with gloss and fineness. All my life I had held a rather idle prejudice against anything so nearly approximating red; now my dislike vanished in an instant.

She was fresh, earnest, talked well and sensibly, and laughed a little over yesterday's adventure. When Mrs. Casler pressed her to return our visit soon, and be sociable, as she phrased it, Mr. Rothelan made reply:

"I'm obliged to you, Mrs. Casler. I was perplexed to know what to do with Edna. It is so lonesome for her when I am away."

"So papa thinks," she interrupted, eagerly; "but I have not known the feeling since I returned home. There is so much to interest one at the village, and such splendid rides. I have a passion for riding."

"I like it," said Mrs. Casler, "but I can't bear to go alone. Will you take me for a companion sometimes?"

"Oh, with pleasure."

"I must go to London next week, and I shall depend upon you ladies to keep Edna a little straight," Mr. Rothelan exclaimed, with a smile.

It was settled that they were to come to dinner the next day, as the best means of furthering the acquaintance.

I soon found that Mr. Rothelan was a rather "fast" man. He belonged to an expensive club, kept trotting horses in town, betted pretty freely, and was no novice in gaming. There were hundreds of just such men to be found, men who had no families, or if they possessed such an appendage, treated them to no more attention than society required. He was fine-looking,

graceful and gentlemanly, yet in his keen black eyes there was something I did not exactly like.

Miss Rothelan was sunny and cordial, talked and laughed with Frank, played and sang for us, and was agreeable in every respect; so different from most of the girls one met, so much more natural, and having nothing to conceal. I kept in the background. I could only watch her and listen to that sweetest of voices, as it rippled in a laugh, or grew silvery and flute-like in conversation. And when she became interested in a feeling or sentiment, her face entranced you with radiance. I wanted to strangle Frank afterward, when he said "her hair was too red, and that when she understood how to make the most of her fine points, she would be decidedly stylish."

Well, we visited, rode, walked, talked, and became the best of friends. It seemed to me Frank was continually with Miss Rothelan, but I suppose he could not have been, for in a month we learned each other's tastes, feelings, favourite authors, and at the last—I can't tell to this day how it came—we were standing on the beach watching the sun set, and said those words that link human lives together. I loved her with a sort of wild, absolute passion, that combined all the elements of affection, respect, tenderness, warmth, and jealousy. When I saw the fire flash up in those clear, deep-grey orbs, I had no fear of her answer. It was blushingly given, yet with a certain strength that assured me of its duration and power. She could never give such love to two men.

A fortnight of this delightful intercourse, and my time for departure arrived. An unpleasant duty lay before me—an interview with Mr. Rothelan. I felt I had nothing to offer that would satisfy him. I only hoped to persuade him to wait a year or two before rejecting me. If I failed then to have a future in prospect, I would relinquish all claim to Miss Rothelan.

He heard me through with a cold, supercilious stare, declining the honour of my future acquaintance in a manner that completely crushed hope, laughed sceptically at a six weeks' love, and declared he had other views for his daughter. It wouldn't hurt her to practise a little in this humdrum place by way of trying her hand. He would see her and explain matters; it was not worth while for me to come over again; doubtless my friends would be anxious for my society these last few days of my stay. He would wish me "good-morning," and so he bowed me out.

I was too deeply wounded, and too angry for any reply. Not to see her again; to let that man repeat to her the words I had said, with the peculiar sneering ridicule with which he could envelope anything when he chose; to go away without any last farewell of regretful tenderness, without any word of hope—how could I? Better if the waves had brought me in a corpse to her feet, on the day I first saw her!

I was thankful Frank was not expected home to tea. Complaining of a severe headache, I went to my chamber, and did not come down again that night. In my despairing agony I went almost wild, as I learned, with every moment's torture, how infinitely more dear than I had at first imagined, Miss Rothelan was. I said it would be useless to try to live without her. Remember, it was my first experience of love.

The next morning Simon gave me a note. I knew at once who the writer of it must be, and it gave me a sudden flush of joy. It was brief, containing only these words: "Meet me in the grove at sunset.—E. R." It raised me from the depths of despair to the heights of hope. I did not stop to question the obedience she owed her father, nor the respect I owed myself; pride, scruples of conscience, and all went to the winds. She loved me. All the weary, lagging day I repeated this tender balm to my aching heart. She was not willing to give me up without a word. She would wait and hope.

At eve, by sunset, I was there; yet I found Miss Rothelan awaiting me. Not the bright face, not the glad ring of welcome in her voice, not the warm, quick clasp of the hand; and though she did not resist the kiss I pressed on her pale lips, as little did she return it. A chilling fear stole over me as I tried to read her countenance.

"Don't," she said, and hid her face on my shoulder. There was a blur of tears in her voice as well as her eyes.

"Edna," I began, with a convulsive clasp, "you will not give me up entirely? You will wait?"

"Let me tell you something," she returned, slipping from my clasp, and placing her arm in mine so that we might walk down the path; "you will see then there is only one course for me to take. I am not weakly superstitious, yet I confess there is a fate or a curse hanging about our family that I dare not tempt. It is said that when the house was first built, the master of Rothelan brought a proud and beautiful woman there, who was neither servant nor mistress, but followed and waited on her enslaver with the fondest devotion. At length he went off suddenly. She watched for his coming as only women who love can watch, and after weary weeks, received a letter that darkened her face as well as her life. The master had wedded a fair young wife,

and was shortly to bring her home. The servants were bidden to have everything in readiness. The woman, whose only task in that house had been to love, folded her mantle about her, and walked through the hall with an unflinching step. Down the wide path bordered with cedars, down through the thick trees, until she was lost to sight.

"The master of Rothelan was happy in his wife—doubly happy when his little son was born. But one day he found a tall, gaunt woman beside the bed of the sleeping child. Her beauty had faded, but her eyes filled him with terror, and he went down on his knees to pray for his son's life and safety.

"I should scorn to touch him," she said, with a gesture of disdain. "I do not take my revenge that way. I will put a curse upon him, and you, and all your descendants. Father and child shall war with each other continually, and they shall know what it is to be homeless, vagabond wanderers of the earth."

"The next day the tide washed her up on the beach, dead. They gave her a decent burial, but it is said her unquiet ghost still walks. Whether, from brooding continually over it, the prediction brought its own fulfilment to every one, or whether it was in reality a curse, I cannot tell. My father and I are the last of the name. It has been true of every generation."

"But you cannot, will not, place such implicit reliance on this foolish story?" I cried, well knowing what her decision must be. "I do not ask you to leave your father's home, only to wait until I can win his consent."

"It is hopeless," she answered, drearily. "I never knew my father to retract, even if his promised word was an injury to himself. We should go on until our love became a snare, a temptation, and then that fate might overtake me—a homeless wanderer. No, let us part honourably, even if both hearts break."

I know I was frantically eloquent. She wept and grew firm by turns, and did not strive to conceal her love. Yet I could not shake her determination. The unhappy family histories held a strong sway over her. There seemed nothing but final separation before us. By degrees we grew calmer, and looked the fact in the face.

"It is best for us to forget the past," she said. "I think now I can never love nor marry another person, and doubtless you believe the same. Yet such things have happened. I want you to feel entirely free. Only, let us promise each one thing. If we should ever decide on that step, let us write and tell each other frankly."

This was all the promise she would give me. We talked until the twilight faded from purple to grey, and the stars came out; then we mingled our last kisses, and I led her up the cedar path which the first wanderer had trod. How weird and gloomy the old house looked.

I stood by it till through the dark,  
I saw not where it lay;  
And then, like that, my heart went out  
In ashy grief and grey.

The next day I went back. Mr. Hatton wanted me in his office, and I was glad of anything that came to me without trouble. I performed my duties well, but there was no heart in them. I used to get "low," and then Frank would rally me, and drag me off to see people I fairly began to hate. I never took up a letter that I did not shiver with the thought of one I was to receive some day. Yet it never came. I made rapid strides in my profession, thanks to my kind patron, and by degrees overcame that brief episode. I did not fall in love or marry, although I felt certain much of the time that Edna Rothelan would.

Mr. Dawson died; the farm was sold; Mrs. Casler took her mother with her to California, so I had no means of hearing from them. Judge of my surprise when Mr. Rothelan's letter came.

His daughter had refused several good offers; she had grown pale and thin; he knew it was worrying for me, and if I still cared anything about her, I might come and marry her. All I had to do was to drop him a line, and he would meet me at the station.

This was so different from his cool, elegant, patronizing manner. True, he might be different in letters. I had no need to ask myself if I still loved Edna Rothelan. My heart gave one tumultuous bound. The idea of her pining for me was positive pleasure. I packed up a few necessary articles, took leave of Mr. Hatton, and started at once.

My mind ran over all this with lightning rapidity as I was being whirled along to my destination, and as I dreamed over all those old happy days, and some of the joy to come, the porter called out M—.

I stepped from the train on the platform. No familiar face was in sight. I had been half-expecting to meet Edna's first, and was more disappointed than I would have owned. The bell rang, the fiery engine puffed, gave a shrill scream, and started on his journey again, leaving me uncomfortably solitary.

A gentleman, with a rather feeble walk and a stoop in his shoulders, came up to me, and said, somewhat hesitatingly:

"Mr. Woodbury, I believe?"

I ran my eyes over him. The voice, the face—could it be Mr. Rothelan? He looked fifteen years older, and curious expression, as if he was continually on the alert for somebody. The courtly, patronizing air had degenerated into something that savoured of servility, yet he was not pleasantly obsequious. A harsh constraint hung about him, as if, when he found the person or thing that had reduced him to this miserable state of bondage, he would show him no mercy.

"Have you been ill?" I asked, after several ineffectual attempts at conversation, fearing to speak of the subject that lay nearest my heart.

"No—yes. Well, I've been complaining this two years or so; nothing special, only people will grow old and lose their strength, you know," and he gave a weak laugh.

He had said Edna was well; what other question could I ask concerning her? Why would he persist in relapsing into this moody silence? Half-angry, I leaned back in the carriage, and noticed that he drove, himself, a thing he rarely used to do in the country. A sudden thought flashed over me—he had wasted so much of his fortune, retrenchment was necessary. This was why he had agreed to let me marry his daughter, and why he felt a little out of sorts with the world.

We came in sight of the house before he spoke again. Then it was with a short, nervous laugh.

"I expect you'll find us changed a good deal. Edna is graver than she used to be. I think she worries about me; but if I could see her married to a man who would make her happy I should be more comfortable myself. I used to think very highly of wealth, and all that, you know, but I don't mind it now. The old house is too cheerless and gloomy for her; she wants some young society." Then, turning confidentially to me, he added in a lower key, I want you to coax her out of it; persuade her to be married as soon as you like. I'll do the fair thing by her. Don't let her give up though; it's killing her to stay there."

We drove up under the cedars. No proud, womanly figure on the porch awaited us. No fond words of welcome as I trod the massive stone steps. Did she still love me?

I entered the hall, and saw her coming toward me, but not with the glad bound of former days. Her voice had a dreary cadence in it, and even in that dim light, I could see the outline of her face had sharpened, and with the exception of the lips, was colourless. She let her hand lay passively in mine, and my kiss, I fancied, was returned with a convulsive shiver.

"You will go to your room, of course?" she said, leading me up the wide staircase. "We dine at five; in half an hour the bell will ring."

I dropped in the nearest chair, too much surprised to think, for a few moments. Was this statue the woman I used to love, the girl who had stood upon the sands, beckoning me shoreward with strange earnestness, her lovely face aglow with excitement? Was I dreaming? I rose and took a survey of my apartment. I had never been in but three rooms of that house, the drawing-room, library, and dining-hall. This was quite a new place. Spacious, well arranged, the furniture somewhat old-fashioned, but rich; and—no, she had not quite forgotten me. There stood a vase of white water-lilies, pure, fragrant; the blossoms we both loved so well. She must have gone or sent some distance for them, and in any case, thoughts of me must have stirred her soul.

I began to dress with a better heart. This over, I glanced out of the window. My room was at the north, and at the west stood the chapel, the interior of which would barely have made two moderate sized rooms. I could see the high peaked roof, and a sort of fanciful turreted spire that had partially fallen into decay. It looked gloomy enough. Down below was the path where the ghost was said to walk. Had it commenced its unquiet peregrinations? Was this the cause of the father's nervous manner, and the daughter's pale face? A curious sensation stole over me, and I really longed to hear the bell. It came at last—slow, feeble strokes. I hurried down, for the loneliness oppressed me.

I took my place at the side of the table; Edna had the head. She was kind, solicitous, but cold, and when I alluded to my former visit, made no response. Mr. Rothelan chattered continually in his uneasy way, darting quick, suspicious glances around, whenever the old serving-woman entered. In other days they had a brisk, pompous butler.

The meal ended, we strolled into the drawing-room. The curtains were put back, and the sinking sun shot long orange gleams of golden splendour through the apartment. In that full light I saw how greatly Edna had altered. The long, bright ringlets were twisted in a coil at the back of her head, and held up with a jet comb, set with a few elegant pearls. Her brooch was of the same; the only ornaments she wore. Her dress was grave, almost mournful in its simplicity.

When Mr. Rothelan left us, he took the curb off my patience. I could endure suspense no longer. I must

know if she still cared for me, and if not, why she desired to marry me. Crossing over, I seated myself on the sofa beside her, and took her hand. If less romantic at thirty, I was also less fearful and procrastinating.

"Edna," I began, slowly, "I suppose you are aware why your father sent for me?"

"Yes." A faint colour mounted her temples.

"Have you no little word to say to me; no look to recall those dear old days?"

The fringed lids drooped over the eyes. Her lips quivered a little, and then she rejoined calmly:

"I have a good deal to say to you, Mr. Woodbury. And first—you were sent for without my knowledge, and against my wishes."

"Edna, you have ceased to care for me."

She sat quite still, and made no reply.

I do not think I had any more taste for automations now, than at five-and-twenty. The passionate blood in my nature flashed out. Pride, and a little wounded love asserted themselves. In a tone of some warmth, I exclaimed:

"Edna, you have only to say you do not love me, and I will relieve you of my presence immediately. Had I known there would have been no welcome for me from your lips, I should not have ventured hither."

The eyes were still downcast. Slowly a few tears dropped on my hand which was clasping hers.

"You do love me!" I cried, triumphantly, and drew the fair head down on my shoulder.

"No, I cannot say it," she murmured. "For two days I have been studying the lesson: I have been schooling myself to be cold and reserved toward you, but I cannot so easily my own heart. I do love you, Clifford."

I suppose I was foolishly rapturous. Remember, for five years the lips of the woman I adored had been sealed to me. Not even sisterly kisses had supplied their place. Now I was rewarded by seeing some life and colour and warmth return to these pale lips. The old girlish nature revived. I wondered how I had come to pronounce her cold so readily.

At length she raised her face from its dangerous nearness to mine, and sat upright; no longer cold, but tender and flushed. But by degrees a sorrowful light stole into it, something that made one sad to see.

"Edna," I said, "you shall not go back to that old grey shadow. You are mine. Your father has consented; you cannot deny the love that has endured so long a probation, and yet blossoms freshly. I shall begin to exercise my newly-found authority."

"Oh, Clifford, if you had not come. It will be so much harder to part now."

Her hopeless tone fretted me. The hard lines settled again in her face, and her pulses relaxed.

"There is some mystery here," I began. "Why do you not wish to marry me, when you confess you love me?"

"I cannot leave my father. He is far from being well, and has some secret trouble. What if he should die suddenly, alone, here in this gloomy place?" and she shivered.

"He can spare you quite well," I returned; and I repeated the contents of his letter, as well as our conversation in the carriage. "Besides, he has servants always around."

"Only three now. Of these, Jane, the old cook, is deaf, Martin, the gardener, has the same infirmity, and William, the stable-boy and waiter, is not at all smart. I think, sometimes, he is deaf also."

"How curious," I said. "Has your father given up society?" He used to be so fond of it."

"Please don't laugh at me," she began, deprecatingly. "I think, sometimes, the house is haunted, or that father is affected with a singular malady. He has changed so much. Two years ago this summer, I was away with some friends ten weeks, and when I came home, father looked as if he was just recovering from a severe fit of sickness; I was shocked at the alteration in him. All the old servants were gone, and most of their places supplied with new ones. He was very irritable, impatient if I questioned him in the slightest, and only anxious for me to go away again. I went to London, but could enjoy nothing in that state of mind. Since that time father has never been a night away from home. I have been surprised at seeing a light flash through the hall when I imagined everyone sound asleep, and on rising to examine, would find him noiselessly threading the passages with a wild frightened look in his eyes. It made him fearfully angry to be discovered. At first, his friends used to come out as usual, but they dropped off, servants were dismissed, and we all fell into habits of seclusion. For eight months the house has been just as it is to-day, except, indeed, that this room is rarely opened. I generally sit in the library, for if I am there I can sometimes read father to sleep or amuse him."

All this had been uttered rapidly, and in the lowest possible tone. Her manner infected me with a curious awe; but I said, laughingly:

"Well, have you seen the ghost?"

"No, yet I am not sure but that I have heard it."

There are noises and sounds it seems impossible to account for. I was so frightened once, and so sure they came from the chapel, that I told father. He took me all through it. There was nothing unnatural or supernatural, so far as I could see."

"Was your father really ill that summer?"

"He says not. He cannot bear to hear it spoken of, though."

"Possibly he might have had some sort of attack that affects his mind. But, as he says, it is killing you," and I clasped closer the dear form that trembled so.

"That is what I am afraid of," she said, slowly.

"Another might prostrate him entirely. I cannot leave him. Now you know why I was not willing you should be sent for."

I did not try to combat this idea now. Indeed, I had some fears whether it would be quite right, and determined to see more of Mr. Rothelan before I decided what step to take first. I led her gently back to the remembrance of those bewildering days of our first love, and found she had not been less true than I. Many a delightful half-fear, half-confession fell from her lips. It was worth waiting five years for.

When we retired it was quite late. It did me good to see her face so radiant, and I gaily told her to send the ghost to me, if she heard it; that I was desirous of making its acquaintance.

Being a lover, I own I should have remained awake in a fond vigil. I am ashamed to say I fell asleep, but some time in the night I started, and found myself sitting up in bed. The window near me was open, the night cloudy. Something struck my ear quite different from the hum of insects. I sprang to the window and leaned out. I could have sworn that in the direction of the chapel I heard a human voice singing. No words reached me, only the stirring inflections of the tune. It was faint and smothered; I had to listen with every sense stretched to its utmost tension. Then I was sure I heard a step at the door. Unaccountably enough, I had not bolted it. I opened it noiselessly, and peered out. There was a faint light at the end of the hall, and a figure going down the stairs. I knew by the bent head it was Mr. Rothelan, I remembered seeing in the wardrobe, where I hung my coat, a long black camlet cloak. Hastily snatching this, and putting on my list slippers, I stole through the hall, down the stairs, through the winding passages, keeping far enough behind him to elude his sight if he should turn the lantern suddenly. I saw him pause at the door of the chapel, and take a survey of the last hall. Then he waited interminably, I thought, but finally unlocked the door, took the key out, entered, and relocked it on the inside. I went down and listened. There was certainly a sound—a fitful, querulous voice—now high, now low; but whether it was Mr. Rothelan, or another person, or a dog, I could not tell. Fearful at length of being discovered, I tried to grope my way back.

This was no easy task to a stranger. I followed the wall until I felt certain I had gone all round six times at least, before I found the stairway. Then an agony of fear seized me. Suppose I should enter the wrong room. I knew mine must be nearly at the end of the hall, so I went along, tried two doors that were bolted, and came to one standing ajar. I did not feel satisfied until I had examined nearly every article of furniture, and found my boots and travelling bag.

There was no further adventure that night, neither any sleep for me. I ransacked my brains for all the singular stories that had ever found lodgment there, and last of all Jane Eyre's ghost flitted across my mental vision. In an instant the fabric rose complete. It was evident to me that there was some confined in the chapel. Mr. Rothelan might have formed some discreditable connection that refused to be shaken off at his pleasure. She—it was a woman, of course—had been brought, or followed him here, and for some reason, it was necessary to preserve the strictest secrecy. The three servants were deaf—they had been purposely chosen—so they could not be startled by these strange noises. No workman slept at the house. The visitors had all been given up. Mr. Rothelan wanted his daughter out of the way, in order that he might—here I paused. Did he wish to proclaim her mistress of Rothelan?

If this was true, I had better marry Edna at once. My decision was taken.

Mr. Rothelan inquired very particularly at breakfast how I had slept, and remarked, what with bats and chimney swallows, he could not recommend the house as a particularly quiet place. I noticed his eyes were eager and alert, and answered, carelessly, "that I was a very sound sleeper."

"Edna was afraid the ghost would disturb you. Like all old houses, we have that appendage, you see," and he gave his short, dry, nervous laugh. "This solitude has affected her spirits."

"Those chapel rooms are quite ghostly," I returned. "I feel rather curious to see the interior."

"They're nothing to see, nothing to see," and his colour came and went. "They have crumbled to pieces with dampness and want of care, and are full of mould

and cobwebs. A Rothelan with a scientific turn of mind once had his laboratory there, which probably created a deal of surmising among country folk. My uncle shut the place up; it has never been used since. I find plenty of room without that."

Then he went into a rather deep disquisition on the subject of ghosts in general, ridiculing the idea, but admitting there were some very singular impressions that could not be accounted for by ordinary reasoning. His manner was excited, and his eyes glanced hither and thither, as if he momentarily expected some one to enter and demolish his theory with a word.

I took Edna out for a long ride, and having gained her confidence, drew from her an account of all that had perplexed her for the last two years. Sounds mysterious enough, and her father's strange behaviour—that puzzled her most of all. Her tense nerves were in the highest state of excitability, and it really alarmed me to see her look and talk so much like her father. If I had ever heard of a Rothelan going crazy, I should have thought them both suffering from the hereditary taint. I soothed and tranquillized her, and the fresh air, as well as the pleasing exercise, rendered her quite her usual self.

For the next three days and nights nothing mysterious occurred. I began to wonder whether I had not dreamed that nocturnal ramble instead of taking it. It was evident Mr. Rothelan did not mean I should enter the chapel; he skilfully evaded every attempt on my part. Each day he grew more anxious about our marriage, though he rarely spoke to Edna on the subject. After a long conversation, one morning, during which he had shown a great deal of irritability, I suggested that if his health was restored, Edna would feel more willing to leave him, and proposed that he should leave here and seek a more cheerful abode.

He shuddered visibly.

"No," he said. "I like the old house. I couldn't live away from it. In my young days I was gay and enjoyed life, and I want her to do the same. Now I am old and like solitude, but it frets me to see her moping about. I should be better if she was away, and she would, too. Tell her I'm willing—that I want her to go."

I think I made some progress. I watched over her as if she had been a baby. I question if she had ever been so tenderly cared for. I made myself absolutely necessary to her comfort, governing, loving, and petting, taking care there should be just enough show of authority to cause her to depend on me, and not sufficient to seem restraint. When she said, "Oh, Clifford, how can I ever bear to part with you?" I knew my cause was half-won.

Half-won in ten days. As I went to my dressing-room I began to count up the time. This free social intercourse made me impatient for a little more power, a husband's right to this sweet woman, growing dearer every day. I could not endure the thought of my old lonely life. As I sat musing, a cry startled me. True to my suspicions, I glanced toward the chapel, although I well knew the sound was in the house.

Jane came shuffling along the corridor.

"If you please, Mr. Woodbury, Miss Rothelan wants you. The master's got a fit."

Her face was white with fright. I hurried down to the library, found Mr. Rothelan on the floor insensible, and Edna wringing her hands. A glance at the body convinced me it was no fit, but most probably the result of sheer exhaustion. How like death the pallid, wasted face looked. There was a medical cabinet in one corner of the apartment, and hastily hunting up some restoratives, I applied them. With a faint sigh the dull eyes unclosed.

"Oh, he is not dead!" Edna cried, in tones of relief.

Mr. Rothelan moved uneasily, and muttered some incoherent sentences. Then he tried to rise, and falling back, relapsed into insensibility. After he recovered I called in Martin, and we conveyed him to his room. He seemed to be suffering from acute pain, and the rapidly rising pulse, as well as the flushed face, gave speedy indications of fever. He grew more delirious every moment, until it was really necessary to hold him on the bed. William was despatched for the nearest physician, and came back with the tidings that he had been called away, and would not return that evening. In this emergency I did my best for him with the slight medical knowledge I possessed. Something must be done to relieve the pain and quiet him, and I administered morphine and opium cautiously, and in small doses. Between the paroxysms he made frantic efforts to rise, and at last made me understand he wanted a key from his coat-pocket. When it was given to him he clutched it with the frantic energy of a madman, but lay quietier, and about dusk began to doze a little. Dismissing the servants, Edna and I watched him for some time.

"You see," she began, with tearful eyes and trembling voice, "it would not be right for me to leave him. Suppose he had died here all alone! And yet to-day I almost thought —" The outstretched hand finished the sentence.

How could I persuade her again? She could not be

happy or contented away from him. She had a superstitious dread that he might some time feel tempted to bestow that fatal Rothelan malediction upon her; if she were not in all respects a faithful daughter. And so, with a sinking heart, I saw my hopes destroyed.

About eleven I sent Edna to her room, promising to call her at the slightest change. The night was warm, clear, but moonless. I took my station at the open window directly opposite the chapel. Mr. Rothelan slept rather heavily, but was quiet. I gazed at the chapel windows, deep set, boarded up from the inside, and mostly obscured with rank ivy. What was the secret of that place? This slumbering man held the key, not even relaxing his grasp in dreams.

Suddenly a peculiar noise fell upon my ear. It was either filing or drilling a hole—or, perhaps the branch of a tree rubbing against the house. So regular I could not help but listen. Then it ceased for awhile, and began again. The great clock in the hall struck twelve, one, two, and three. The sick man still slept, now more naturally. The noise went on regularly, growing more distinct, I thought. The dense grey of that "darkest hour" began to cloud the skies, but my eyes had become preternaturally keen. I could see the very leaves rustle in the faint breeze.

A crash startled me. It was on the further side of the chapel, and sounded like a stone or some heavy substance falling on the rubbish below. I held my breath in suspense, and waited with deep anxiety.

Presently something rose above the pointed roof of the chapel, a round, dark, moving mass. It grew taller, then crouched, spread out some long arms, caught at the tree-branches, and gave a swing. I wanted to cry out, but my tongue seemed paralyzed. Down it went, swinging, crashing, agile as a cat, and then rested on the ground. My terror for it was over. I watched it creep stealthily up towards the window, wondering whether I should give an alarm. I partially drew the curtain in front of myself.

It was not a woman. I knew that by the dress and daring leaps, before I saw the thick, ragged beard. If he offered to enter I would grapple with him.

He did not. A few moments he ran swiftly down toward the cedars, and was lost to view. The clock struck four. Daybreak was coming.

About sunrise Mr. Rothelan awoke. At first he seemed angry at finding me there, but I briefly explained matters. He asked innumerable questions as to what he said and did during his delirium, and appeared relieved at the straightforward account I gave him, all the while eying the key he held with a sort of frightened curiosity.

"You may go," he said, at length. "I wish to get up."

"Let me see whether you can stand; if you need any assistance after that, you can ring your bell for me."

He did not demur. His step was tottering, yet I kept my word and went out of the apartment. Presently I heard his step through the hall; I had only gone to the library. He tugged at the bolts of the rear door, opened them, and, I suppose, went out.

Such a cry as broke that morning stillness shortly after, such a perfect howl of rage, terror and despair, I never heard. A hundred echoes replied. I sprang through the passage, and saw him, his hands clenched in his thin grey hair, his eyes fixed on one of the chapel windows, the upper part of which was gone. I knew now what had fallen in the night.

"Escaped—escaped!" he fairly screamed, and then, dashing back with a tigerish strength, unlocked the chapel. I followed, but it was as dark as midnight within, so I could see nothing. Mr. Rothelan raved like a madman. I turned and saw Edna white with terror. At the same instant a dull, heavy thud and a groan smote my ears, and all was silent.

"He has killed himself!" Edna shrieked.

I found a lamp, and taking Martin, who had just come down, we went through that ghostly place. Some rooms had been partitioned off, one, nearly in the centre, containing a bed, table and a few chairs. Here we found Mr. Rothelan.

This time the doctor's services were absolutely requisite. Mr. Rothelan had sustained some severe injury, and for several hours it hardly seemed possible he could rally. The physician seemed greatly surprised at his utter exhaustion, and said, unhesitatingly, that he could never recover.

I kept my secret to myself. Towards night Mr. Rothelan made us understand he wanted a clergyman. William was despatched. It was evident the sick man was rallying all his strength for one final effort. He would not allow Edna nor myself to leave him.

"Mr. Gilbert's in the library," announced Jane.

"I was love her; you wish to marry her?" and Mr. Rothelan nodded to Edna.

I understood why the clergyman had been sent for, and taking her hand in mine, said—

"I do. The ceremony cannot be too soon for me."

Edna broke from my grasp, and stood straight before him.

"Father," she began, "I love him, and he loves me,

but I declare to you, most solemnly, I will not marry him or any person until I understand this dreadful mystery. I will die sooner than bring disgrace or shame on any honourable man. Some sin or shame is hurrying you to your grave!"

"If I did sin," he cried, fiercely, "it was partly for you. Who talks of a crime? Come, be quick; he will return soon, and then you'll hear the whole story. They can't drag me to gaol; I shall be dead. Go on with the marriage."

"Never."

Her tones had the ring of steel.

"Edna," I said, "do you fear to trust me? If any misfortune falls upon you, who can love you better, who will be tenderer?"

Mr. Rothelan sat upright, as if nerved by an electric shock.

"If she were poor now," there was a visible sneer in his tone, "penniless, not the true heir to Rothelan, would you marry her?"

"Yes!" and in spite of her resistance I took her hand.

"That's all. Edward Rothelan, my cousin, came back two years ago, and has been a prisoner in that chapel. Last night he escaped. He is a drunken drolling idiot, but will be the master here by his father's will. I have been waiting months to see him die, but he will outlive me. Edna, you are a beggar, but your lover is a true man. I wish I had never said 'no' to him. Send Mr. Gilbert in."

The clergyman entered. He was an elderly, quiet man carrying the mark of his office in his placid face. I remember that my arguments were frantically eager, and my manner too positive to be gainsaid. Edna repeated her vows mechanically—it was enough for me, then, that she said them at all. We left Mr. Gilbert and her father together awhile. Bearing her to the library, I tried with all the arts of love to restore her stunned soul to its vitality.

We spent that night with the dying man. By snatches, between the terrible fits of sinking and gasping for breath, he related, or rather confessed, the horrors of the last two years.

His uncle and cousin were not exempt from the Rothelan curse. They quarrelled, and the son disappeared. Some strange stories were told of his lawless deeds, then for several years no word was heard from him. About this time Arthur Rothelan's wife died, and he came to stay with his uncle. His little girl had been left in her grandmother's charge. When the uncle came to die, the father-love was strong in his heart. He bequeathed Rothelan to Arthur, but only conditionally, if Edward never came back.

Arthur Rothelan, a gay, extravagant man of the world, enjoyed his new possessions with a wonderful zest. He never for an instant dreamed his cousin was alive. Year after year he considered himself master of all, and ruled absolutely. One night a feeble, tattered wretch demanded admittance, and proclaimed himself the lost heir; showed his birthmark—a scarlet cross on the right shoulder. He was ill, worn out with the dissolute life he had led, and begged for a place to die in; but instead of speedily quitting the world, seemed to grow stronger, and began to talk about his claims.

The master took his valet into his confidence. He was a wily villain, and dazzled by the prospect of a moderate fortune. Fortunately for them both, the visitor's name had not been mentioned to the other servants, and where people were constantly coming and going no one felt curious. The valet and his master arranged a room in the chapel, filled in a thick wall around it, to deaden sound, arranged a window in the ceiling for light and air, and conveyed their prisoner to it. Arthur Rothelan could not endure the thought of poverty; moreover, his cousin was a degraded, besotted man, who scarcely seemed to miss his liberty at first, as his gaoler kept him well supplied with liquor. Six months after this, while on a visit to the city, the valet was robbed and murdered, and Arthur Rothelan held his guilty secret alone. He took every precaution. It became a man's with him. All night, when Edward would be noisy, he used to go through the house to see if any one could be listening. This had been his errand on the first night of my stay there.

How Edward Rothelan could have so duped his gaoler and prepared for his escape seemed indeed singular. He must have worked industriously for a long while, and perhaps possessed more sense than Arthur gave him credit for. And now the secret was at an end—the ghost of Rothelan was laid for ever.

I told Edna how I had witnessed the escape. We lived in momentary expectation of Edward's return, but he did not come. Was he waiting to take some fearful retribution? However that might be, Arthur Rothelan was soon beyond his reach. He died much as he had lived. That very day William came in, tired and breathless, to tell of a dead body he had discovered in the woods. A presentiment seized me, and I went to view it. It was emaciated, the eyes sunken, and the hair and beard matted, a most miserable-looking object. I tore open the clothes—on the right shoulder was a scarlet cross.

After the funeral I took Edna to London. It was a long while before she recovered her health and spirits. Rothelan was sold, and the enterprising purchasers remodelled it into a hotel, and turned it into a fashionable watering-place. We went there once, and walked under the cedars. It is still known as the "Ghost's Walk," though the legends they tell are purely fanciful, but all agree that a beautiful and desperate woman left her malediction on the place. I comfort Edna by saying a daughter broke the spell, and that she is no longer a Rothelan.

A. M. D.

#### UNDER THE OLD OAK-TREE.

UNDER the old oak, down in the glen,  
Near by the side of the stream,  
Where the elm-trees grow, and the wild flowers blow,  
And the sunbeams brightly gleam;  
Where the daisy and the dandelion raise their head,  
And the rose and the lily so fair,  
Seem to vie with each other in Nature's own way,  
To perfume and to sweeten the air.

Under the old oak, down in the glen,  
Oft have I passed the long day,  
To meet little Mary, so light and so airy,  
Who looked like a flower in May.  
I've watched and I've waited, and waited and watched,  
And oft have I left in despair,  
Having passed the long hours, and night coming on,  
And the little witch would not be there.

Under the old oak, down in the glen,  
Where the katydid sings through the night,  
I met saucy Mary, the sweet little fairy,  
The tempter, the angel, the sprite!  
I told her I loved her, and told her again  
The story, the old story o'er;  
And I kept on repeating the vows I had made,  
Till the clouds in the east began to lower.

Under the old oak, down in the glen,  
We stopped while the rain pattered down;  
Then she started for home—of course, not alone—  
And I kissed her to see if she'd frown.  
She coloured, and coyishly hung down her head,  
And was happy and pleased as could be;  
And till this very hour, we remember the shower,  
While under the old oak-tree. M. J. K.

#### SELF-MADE;

OR,

#### OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

By MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

Author of "The Hidden Hand," "The Lost Heiress," &c. &c.

#### CHAPTER LVI.

#### THE BRIDE ELECT.

She stands up her full height,  
With her rich dress flowing round her  
And her eyes as fixed and bright  
As the diamond stars that crown her,—  
An awful, beautiful sight.

Beautiful? Yes with her hair  
So wild and her cheeks so flushed!  
Awful? Yes, for there  
In her beauty she stands hushed  
By the pomp of her own despair. *Meredith.*

JUDGE MERLIN walked about, reasoning with himself all day; but he could not get rid of his depression of spirits, or reason away his misgivings.

He returned home in time to dress for dinner. He crept up to his chamber with a wearied and stealthy air, for he was still dispirited and desirous of avoiding a meeting with his daughter.

He made his toilet and then sat down, resolved not to leave his chamber until the dinner-bell rang, so that he should run no risk of seeing her until he met her at dinner, where of course no allusion would be made to the event of the morning.

He took up the evening paper, that lay upon the dressing-table by some chance, and tried to read. But the words conveyed no meaning to his mind.

"She is all I have in this world!" he sighed as he laid the paper down.

"Papa!"

He looked up.  
There she stood within his chamber door! It was an unprecedented intrusion. There she stood in her rich evening dress of purple *moire antique*, with the bandeau of diamonds encircling her night-black hair. Two crimson spots like the flush of hectic fever burned in her cheeks, and her eyes were unnaturally bright and wild, almost like those of insanity.

"Papa, may I come to you? Oh, papa, I have been waiting to speak to you all day; and it seems to me as if you had purposely kept out of my way. Are you displeased? May I come to you now?"

He opened his arms and she came and threw herself upon his bosom, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"What is the matter, my darling?"

"Are you displeased, papa?"

"No, no, my darling! Why should I be? How could I be so unreasonable? But—do you love him, Claudia?"

"He will be an earl, papa."

"Are you happy, Claudia?"

"I shall be a countess, papa!"

"But—are you happy, my dear? I ask you."

"Happy? Who is?" Who ever was?"

"Your mother and myself were happy, very happy during the ten blessed years of our union! But then we loved each other, Claudia! Do you love this man whom you are about to make your husband?"

"Papa! I have consented to be his wife! Should not that satisfy you?"

"Certainly, certainly, my child! Besides, it is not for my rough, masculine hand to probe your heart! Your mother might do it, if she were living, but not myself!"

"Papa! bless me! it was for that I came to you! Oh, give me your blessing before I go down-stairs to him, whom I must henceforth meet as my promised husband."

"May the Lord bless and save you, my poor, motherless girl!" he said, laying his hand on her bowed head.

And she arose, and, without another word, went below stairs.

When she entered the drawing-room, she found the viscount there alone. He hastened to meet her with gallant alacrity, and pressed his lips to hers, but at their touch the colour fled from her face and did not return. With attentive courtesy Lord Vincent handed her to a seat and remained standing near, seeking to interest and amuse her with his conversation. But just as the *tête-à-tête* was growing insupportable to Claudia, the door opened and Beatrice entered. Too many times had she come in upon just such a *tête-à-tête* to suspect that there was anything more in this one than there had been in any other for the last six months. So, unconscious of the recent betrothal of this pair, she smilingly accepted the chair the viscount had placed for her, and readily followed Claudia's lead, by allowing herself to be drawn into the conversation. Several times she looked up at Claudia's face, noticing its marble whiteness; but at length concluded that it must be only the effect of late hours, and so dropped the subject from her mind.

Presently the other members of the family dropped in and the dinner was served.

One vacant chair at the table attracted general attention. But ah! to one there that seat was not vacant; it was filled with the spectre of her murdered truth.

"Where is Mr. Worth?" inquired Mrs. Middleton, from the head of the table.

"Oh! worked himself into a nervous headache over Allenby's complicated brief! I told him how it would be if he applied himself so uninterruptedly to business; but he would take no warning! Well, these young enthusiasts must learn by painful experience to modify their zeal," said the judge, in explanation.

Every one expressed regret, except Claudia, who understood and felt how much worse than any headache was the heart-sickness that had, for the time, mastered even Ishmael's great strength; but she durst utter no word of sympathy. And the dinner proceeded to its conclusion. And directly after the coffee was served the viscount departed.

Meanwhile Ishmael lay extended upon his bed, clasping his temples and waging a silent war with his emotions.

A rap disturbed him.

"Come in."

Powers entered with a tea-tray in his hands, upon which was neatly arranged a little silver tea-service, with a transparent white cup, saucer, and plate. The wax-candle in its little silver candlestick that was set upon the tray was the only light, and scarcely served to show the room.

Ishmael raised himself up just as Powers set the tray upon the stand beside the bed.

"Who has had the leisure to think of me this evening?" thought Ishmael, as he contemplated this unexpected attention. Then speaking aloud, he inquired:

"Who sent me this, Powers?"

"Miss Middleton, sir; and she bade me say to you that you must try to eat; and that it is a great mistake to fast when one has a nervous headache, brought on by fatigue and excitement; and that the next best thing to rest is food, and both together in a cure," replied the man, carefully arranging the service on the stand.

"I might have known it," thought Ishmael, with an undefined feeling of self-reproach. "I might have known that she would not forget me, even though I forgot myself! What would my life be at home without this dear little sister? Yes, I will follow her advice; I will eat and drink for her sake, because I know that she will question Powers and be disappointed if she finds that I have not done justice to this rest."

"Will you have more light, sir?" asked the footman.

"No, no, thank you," replied Ishmael, rising, and seating himself in a chair beside the stand.

"Your head is better now, I hope, sir?" respectfully inquired Powers, as he prepared to remove the service, when the young man had finished his meal.

"Much, thank you. Tell Miss Middleton so, with my respects, and say how grateful I feel to her for this kind attention."

"Yes, sir."

"And, Powers, you may bring me lights now."

"Yes, sir."

And a few minutes later, when Powers had returned with two lighted candles and placed them on the table, Ishmael, who knew that not an overtasked brain, but an undisciplined heart, was the secret of his malady, set himself to work to a severe discipline, and worked away for three or four hours with great advantage; for, when at twelve o'clock he retired to bed, he fell asleep, and slept soundly until morning.

That is what work did for Ishmael. And work will do as much for anyone who will try it.

It is true in the morning he awoke to a sense of woe; but the day had also its work to discipline him. He breakfasted with Beatrice and her father and the judge, who were the only members of the family present at the table.

That morning the engagement between Lord Vincent and Claudia was formally announced to the family circle; and Beatrice understood the secret of Ishmael's sudden illness. The marriage was appointed to take place on the first of the ensuing month, and so preparations for the event were at once commenced.

Mrs. Middleton and Claudia went to order the wedding outfit, but the great responsibility of the home preparation fell upon Beatrice. The house had to be prepared for visitors, not only for the wedding guests, but also for friends and relatives of the family, who were coming from a distance and would remain for several days. For these, new rooms had to be made ready. And all this was to be done under the immediate supervision of Beatrice.

## CHAPTER LXXXI.

### CLAUDIA'S WOE.

Ay, lady, here alone

You may think till your heart is broken,  
Of the love that is dead and done,  
Of the days that with no token,  
For evermore are gone.

Weep if can, beseech you!  
There's no one by to curb you:  
His heart cry cannot reach you:  
His love will not disturb you:

Weep?—what can weeping teach you?

Meredith.

SITTING within the recess of the dormer window, soothed by the gathering darkness of the quiet starlight night, and by the gentle cadences of Beatrice's low, melodious voice, as she sang her baby sister to sleep, Ishmael remained some little time longer, when suddenly Beatrice's song ceased, and he heard her exclamation of surprise:

"Claudia, you up here! and already dressed for dinner? How well you look! How rich that maz-coloured brocade is, and how elegant that spray of diamonds in your hair! I never saw you wear it before. Is it a new purchase?"

"It is the viscount's present; I wear it this evening in his honour."

"How handsome you are, Lady Vincent! You know that I do not often flatter; but really, Claudia, all the artist in me delights to contemplate you! I never saw you with such brilliant eyes, or such a beautiful colour!"

"Brilliant eyes! beautiful colour! ha! ha! ha! the first—frenzy, I think! The last—well, it ought to be beautiful! I paid ten shillings a scruple for it; and I have used the scruple unscrupulously!" she cried, with a bitter laugh, as of self-scorn.

"Oh, Claudia, rouged?" said Beatrice, in a tone of surprise and pain.

"Yes, rouged and powdered! why not? Why should the face be true when the life is false? Oh, Beatrice!" she suddenly broke forth, in a wail of anguish, "lay that child down, and listen to me! I must tell some one, or my heart will break!"

There was a movement, a low, muffling, hushing sound, that told the unwilling listener that Beatrice was putting her baby sister in bed.

Ishmael awoke with the intention of leaving his room, and slipping out of hearing of the conversation that was not intended for his ears; but, utterly overcome by the crowding emotions of his heart, he sank back in his chair.

He heard Beatrice return to her place. He heard Claudia throw herself down on the floor by Beatrice's side, and say:

"Oh, let me lay my head down upon your lap, Beatrice."

"Claudia—dear Claudia? what is the matter with you? What can I do for you?"

"Receive my confidence, that is all! Hear my con-

fession! I must tell somebody or die. I wish I was a Catholic and had a father confessor, who would hear me and comfort me, and absolve my sins and keep my secrets!"

"Can any man stand in that relation to a woman except her father, if she is single, or her husband if she is married?" asked Beatrice. "You could have told your heavenly Father."

"He knows it already! but I durst not pray to Him. I am not so impious as that, either! I have not presumed to pray for a month—not since my betrothal!"

"You have not presumed to pray! Oh, Claudia!"

"How dare I dare to pray, after I have deliberately sold myself to the demon? after I have deliberately determined to sin and take the wages of sin?"

"Claudia! Oh, Heaven! You are certainly mad!"

"I know it; but the knowledge does not help me to the cure! I have been mad a month!" Then breaking forth into a wail of woe, she cried: "Oh, Beatrice! I do not love that man! I do not love him! and the idea of marrying him appalls my very soul!"

"Good Heaven, Claudia, then why—" began Beatrice, but Claudia fiercely continued:

"I loathe him! I sicken at him. His first kiss! Oh, Beatrice! the cold, clammy touch of his lips struck all the colour from my face for ever, I think! I loathe him!"

"Oh, Claudia—Claudia! why, in the name of all that is wise and good, do you do yourself, and him, too, such a terrible wrong as to marry him?" inquired the deeply-shocked maiden.

"Because I must! Because I will! I have deliberately determined to be a peeress, and I will be one, whatever the cost."

"But, oh! have you thought of the deadly sin—the treachery, the perfidy, the sacrilege, oh! and the dreadful degradation of such a loveless marriage?"

"Have I thought of these things—these horrors? Yes. Witness this tortured heart and judge of this racked brain of mine!"

"Then why—oh! why, Claudia, do you persevere?"

"I am in the vortex of the whirlpool and cannot stop myself!"

"Then let me stop you! My weak hand is strong enough for that! Remain here, dear Claudia. Let me go down-stairs and report that you are ill, as indeed and in truth you are! The marriage can be delayed, and then you can have an explanation with the viscount and break it off altogether!"

"And break my plighted faith! Is that your advice, young moralist?"

"There was no faith in your plighted word, Claudia! It was very wrong to promise to marry a man you could not love; but it would be criminal to keep such a promise! Speak candidly to his lordship, Claudia, and ask him to release you from your engagement! My word on it, he will do it."

"Of course! and make me the town-talk for the delight of all who envy me!"

"Better be that than an unloving wife!"

"No! I must fulfil my destiny! And besides, I never thought of turning from it! I am in the power of the whirlpool or the demon!"

"It is the demon; the demon that is carrying you down into this whirlpool! And the name of the demon is Ambition, Claudia! and the name of the whirlpool is Ruin."

"Yes! it is Ambition that possesses my soul! None other but the sin by which angels fell would have power to draw my soul down from heaven—for heaven was possible to me, once!" And with these last words she melted into tears and wept, as if the fountains of her heart were broken up and gushing through her eyes.

"Yes," she repeated in the pauses of her weeping, "heaven was possible for me once! never more! oh! never, never more! Filled with the ambition of Lucifer I have cast myself out of that heaven! But alas! alas! have Lucifer's ambition without his strength to suffer!"

"Claudia! dear Claudia!"

"Do not speak to me! Let me speak, for I must speak or die! It is not only that I do not love this viscount; but oh, Beatrice," she wailed, in the prolonged tones of unutterable woe, "I love another! I love Ishmael!"

There was a sudden movement and a fall.

"You push me from you. Oh, cruel friend! Let me lay my head upon your lap, again, Beatrice, and sob out all this anguish here. I must, or my heart will burst. I love Ishmael! His love is the heaven of heavens, from which ambition has cast me down. I love Ishmael! Oh how much, my reason utterly overthrown may sometimes betray to the world! This love fills my soul. Oh, more than that; it is greater than my soul—it goes beyond into infinitude! There is light, warmth and life where Ishmael is! darkness, coldness, and death where he is not! To meet his eyes—those beautiful, dark, luminous eyes, that seem like inlets to some perfect inner world of wisdom, love and pure joy

—or to lay my hand in his, and feel that soft, strong, elastic hand close upon mine—gives me a moment of such measureless content, such perfect assurance of peace, that for the time I forget all the sin and horror that envelopes and curses my life! But to be his beloved wife! Oh, Beatrice, I cannot imagine in the life of heaven a diviner happiness than that!"

A low, half-suppressed cry from Beatrice; and Claudia continued:

"It is a love that all which is best in my nature approves. For oh, who is like Ishmael? Who so wise, so good, so useful? He is human, and yet he appears to me perfectly faultless!"

There was a pause, and a low sound of weeping, broken at last by Claudia, who rustled up to her feet, saying:

"There, it is past!"

"Claudia," said Beatrice, solemnly, "you must not let this marriage go on; to do so would be to commit the deadliest sin!"

"I have determined to commit it, then, Beatrice."

"Claudia, if I save you on the brink of endless woe, would I not be right in trying to pluck you back? Oh, Claudia, dear cousin, pause—reflect!"

"Beatrice, I have reflected, until my brain has nearly burst! I must fulfil my destiny. I must be a peeress, cost what it may in sin against others, or in suffering to myself!"

"Oh, what an awful resolution; and what an awful defiance! Ah, what have you invoked upon your head!"

"I know not; the curse of Heaven, perhaps!"

"Claudia!"

"Be silent, Beatrice."

"I must not, cannot, will not be silent! My hand is weak, but it shall grasp your arm to hold you back; my voice is low, but it shall be raised in remonstrance with you! You may break from my hold; you may deafen yourself to my words; you may escape me so; but it will be to cast yourself into—"

"Nonsense, Beatrice, my hysterics are over now; my hour of weakness past; I am myself again, and I feel that I shall be Lady Vincent!"

"Claudia—"

"And in time I shall be Countess of Hurst-Monceaux, and perhaps, after a while, Marchioness of Banff; for Vincent thinks, if the Conservatives come in, his father will be raised a step in the peerage!"

"And is it for that you sell yourself? Oh, Claudia, how Satan fools you! Be rational—consider: what is it to be a countess, or even a marchioness? It is 'distance lends enchantment to the view.' You will soon find how little you have really gained by the sacrifice of truth, honour, and purity—all that is best in your woman's nature, all that is best in your earthly, yes, and your eternal life!"

"Beatrice, have you done?"

"No. You have given me two reasons why I think you ought not to marry the viscount: first, because you do not love him, and secondly, because you do love some one else. And now I will give you two more reasons why you should not marry him—viz., first, because he is not a good man, and secondly, because he does not love you. There!" said Beatrice, firmly.

"But how dare you say that! What should you know of his character? And why should you think he does not love me?"

"I feel that he is not a good man; so do you, I will venture to say, Claudia. And I know that he marries you for some selfish or mercenary motive; your money, possibly; and so also do you know it, Claudia, I dare to affirm."

"Have you anything more to say?"

"Only this: to beg, to pray, to urge you not to sin—not to debase yourself! Oh, Claudia! if loving Ishmael as you profess to do, and loathing the viscount as you confess you do, and knowing that he cares nothing for you, you still marry him for his title and his rank, as you admit you will—Claudia, Claudia! in the pure sight of angels you will be more guilty, and less pardonable than the poor lost creatures of the pavement, whose shadow you would scarcely allow to fall across your path!"

"Beatrice, you insult, you offend, you madden me! If this be so—if you speak the truth—I cannot help it, and I do not care. I am ambitious! If I immolate all my womanly feelings to become a peeress, it is as I would certainly and ruthlessly destroy everything that stood in my way to become a queen, if that were possible."

"Good Heaven, Claudia! are you then really a friend in female form?" exclaimed the dismayed girl.

"I do not know. I may be so. I think Satan has taken possession of me since my betrothal! At least I feel that I could be capable of great crimes to secure great ends," said Claudia, recklessly.

"And oh, Heaven! the opportunity will be surely afforded to you, if you do not repent. Satan takes good care to give his servants the fullest freedom to develop their evil. Oh, Claudia, for the love of Heaven, stop where you are—go no further. Your

very next step on this sinful road may make retreat impossible. Break off this marriage at once. Better the broken troth—better the nine days' wonder—than the perfumed bride, and the loveless, sinful nuptials! You said you were ambitious. Claudia!—here Beatrice's voice grew almost inaudible from intense passion—“Claudia, you do not know—you cannot know what it costs me to say what I am about to say to you now; but—I will say it: You love Ishmael. Well, he loves you—ah! far better than you love him, or than you are capable of loving any one. For you, all his toils have been endured, all his laurels won. Claudia, be proud of this great man; it is her love—a poet's love. Claudia, you have received much adulation in your life, and you will receive much more; but you never have received, and you never will, so high an honour as you have in Ishmael's love. It is a crown of glory to your life. You are ambitious! Well, wait for him; give him a few short years, and he will attain honours, not hereditary, but all his own. He will reach a position which the proudest woman may be proud to share.”

“Beatrice, Beatrice, you wring my heart in two! You drive me mad! It cannot be, I tell you! It can never be. He may rise, there is no doubt that he will! But let him rise ever so high, I cannot be his wife, his wife! horrible! I came of a race of which all the men were brave and all the women pure. And—”

“Is braver than the bravest man of your race, purer than the purest woman!” interrupted Beatrice, fervently.

“He is the child of shame and his heritage is dishonour. He bears his mother's maiden name, and she was—the scorn of his sex and the reproach of ours. And this is the man you advise me, Claudia Merlin, whose hand is sought in marriage by the heir of one of the oldest cardinals, to marry. The insult is unpardonable. You might as well advise me to marry my father's footman, and better, for Powers came at least of honest parents!” said Claudia, speaking in the mad, reckless, defiant way in which those conscious of a bad argument passionately defend their point.

For a few moments Beatrice seemed speechless with indignation. Then she burst forth vehemently:

“It is false, as false as the father of falsehood himself. When thorns produce figs, or the deadly night-shade nectarines; when eaglets are hatched in owl's nests, I may believe those foul slanders of Ishmael and his parents. Shame on you, Claudia Merlin, for repeating them. You have shown me much evil in your heart to-night; but nothing so bad as that. Ishmael is nature's gentleman. His mother must have been pure and lovely and loving; his father good and wise and brave; else how could they have given this son to the world. And did you forget, Claudia, when you spoke those cruel words of him, did you forget that only a little while ago you admitted that you loved him, and that all which was best in your nature approved that love?”

“No; I did not and do not forget it. It was and it is true. But what of that? I may not be able to help adoring him for his personal excellence. But to be his wife—the wife of a—horrible!”

“Have you forgotten, Claudia, that only a few minutes ago you said that you could not conceive of a diviner happiness than to be the beloved wife of Ishmael?”

“No! I have not forgotten it; and I spoke the truth; but that joy which I could so keenly appreciate can never be mine! And that is the secret of my madness, for I am mad, Beatrice! and oh! I came here to-night with my torn and bleeding heart—torn and bleeding from the dreadful battle between love and pride—came here with my suffering heart, my sinful heart, if you will—and laid it on your bosom to be soothed, and you have taken it and flung it back in my face! You have broken the bruised reed, humbled the humble, smitten the fallen! Oh, Beatrice, you have been more cruel than you know. Good-bye!” and she turned and flung herself out of the room.

“Claudia, dear Claudia! oh, forgive me! I did not mean to wound you. If I spoke harshly, it was because I felt for both. Claudia, come back, love!” cried Beatrice, hurrying after her, but Claudia was gone.

#### CHAPTER LIX.

##### ISHMAEL'S WOE.

And with another's crime, my birth  
She taunted me as little worth,  
Because, forsooth, I could not claim  
The lawful heirship of my name;  
Yet were a few short summers mine  
My name should more than ever shine  
With honours all my own! *Byron.*

ISHMAEL sat in the shadows of his room overwhelmed with shame and sorrow and despair. He had heard every cruel word—they had entered his ears and pierced his heart! And not only for himself he bowed his head and sorrowed and despaired, but for her—for

her! proud, selfish, sinful, but loving, and, oh, how fatally beloved!

It was not only that he worshipped her with a blind idolatry, and knew that she returned his passion with equal strength and fervour, and that she would have waited for him long years, and married him at last but for the cloud upon his birth. It was not this—not his own misery that crushed him, nor even her present wretchedness that prostrated him—no; but it was the awful, shapeless shadow of some infinite unutterable woe in Claudia's future, and into which she was blindly rushing, that overwhelmed him. Oh! to have saved her from this woe he would have gladly laid down his life.

The door opened and Jim, his especial waiter, entered with two lights on a tray. He set them on the table, and was leaving the room, when Ishmael recalled him. What I am about to relate is a triflē perhaps, but it will serve to show the perfect beauty of that nature which, in the midst of its own great sorrow, could think of the small wants of another.

“Jim, you asked me this morning to write a letter for you, to your mother, I think.”

“Yes, Master Ishmael, I thank you, sir, whenever you are at leisure, sir, with nothing to do; which I wouldn't presume to be in a hurry, sir, nor likewise inconvenience you the least in the world.”

“It will not inconvenience me, Jim; it will give me pleasure, whenever you can spare me half-an-hour,” replied Ishmael, speaking with as much courtesy to the poor dependent as he would have used in addressing his wealthiest patron.

“Well, Master Ishmael, which I ought to say Mr. Worth, and I beg your pardon, sir, only it is the old love as makes me forget myself, and call you what I used to in the old days, because Mr. Worth do seem to leave me so far away from you, sir—”

“Call me what you please, Jim, we are old friends, and I love my old friends better than any new distinctions that could come between us, but which I will never allow to separate us. What were you about to say, Jim?”

“I was going for to say, as I could be at your orders any time, even now, if it would suit you, sir; because I have lighted up all my rooms, and set my table for dinner, which it is put back an hour, because of Master Walter, who is expected by the six o'clock train this evening; and Sam is waiting in the hall, and I ain't got anything very partic'lar to do for an hour or so.”

“Very well, Jim, sit down in that chair and tell me what you want me to write,” said Ishmael, setting himself before his desk and dipping his pen in ink.

Yes, it was a small matter in itself; but it was characteristic of the man, thus to put aside his own poignant anguish to interest himself in the welfare of the humblest creature who invoked his aid.

“Now then, Jim.”

“Well, Master Ishmael,” said the poor fellow. “You know what to say better than I do. Write it beautiful, please.”

“Tell me what is in your heart, Jim, and then I will do the best I can,” said Ishmael, who possessed the rare gift of drawing out from others the best that was in their thoughts.

“Well, sir, I thinks of my poor old mother, I does; ‘membering how she did for me when I was a boy, and wondering if anybody does for her now, and if she is comfortable down there, at Tanglewood. And I wants her to know it; and not to be a thinking as I forgets her.”

Ishmael wrote rapidly for a few moments and then looked up.

“What else, Jim?”

“Well, sir, tell her as I have saved a heap of money for her out of the presents the gentlemen made me at Christmas, and I'll bring it to her when I come down—which the old ‘oman do love money, better than she do anything in this world, ‘cept it is me and old master and Miss Claudia. And likewise what she wants me to bring her from town, and whether she would like a red gown or a yellow one.”

Ishmael set down this and looked up.

“Well, Jim?”

“Well, sir, tell her how she ain't got no call to be anxious, nor likewise stressed in her mind, nor lay ‘wake o' nights, thinking ‘bout me, fear I should throw myself away, marrying of these city galls as don't know a spinning wheel from a harrow!”

“I have put all that down, Jim.”

“Well, sir, and about the grand wedding as is to be to-morrow, sir; and how the happy pair be going to go on a grand tower, and then going to visit Tanglewood afore they parts for the Continent.

Ishmael wrote and then looked up. Poor Jim, absorbed in his own affairs, did not notice how pale the writer's face had grown, or suspect how he had stabbed him to the heart.

“Well, sir, that is about all, I think, Master Ishmael. Only, please, sir, put it all down in your beautiful language as makes the ladies cry when you gets up and speaks afore the great judges theirselves.”

“I will do my best, Jim.”

“Thank you, sir. And please sign my name to it, not yours—my name—James Frederick Mortimer.”

“Yes, Jim.”

“And please direct it to Mistress Catharine Maria Mortimer, most in general called by friends, Mrs. Katie, as is housekeeper at Tanglewood.”

Ishmael complied with his requests as far as discretion permitted.

“And now, sir, please read it all out aloud to me, so I can hear how it sounds.”

Ishmael complied with this request also, and read the letter aloud, to the immense delight of Jim, who earnestly expressed his approbation in the emphatic words:

“Now—that—is—beautiful! Thank'ee sir! That is equal to anything as ever I heard out'n the pulpit! and besides which, sir, it is all true! true as gospel, sir; it is just exactly what I thinks, and how I feels, and what I wants to say, only I ain't got the words. Won't mother be proud o' that letter nyther? Why, laws, sir, the old ‘oman'll get the minister to read that letter! And then she'll make everybody as comes to the house as can read, read it over and over again, for the pride she takes in it, till she'll fairly know it all by heart.”

And Jim went on talking and smiling and expressing his gratitude and affection until he was interrupted by the stopping of a carriage, the ringing of a door-bell and the sound of a sudden arrival.

“There's Master Walter Middleton now, as sure as the world! I must run! Dinner'll be put on the table, sou's ever he's changed his dress! I'm a thousand times oblieged to you, sir; I am, indeed, everlasting oblieged! I wish I could prove it some way!”

Ishmael sighed, and arose to dress for dinner. His kindness had not been without its reward. The little diversion of Jim's letter had done him good. Blessed little offices of loving kindness—what ministering angels are they to the donor as well as the receiver! With some degree of self-possession, Ishmael completed his toilet, and turned to leave his room, when the sound of some one rushing up the stairs like a storm, arrested his steps.

Then a voice sounded outside:

“Which is Ishmael's room? Bother! Oh, here it is!” and Beatrice's door was opened. “No; confound it! Ah! now I'm right.”

And the next instant Walter Middleton burst open the door and rushed in, exclaiming joyfully, as he shook the hands of his friend:

“Ah here you are, old fellow. God bless you; how glad I am to see you! You are still the first love of my heart; Ishmael. Damon, your Pythias has not even a sweetheart to dispute your empire over him. How are you? I have heard of your success. Wasn't it glorious? You're a splendid fellow, Ishmael, and I'm proud of you. You may have Beatrice, if you want her. I always thought there was a bashful kindness between you two. And there isn't a reason in the world why you shouldn't have her. And so her Royal Highness, the Princess Claudia, has caught a lord, has she? Well, you know, she always said she would, and she has kept her word. But I say, how are you? How do you wear your honours? How do the toga and the bays become you? Turn around, and let us have a look at you.” And so the affectionate fellow rattled on, shaking both Ishmael's hands every other second, until he had talked himself fairly out of breath.

“And how are you, dear Walter? But I need not ask; you look so well and happy,” said Ishmael, as soon as he could get in a word.

“Me? Oh, I'm well enough. Nought's never in danger. I've just graduated, you know; with the highest honours, they say. My thesis won the first prize. That was because you were not in the same class, you know. I have my diploma in my pocket! I'm an M.D.: I can write myself doctor, and poison people without danger of being tried for murder; isn't that a privilege? Now let my enemies take care of themselves! Why don't you congratulate me, you—”

“I do, with all my heart and soul, Walter!”

“That's right; only I had to drag it from you. Well, so I'm to be ‘best man’ to the noble bridegroom. Too much honour. Besides, I am not prepared for it. One cannot get ready for graduating and marrying at the same time. I don't think I have got a thing fit to wear.”

A bell rang.

“There now, there is that diabolical dinner-bell. You may look; but it is true—a dinner-bell that peals out at seven o'clock in the evening is a diabolical dinner-bell. At college we dine at twelve meridian, sharp, and sup at six. It is dreadful to sit at a table a whole hour, and be bored by seeing other people eat, and pretending to eat, yourself, when you are not hungry. Well, there is no help for it! Come down and be bored, Ishmael.”

They went down into the drawing-room, where quite a large circle of near family connections were assembled.

Walter Middleton was presented to the Viscount Vincent, who was the only stranger to him, present.

Claudia was there looking as calm, as self-possessed and queenly as if she had not passed through a storm of passion two hours before.

Ishmael glanced at her and saw the change with amazement, but he dared not trust himself to look again.

The dinner party, with all this trouble under the surface, passed off in superficial gaiety. The guests separated early, because the following morning would usher in the wedding-day.

(To be continued.)

#### GREAT EATERS

NEVER live long. A voracious appetite, so far from being a sign of health, is a certain indication of disease. Some dyspeptics are always hungry; feel best when they are eating, but as soon as they have eaten they endure torments, so distressing in their nature, as to make the unhappy victim wish for death. The appetite of health is that which inclines to eat moderately, when eating time comes, and which, when satisfied, leaves no unpleasant reminders. Multitudes measure their health by the amount they can eat; and of any ten persons, nine are gratified at an increase of weight, as if mere bulk were an index of health; when, in reality, any excess of fatness is, in proportion, decisive proof of existing disease; showing that the absorbents of the system are too weak to discharge their duty; and the tendency to fatness, to obesity, increases, until existence is a burden, and sudden death closes the history. Particular inquiry will, almost invariably, elicit the fact, that a fat person, however rubicund and jolly, is never well; and yet they are envied.

While great eaters never live to an old age, and are never, for a single day, without some "symptom," some feeling sufficiently disagreeable to attract the mind's attention unpleasantly; small eaters, those who eat regularly of plain food, usually have no "spare flesh," are wiry and enduring, and live to an active old age. Remarkable exemplifications of these statements are found in the lives of centenarians of a past age. Galen, one of the most distinguished physicians among the ancients, lived very sparingly after the age of twenty-eight, and died in his hundred and fortieth year. Konig, who never tasted spirits or wine, and worked hard all his life, reached 185 years. Jenkins, a poor Yorkshire fisherman, who lived on the coarsest diet, was 169 years old when he died. Old Parr lived to 153; his diet being milk, cheese, whey, small beer, and coarse bread. The favourite diet of Henry Francisco, who lived to 140, was tea, bread and butter, and baked apples. Ephraim Pratt, of Shutesbury, Mass., who died aged 117, lived chiefly on milk, and even that in small quantity; his son Michael, by similar means, lived to be 103 years old. Mr. Cull, a Methodist clergyman, died last year, at the age of 185, the main diet of his life having been salted swine's flesh (bacon) and bread made of Indian meal.

From these statements, nine general readers out of ten will jump to the conclusion that milk is "healthy," as are baked apples and bacon. These conclusions do not legitimately follow. The only inference that can be safely drawn, is from the only fact running through all these cases—that plain food and a life of steady labour tend to a great age. As to the healthfulness and life-preserving qualities of any article of diet named, nothing can be inferred, for no two of the men lived on the same kind of food; all that can be rationally and safely said is, either that they lived so long in spite of the quality of the food they ate, or that their instinct called for a particular kind of food; and the gratification of that instinct, instead of its perversion, with a life of steady labour, directly caused healthfulness and great length of days. We must not expect to live long by doing *any one thing* which an old man did, and omit all others, but by doing all he did; that is, work steadily, as well as eat mainly a particular dish.

ACCLIMATIZATION AT THE ANTIPODES.—The Acclimatization Society of Victoria has fortunately met with very liberal support from the Government, and has been enabled to obtain a most valuable site in a reserve of 500 acres appropriated as the Royal Park. It is described as being well grassed and timbered, presenting an agreeable, undulating surface, though somewhat bleak and exposed. To this spot the society and its friends are enabled to take the animals and birds which they may import into the colony. In order to fit it for the reception of animals, a sum of about £4,000 has been expended. There are paddocks, with sheds erected, into which the goats and llamas that feed about the park in the daytime are driven for shelter. In the 50 acres which are allotted to the society, ample arrangements have been made for dividing and classifying the live-stock. Substantially-constructed cages contain pheasants and doves, and such class of birds, with shelter cots in the centre. The water-fowl have their ponds in which to disport themselves, and an

island on which to breed. The zebras, the elks, and the ostriches have their separate compartments; a system, in short, is provided even more complete than that which exists at our own Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park. What would, however, be a novelty and, indeed, a matter of surprise to many persons in this country, is the care which is manifestly bestowed upon the protection of those small birds which are considered here as the general enemy of the gardener and farmer. There, sparrows, and rooks, and finches, and yellowhammers, and blackbirds, and thrushes, and linnets, and robin redbreasts, and a host of other familiar members of the feathered tribes have been brought together, and, after resting from the fatigues of their voyage across the sea, they are set at liberty to breed in the country, and establish for their races a home among the wilds of Australia. The birds which have been set at liberty at the Botanical Gardens of Victoria up to the present time have been 18 canaries, 18 blackbirds, 24 thrushes, 6 Californian quails, 60 English wild ducks, 35 Java sparrows, 4 English robins, 8 turtle doves, and 50 mino birds. At Philip Island there have been located 5 pheasants, 6 skylarks, 6 California quails, 4 thrushes, 4 blackbirds, 1 pair white swans; at Sandhurst, 4 pheasants, 4 skylarks, and 4 thrushes; at Yarra, 6 thrushes and 4 skylarks; and near Sydney, 7 thrushes, 4 skylarks, and 10 blackbirds. The stock on hand of beasts, birds, and fishes is not only interesting as showing the value which is set upon many things held as of little worth in this country, but is, moreover, highly creditable to the managers of the society in the colony.

#### NATHALIE'S LOVE AFFAIR.

WHEN Nathalie Howard was seventeen years old, her father came to her one day, with a very grave, pale face, and saying he had a few serious words to speak, sat down beside her on the sofa. Nathalie looked at him a little frightened, but gathering courage from the gentle expression of his eyes, asked him to go on, and prepared to listen.

"My daughter," began Mr. Howard, "your father is on the brink of bankruptcy."

Nathalie shuddered and turned pale. It was an appalling prospect for the child of ease and wealth.

"It is in your power to save me," her father continued.

Nathalie brightened, and looked at him hopefully. She was about to urge him to show her the way, when he added quietly:

"Do not interrupt me, dear; and when I have proposed the means, reflect well before you answer me: and do not fear a reproach from me if you entirely refuse. Consult your own true little heart—answer from that, and you, he and I will be the happier. Mr. Ramsay has asked of me your hand in marriage. He is a gentleman, a good man, and very wealthy. Your marriage with him will enable me entirely to re-establish my credit, and I know you esteem and respect him; and that he truly honours and loves you I am well assured."

Nathalie blushed brightly while she listened. It was not the involuntary rushing to the cheek of the tell-tale blood that told of a love returned by her young heart; but a simple maiden blush, partly of gratified pride, partly of girlish modesty.

It faded away, and the young lady reflected calmly on the proposal made to her.

When her answer came, it was the result of such sober reason and common sense as might be expected from an unromantic girl of her years. Experience of her own nature—or human nature—and of the world might have led her to answer differently; but she had no such experience.

"I have reflected, papa—I have considered the matter you propose, as well as I am able, and I accept Mr. Ramsay's proposal."

"My darling!" exclaimed her father, catching her little hand between both of his. Then looking at her eagerly and fondly:

"But are you sure, Nattie, do you think—"

"Yes, papa, I think I shall be happy as Mr. Ramsay's wife. I do esteem and respect him; and if I don't love him now, as my heart is free, I must love him by and by; and once married, of course I can never love any one else. We will be happy, I don't doubt."

And Nathalie became the wife of Mr. Ramsay, and for the three years succeeding their marriage their life flowed on in the quiet, clear current of domestic peace and affectionate harmony.

Mr. Ramsay and his wife were spending the fourth summer of their married life at a fashionable watering-place.

Weary of balls and parties, Nathalie had expressed a wish to attend a concert to be given at the Town Hall one Wednesday evening.

Prettier even than at the date of her marriage, she stood before the mirror twining white and scarlet blossoms in the braids of her brown hair, and thinking—as well she might—that the white blossoms were no

fairer than her own ivory skin—the crimson leaves no brighter than her own rosy complexion of moist, ruby lips.

She turned away with a little smile of triumph and stood before her husband.

He rose, and throwing her opera-cloak over her shoulders, kissed her.

His admiration pleased her, and she thought the quiet satisfaction she experienced in knowing his deep love for her, was love for him. She caught up a black lace mantilla and winding it round her head, let the long ends fall down on her white robed shoulder; and then tripping lightly into the next room, she looked at her year-old baby, admired its rosy, dimpled face, purred over it for some few seconds, and kissing the little face gently and tenderly, ran back to her husband's side to say she was "quite ready now."

The concert-room was crowded. And, as concert-rooms are in the middle of summer, suffocatingly warm, though all the windows were wide open to the cool, fragrant sea-breezes.

Nathalie, her mantilla laid aside, and her opera-cloak falling from her white, graceful shoulders, sat, the centre of observation, and lovely as a midsummer-day's dream.

Mr. Ramsay, proud of the admiration excited by his wife, and having but a dull ear for music, sat observing and admiring her, unconscious that she was so entirely absorbed as to have quite forgotten where she was, and everything connected with the concert, save he who sat, with the quiet abstraction of genius, wakening music from the chords of the piano before him, that shook her whole soul into tremulous response.

Accustomed as she had been from her earliest girlhood to hearing the most wonderful musicians of her day, Nathalie had never been so thrilled by the power of music as she was that night. A chord in her soul had been struck, the existence of which she had not till then known. Nor did she fully comprehend it then, though her whole heart went out and passionately fell at the feet of that man. Once he looked up. He seemed to look at her—straight into her face—their eyes met, and all her soul rushed into his with a blinding light of love that caused the chandeliers, the musical performers, the audience—everything to swim in a confused, bewildering mass before her. Dizzy and almost fainting, she caught involuntarily at the support of her husband's arm.

"What is it, dearest? Are you ill, Nathalie?"

She seemed awaking from a dream. She answered something about "The heat—the music!" and glanced at the platform. Beethoven's grand symphony had ceased, and the pianist was gone. But on the brain, on the heart, on the soul of Nathalie Ramsay that pale, marble-like face, those sad, dreamy dark eyes, that perfect mouth, the heavenly calm of that brow was seared by something more lasting than red-hot iron—the fire of a first, irresistible, unconquerable love!

"Shall we go home, my dear?" Mr. Ramsay asked. Mrs. Ramsay offered no opposition. His name appeared no more on the bill—he would play no more that night—the concert-room had no further attraction for her.

Her husband folded her cloak carefully around her shoulders, and drawing her arm within his, they left the concert-room.

The next day at dinner Nathalie sat abstractedly sipping her wine from her champagne glass, and now and then making monosyllabic replies to her husband. She had insisted on dining at the *table-d'hôte* that day, for a freak, she said; and, indeed, that was the only reason she dared to acknowledge to herself. Suddenly a voice spoke close behind her. What a voice! It seemed the blending of the chimes of silver bells with sweet, sad music. She grew faint and pale, trembling all over, and spilling half the contents of her wine-glass on her dress before she could set it down.

Only one man could possess that voice—only one man possessed the magnetic influence to move her so.

She knew who it was without looking, and she sedulously kept her gaze from wandering toward him.

That night a mutual friend introduced them. He had asked to be presented.

"Signor Gomez!" Nathalie repeated to herself. "The name befits him. Noble and musical."

He spoke to her constantly. Controlling herself by a powerful effort, Nathalie at last obtained calmness enough to converse with him quietly. Once or twice in the course of the evening he asked her to dance. She consented always. His dance was like his music—both exhaled the bewildering fascination of his native Spain.

Nathalie never thought of the exclusive devotion she was accepting from this man, and yielding to him. During the evening she danced with no one else; and when they didn't dance they promenaded, or wandered out into the moonlight on the verandah, and pulled the honeysuckle blossoms from the clambering vines.

At watering-places flirtations are not so rare as to attract much attention; but as days passed this one became of so marked a character that a few of the most curious lookers-on even suspended their own to observe its progress.

Signor Gomez was for the time "the lion," and his conquest over the belle of the season could not pass unnoticed. Each time he visited Mrs. Ramsay in her own drawing-room, or strolled forth with her for a moonlight ramble—as once or twice he did—was duly chronicled by those who envied her and admired him.

At a time when Nathalie needed his presence more than ever during her life, Mr. Ramsay was suddenly called away to a distant city, hundreds of miles from her. He went, leaving his wife with a kiss on that still pure brow, and a fond caress on his baby, little dreaming of the shadow which the watering-place world had already accused her of having cast on both.

Left alone, Nathalie paced her parlour to and fro, from side to side, with a wild unrest raging within her, till lately a stranger to her tranquil breast.

She scarcely knew what it was that tortured her so, or if she knew, she did not dare to acknowledge it to herself. At first she tried to think it was regret for her absent husband, but she chased that idea from her with a bitter smile at her own attempted self-deception.

Vainly she strove to stifle the thoughts that rose within her mind—vainly she reproached herself with the crime of entertaining such thoughts—they would not be banished. She tried to enter the room where her baby lay sleeping. Her trembling steps would not carry her over the threshold.

"No, no!" she cried, shuddering and turning away. "I dare not look on my darling's innocent face. Oh, God, have pity on me! My heart—my heart! break with this shame and agony. What will become of me—what will become of me!"

She sank on the floor in a paroxysm of tears, burying her face in the folds of her dress, and swaying to and fro, keeping time with her bitter sobs.

By and by she lifted her head and pushing her hair back from her wet face, she sat, looking steadily forward and thinking.

"Is it my fault?" she murmured. "I did not seek this love—for it is love—it came unmasked, unbidden, to break up the smooth harmony of my happy life. When first I felt the dawning of its power, I tried—God knows, I tried to combat it, but it would not be put away—it increased day by day, it gained possession of my heart, it burned in my brain, it throbbed in my pulses, and still I feared to name it, still I strove to banish it, but it is master, it will sway, and now I know that this is love. Now I have said it, my sin is named; yes, now I know that this is love."

And having said this, Nathalie sat with a sort of desperate calmness, a smile that would have made an angel weep curving her perfect lips.

By and by her mood changed. Clenching her hands, she broke forth impetuously:

"I will not be overcome by this love. Love!" and she laughed loud and bitterly; "and do I dare to name that love which makes me shrink from my husband, that makes me blush to look on my baby? Oh, my baby, my darling, my pet, my little lamb—save your wretched mother!"

She sprang up from the floor, and reaching the cot of her child in the next room, almost at a bound, she stood proudly gazing on the little rosy sleeper.

"I will be a woman, a true woman, no weak, sentimental girl. I will not cherish a thought that makes me fear the reproach of your innocence, my darling." She stooped and kissed the child, as if sealing the self-made promise.

"Now, if he would come—now, while I am strong and firm—I would tell him to leave me, and never, never again to come where I can see him, or hear the sound of his voice."

In answer to the wish a gentle rap, but too well known, announced a visitor.

She flushed scarlet, and then as suddenly growing deadly pale, she left the room, closing the door, and passed into the parlour with a firm, resolute air. Without pausing to hesitate or consider, she went straight to the door and threw it wide open,

Signor Gomez stood on the threshold.

"Come in," she said, with a slight tremor; at the sight of him she faltered; but she continued, as steadily as she could, having closed the door: "I am glad you have come just now, Signor Gomez. It would be folly to pretend that you have not seen my weakness—my sin, my love—what you will. You have read my heart—that is enough. But, signor, I am neither so weak a woman as you may have thought me, nor am I prepared to become so criminal a woman as you perhaps already think me. Leave me for ever, and I pray Heaven I never in this world may behold you again."

Staggering backward, she fell on the sofa, her face shaded by one hand, while with the other she waved him wildly from her.

A minute she remained so, waiting for him to go.

Was he gone?

The silence was painful; he must have gone; she looked up.

He had not moved.

A single taunting word, a look of scorn, the slightest indication of contempt, anything that would have roused her pride, and she was saved. But on the pale,

exquisite face was no expression save of deep, unutterable love and sorrow; in the deep, dark, pleading eyes sparkled the unspoken eloquence of tears; and all her firmness melted before it like snow beneath the kiss of the sun.

"If you wish it, Nathalie," he said, his voice tremulous as if shaken by imprisoned tears. "Be it as you will; we behold each other no more. Farewell for ever!"

He turned to go. At the door he paused, his hand on the door-knob, and looked back at her.

A hoarse, smothered cry broke from her pale lips.

"Carlos!" she gasped; and the next moment she was clasped close to his heart.

"Speak to me, darling—look up, dearest—my love, my own—hear me! I love you, Nathalie, I adore you. I am yours—yours alone—now and for ever!"

Nathalie neither felt his kisses nor heard his words. She had fainted.

It was many minutes before Nathalie recovered, and when she did, it was like an awakening from a dreadful dream. Low, tender words, spoken in the voice she knew so fatally well, calmed her; and when, after a couple of hours, they parted, he left her quiet and happy. He had talked only friendship to her; he loved, he honoured her too much to speak in other terms to her; and she believed him, and comforted herself with the thought of being his dear, cherished friend and sister—nothing more.

Signor Gomez smiled a quiet, triumphant smile as he left her door, and from behind the draperies of the window, in an opposite room, a handsome face looked out at him, and smiled a terrible, vindictive, wicked smile, that might have startled even the signor himself, had he seen it. It was the look of a jealous woman; and as she sank back, writhing, in her chair, her blue, glittering eyes took a sudden greenish hue, that was fearful to observe. Her beautiful face became livid, and clasping her two hands tightly over her small head, with its close bands of back hair, she muttered, hoarsely:

"I will be revenged—I will be revenged!"

Swaying to and fro in that attitude of desperate calmness, again she repeated, at intervals, like the refrain of some cruel deadly song: "I will be revenged—I will be revenged!"

The days went by, and grew into weeks, and still Nathalie soothed her conscience by reiterating:

"It is a noble friendship—deep, powerful, it is true, but still a friendship. Harm cannot come from it."

Particularly after receiving letters from her husband, Nathalie was obliged to comfort herself by this silent talk of "friendship" very often.

Signor Gomez spent hours of each day in her parlour. His manner towards her was uniformly respectful; he betrayed no disposition to take advantage of the passionate love he knew she cherished, almost unconsciously. True, he held her hand in his, he smoothed the satin-like folds of her hazel hair, he watched the rich colour deepen in her cheek at his touch, at his look, at the sound of his voice; and looking in her eyes, he read in their soft light the passionate adoration of the soul that beamed through them. Nathalie resented nothing of all this; nay, her silent consent, her subdued, tender manner, rather encouraged it. But Signor Gomez was a prudent man, and like a careful general, he approached with slow but certain steps. Once, indeed, he passionately exclaimed that it was "unendurable." He threw himself at Nathalie's feet, and, clasping her hands, rained kisses upon them, and implored her, in a frenzied manner, "to leave a man whom she did not love; to ignore a union which was but a chain; and to fly with him to the farthest ends of the earth."

Poor Nathalie! it was too late now for indignation. Beside, she loved this man beyond all reason—to folly, to madness! He could not offend her—she could not be angry, looking at those pleading eyes—she could not forbid the kiss of that perfect mouth. Weeping, weak, and worse than childish, she only tried to push him from her, begging him "to go, to leave her, to see her no more."

Left alone, a little spark of pride, of former strength and resolution, returned to her. Her face burned with a sense of degradation; she resolved to end these humiliating scenes, to break away from this all-controlling, shameful love.

"You must not come," she wrote. "I will not see you again! I dare not! Good-bye. Oh Carlos—loved, idolized, lost to me—good-bye. Farewell for ever!"

This incoherent note she hastily sealed, and summoning a messenger before she could have time to retract her command for him to leave her for ever, she despatched the note to Signor Gomez.

With a heart like lead, and a conscience filled with remorse, but lighter than she had known for weeks, she clasped her baby to her heart, and slept in quiet peace.

How long, how dreary seemed the next day; for she knew he would obey her, and never come again, unless summoned to return.

The hour came at which she was wont to expect

him; her heart beat as though it would burst at each step along the corridor past her door, though she knew he would not come—never, never would come again. Still she listened with strained ear and a sickening heart as each step passed her door, or in ascending the stairs passed on instead of halting on the floor her room was on. It grew to torture at last, this listening for a step she knew would not come, yet waited for with agonizing hope that he might refuse to be banished, might insist on seeing her.

A step—how her tortured fancy likened it to his! came towards the door, passed on—no, paused. Her heart stood still. A gentle tap on the door—she sank back, trembling so that she could not speak, trying vainly to utter a simple, quiet "Come in," for she knew it could not be him. A tap on the door a little louder, and without waiting for permission, Signor Gomez entered.

So wrought on by the varied feelings of the last half-hour, Nathalie was in a condition for violent hysterics. It seemed to her as if he had returned after years of absence—returned from the grave of a past which she never hoped would yield him back to her: and with a cry of passionate joy she rushed into his arms, sobbing on his bosom, and exclaiming wildly:

"Why have you come—why have you come? Oh, I implored you to go away; I thought, hoped, we never would meet again!"

"Then I will go," he said, with affected coldness.

"No, no; you must not leave me—never, never, never! Oh, don't mind what I say; I don't know myself what I say; I think I am almost crazy."

Signor Gomez was practised in the art of exorcising such paroxysms. A few gentle words, kind, tender caresses, and Nathalie was sitting by him, tranquil and quiet, telling him of the note she sent him the day before.

"But I never got your note, little one."

"Never got my note? Heavens! Then what has become of it? Who has got it?" she exclaimed, in despair.

Then, for the first time, bethinking her of the messenger she had employed, she remembered that it had not been any one belonging to the hotel, but a boy whom she had seen in the hall with newspapers, and whom she had paid to leave the note at No. —

She wrung her hands for very anger and disappointment; her sole comfort being that, as no name was signed, it might never be traced to her; and in the soothing words of her lover she soon forgot her anxiety.

Late that evening, a woman approached Nathalie's door. A lace shawl was thrown over her head, partly veiling her face, and from between its folds a pair of deep blue eyes flashed with a wicked, triumphant light. She listened at the door for some moments before knocking. When she did so the knock awakened Nathalie from a dream of Carlos, in which for an hour she had been indulging, forgetful even of the existence of all others. Impatiently enough, she bade the intruder enter.

Miss Sarah Danton entered. She let the shawl fall down off her head and face and stood before Nathalie in all her conscious beauty, and the knowledge of a certain power she possessed over the pretty creature before her. Something in her look, in her attitude, caused Nathalie to rise with unconscious pride and defiance. An angry fire burned in her cheek and in her eyes.

"Do you wish to see me, madame?" she asked, coldly and haughtily.

Miss Danton didn't reply immediately. She stood for nearly a minute looking at Nathalie. She looked her over with the air of a connoisseur, from the small head with its wealth of soft brown hair, the lustrous eyes, faultless complexion, slight, elegant figure, down to the toe of the little foot, just seen beneath the edge of the dress. The dress she criticized also with rapid look. All was faultless—all was beautiful.

Then she spoke.

"Yes, I wish to see you. I do see you—you are fair enough, and pretty enough. I dare say you can charm his fancy for a little while; but it will be like all the rest. When you are fairly won he'll throw you aside and come back to me. He has done it a hundred times, for he loves me far above you all. And I—though I have sworn a thousand times to be revenged for his heartless neglect of me, and coquetry with other women—what do you think I will do?—why, I will forgive him again!"

"What do you mean? of whom do you speak?" faltered Nathalie.

Miss Danton burst into a scornful laugh.

"My child, don't attempt such silly affection with me. Of whom should I speak, save of Carlos Gomez, whom you love, and who, for a freak or pastime, loves you for an hour or two."

"Woman, by what right do you come here and talk to me of Signor Gomez?" exclaimed Nathalie, angrily.

"By the right of an affianced wife," was the proud reply.

Nathalie felt as though her brain was seared. The words she had just heard were burned upon it inefaceably. With a superhuman effort she asked, in a dying voice:

"And why do you come to me?"

"By right of this confession of your love. Do you know it?"

It was Nathalie's own note to Signor Gomez she held before her—so close that she could read each one of the impassioned, incoherent words she had traced.

The room whirled, the objects in it swam before her, and, sinking on the floor, Nathalie sat like one petrified, her eyes glaring on the fatal piece of paper.

Miss Danton regarded her pitilessly.

"Resign him now—resign him for ever," she said. "I hold you in my power. Refuse, and the next mail, or some more sure conveyance, gives this bit of paper into the hands of your husband."

Nathalie groaned under her words. She heard like one in a dream, her eyes riveted on the paper, which her remorseless enemy held tauntingly before her.

It was the work of an instant. One bound—it was like a wild-cat's—and Nathalie had seized the fatal note, and lighting it at the gas, held it in her hand till it was reduced to ashes, burning her fingers to white blisters in the act.

"Resign him!" This time it was Nathalie who laughed in scorn and triumph. "No, not if my life and yours depended on it. Your power over me is gone—do your worst—he loves me—you cannot deny it! Ay, and he will love me," she added, exultingly, "in spite of all your boasts. He will love me for ever—he has sworn it."

Miss Danton smiled scornfully.

"He is a bad man," she said, "and you are a poor little fool; not the first who has become so under the fascination of his smile. I would have saved you from him and from yourself; but you won't have it. You have dared me to my worst. Heaven help you! Don't think that I fear you; he is as certain to return to me when he tires of your fresh face, as I am certain to forgive him when he does come back to me. But I will not have you come between us even for the brief space his fancy for you may last. I have foiled many a love-intrigue for him, as I will this one, and mayhap, many more. He cannot cut adrift from me if he would; he is bound to me for ever!"

"It is false!" Nathalie almost screamed.

Her rival's quiet assumption of power nearly drove her mad.

"It is every word false. I believe none of it. I defy you." And she waved her white arm to the door, pointing towards it with a look not to be mistaken.

"It is war, then," said Miss Danton, quietly.

She drew the lace shawl up over her head and face again, and bowing to Nathalie, smiled, and left the room.

Nathalie had not time to think over what had passed ere a loud rap at the door startled her anew.

It was the bearer of a telegraphic despatch.

"From my husband," she thought, guiltily; and dreading to open it, she sat looking on the envelope for many minutes after the man had gone.

"He is coming, perhaps; this message apprises me of his return. Well, let me see how soon."

She broke open the envelope, and read the despatch with reckless haste:

"Mr. Ramsay fatally injured in railway accident—resulting in death."

Without cry, or moan, or any sound of grief, Mrs. Ramsay faintly dead away, and fell heavily to the floor.

About half an hour later, the nurse, passing through the room to place her young charge in his crib, found her mistress in a dead swoon on the floor, and clutched tightly in her hand the telegraphic despatch bearing the evil tidings of her husband's death.

It was a long time before poor Nathalie could be restored to consciousness, and when she did at last open her eyes she knew no one on whom her wandering gaze fell.

The doctor predicted brain-fever, and the landlord of the hotel undertook the duty of informing her father of her illness, and of the death of Mr. Ramsay.

The fever was not violent; and at the end of a week Nathalie had recovered sufficiently to recognize her father, whom she found beside her, and to learn that the mutilated body of her husband, so disfigured as scarcely to be recognized by his dearest friends, had been brought to his native city and buried.

As soon as she was able to be removed Nathalie returned to her home—that home left desolate, and in its lonely rooms, in the sight of her own crepe-draped figure, she was constantly reminded of her loss. These, it must be acknowledged, were stronger reminders than her heart; and gradually, day by day, she found herself mentally recurring to the thought of her own freedom. She tried a little to stifle the thought at first; but it returned again and again, till at length, instead of repelling it, she grew to welcome its approach; and by and by she whispered to herself:

"I am free, now; free, and I may love him! Free, and he may claim me! There is nothing now between us, for I will not believe that wicked woman's lie! He loves me—only me. He has sworn it."

Nathalie's feelings may be imagined when, one day, about a month after her widowhood, she read among the musical items of the day that Signor Gomez was coming to her native city to give a series of concerts previous to his return to Spain.

Her heart sank within her at the conclusion of the paragraph—his return to Spain!

The first concert was over, and she had not seen him; the second concert was over, and still he did not come to see her. She had not seen him since the early part of that day on which she had received the news of her husband's death; for though he had twice asked to see her, she had been too ill.

"Can it be as that woman said, or have I offended him?" she constantly questioned herself. "Be it how it may, I can endure this no longer. I will attend the next concert, if he does not come before that. I must see him."

But the night before the third concert Signor Gomez called. Nathalie was alone in the parlour. She could not speak when the servant announced him; and Signor Gomez, after waiting a few moments, went to her. He was kneeling at her feet—clasping her hand.

"Forgive me, darling," he said; "I have not forgotten you, though I may have seemed negligent. You have never been absent from my thoughts; deep love for you has filled my heart."

Nathalie required no more. She poured her heart out before him.

The concerts were over, and Signor Gomez was preparing to return to his sunny Spain. He had acknowledged all that Miss Danton had said—confirmed the truth of every word. He never could marry Nathalie, so he told her; he was irrevocably bound to Miss Danton by ties that never could be broken; but he didn't love her; he loved Nathalie—Nathalie only—and never, never could love any other. He would die before her: with all his impassioned earnestness of look and voice he besought her to leave all for him, to go with him.

If Nathalie hesitated it was from no womanly pride, from no respect to her husband's memory. It seemed to her afterwards, when she thought of it, that she had been under some spell—that this man had infected her with something like insanity, so entirely was she under his influence. The one connecting link that still bound her to her home, and to the memory of her innocent girlhood, her pure wifehood, up to the time she had met him, was her love for her child. That last, holiest tie was severed at last; and she promised to abandon all things to follow the fortunes of Carlos Gomez. The night appointed for the elopement came, and Nathalie sat alone in the dimly-lighted parlour awaiting the signal that was to tell her that her lover waited for her. A violent ring at the bell startled her from a troubled reverie; and while she was yet querying whether he could have been rash enough to come to the house for her, a servant had opened the door.

Nathalie heard the girl's shriek of terror, and, rising to ascertain the cause, found herself face to face with her husband! She staggered back, with a strong effort repressing the cry that rose to her lips.

With her hands pressed upon her heart, and wild staring eyes, she stood gazing on him, murmuring to her own guilty heart:

"He has come back from the grave to chide me! He has returned from the dead to reproach me."

"This is a warm welcome, Nathalie, to a husband whom you had so nearly lost for ever."

"Have pity on me, Arthur, for God's sake!" were the first intelligible words that Nathalie could utter. "Do you not see my garments?—do you not know that we supposed you dead?"

"Dead! And my letters?"

"We had no letters, nor any news since that dreadful accident."

"My poor little girl, is it so? Forgive me. But there has been some terrible mistake here. Come with me to your father, and in his clear-sightedness we may, perhaps, be able to find some clue to it."

But Mr. Ramsay never discovered the true origin of the mistake; for, after reading the following letter—all that could throw light on the subject—Nathalie threw it into the fire, and watched it consuming to ashes.

"I swore to separate you—to separate you for ever, and I have done it. On the night that you received the message of your husband's death some people staying at the hotel, by name Hamersay, had tidings of a severe injury received by a friend of theirs in the same railway accident. On arriving at the place where they were informed they could find their wounded friend they found a stranger. After much trouble and some delay they learned that their friend had been killed; the body could never be recognized. It was therefore concluded that it had been one of the few so terribly mangled and mutilated that they had been buried at

once, as beyond the power of their friends to recognize them. As the unfortunate deceased had been but a distant relative of the Hamersays no one felt called upon to make any strenuous efforts for the recovery of the body, and it was left to repose in whatever grave Fate had given as its last resting place. These circumstances came to my knowledge accidentally. About the same time, also, I heard of the difficulty in recognizing the supposed body of your husband. I instantly connected the fact with the similarity in the names; and was not long in reaching the following conclusion: There has been some confusion and mistake in the telegraphic despatches, and the stranger whom the Hamersays failed to recognize as their friend is, doubtless, Mr. Ramsay. I disguised myself as a nurse, ascertained the address of this stranger, and soon discovered the truth of my suspicions. I had little difficulty in obtaining the position of nurse to your husband. I thus took care that none of his letters should reach you, for an obvious reason. Chance aided me in the rest, for he arrived at his home just in time to prevent your elopement with my Carlos! Yes, my Carlos! Mine he is, and thou canst not take him from me. All this I would have spared you, but you dared my power. Take now the consequences of your own reckless hardness."

In her child's subsequent illness, and her wrestling with Heaven for the precious life given into her care, the wretched mother learned to repeat her sin till even its memory was almost blotted out; and day by day, absorbed in the duties of her home, the very name of the man she had so passionately loved became as that of a stranger to her.

E. C.

AN old gentleman in Detroit, during the hot weather a few days since, drank a glass and a half of ice water. On coming into the street a minute or two after, he was struck with partial blindness and dizziness, which increased until his sight utterly failed him, and he lost the use of his limbs. He fell in the street, and was taken into a house, where remedies were applied. As soon as a free perspiration was started he regained his sight, and by the next day was quite well.

**THE ROBIN.**—What becomes of the old robins? Do the young ones kill them? We never heard of robins being found dead, except occasionally in winter. A French cookery-book speaks of these *jolies oiseaux de passage* being sent in great numbers every year from Alsace or Lorraine to Paris, where they were reported to be held a delicacy, and this mention of them as birds of passage seems to bear upon the question of what becomes of the old ones. We do not generally read of them as so spoken of, but a fact suggests itself in support of the idea, which is, that when the warblers and other migratory songsters disappear, the robin begins again to sing. The singing of birds is generally associated with the love-making season, and it is not to be doubted, that the warblers and the swallows repeat their summer history in their visit to the tropics. However, whether that be so or not, there is reason to believe that the robins now remaining with us, are young birds. Their song, though feeble and short, was to be heard in the early part of August this year, but the little creature is timid, and does not discover himself, and approach, and look you in the face, as at a later season. Moreover, the number is not increased. Probably, therefore, the old ones took flight to Holland, or somewhere therabouts, in July, the young ones not having yet strength of wing for this journey.

**A YOUNG WOMAN PURPOSELY BURIED ALIVE.**—The following extraordinary story is now going the round of the Naples journals:—"A mason living in the Rue Forbe, was awakened a few nights back by a knocking at his door. On opening he saw two strangers, who asked him to go with them to execute a piece of work of great urgency. The man at first hesitated, but being persuaded by the offer of a handsome reward, at length consented. He was then blindfolded, and having been led to a carriage, the vehicle drove off. After having been driven for some time, the carriage at length stopped. The man was led up several flights of stairs, and the bandage was taken from his eyes. He was then ordered to make, in the wall of a chamber in which he found himself, a hole sufficiently long and wide to contain a coffin. The mason at first refused, but, being menaced with death, he performed the work required. When he had finished, an empty coffin was brought from another room, and at the same time a young woman, handsomely dressed, was dragged in, struggling violently. She was then forced into the coffin, the lid screwed down, and the coffin placed in the recess, which the mason still under the menaces of death, was compelled to close up, so that nothing could be seen. That done he was again blindfolded, and taken in the same carriage to the sea-beach, where the two strangers, having removed the bandage from his eyes, gave him ten piastres, told him to go his way, adding that they did not impose even secrecy on him. The mason immediately gave notice to the police of the incident, but could afford no information as to the locality."

## THE LONDON READER.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 24, 1863.

## EARTHQUAKES.

Of all the phenomena of nature there is none more terrible than an earthquake. When violent it literally turns everything topsy-turvy; creates vast gaps in the earth; causes continents to tremble, and lays in ruins the proudest monuments of man. We ourselves, in this little island of Great Britain, have been visited by one of these convulsions. It was happily not very violent; still, sufficiently so to shake the nerves of some of our provincial population, who have been "all unused to such things" and who, in many instances, seem to have been incapable of comprehending the meaning or the cause of the extraordinary vibration to which their dwellings were subjected between the hours of three and four on a late Tuesday morning. They little dream that it was the vast roll of an earth-wave, as it is called, one of those stupendous efforts of nature which lifts islands from their waters and shakes them to their very centres. From such visitations our insular situation has not completely protected us; for it seems that Great Britain rests on the wide volcanic belt, and that it is only a few links in the chain that connects Hecla with Vesuvius, Etna and the original volcano in the Lipari islands. If such be the case, it is not to be wondered at, that we should have experienced many similarly vibratory motions, for whenever Hecla, Etna, or Vesuvius shook and belched, why should not Britain, being connected with them, not, at the least, have shaken, if she did not yet open mouths at the tops of her mountains and belch forth flames of fire with accompanying streams of lava. We are told that no fewer than two hundred and fifty-five earthquakes have taken place in this island; that one hundred and thirty-nine of them occurred in Scotland, and that the rest happened in Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Wales, and on the South Coast. About 1820, on a Sunday morning, the congregations were shaken in the pews of their churches by the violence of an earth-wave, and there are several instances on record in which the inhabitants of London were disturbed by similar visitations. These events may not be alarming to the multitude, but they show that we are by no means wholly exempt from the possibility of an earthquake some day overturning our temples and our palaces, and making London a second Lisbon in the hideous deformity of her ruins.

From the numerous letters which have appeared relative to the recent earthquake, it would seem that it has been pretty generally felt throughout England; but in the coal districts and throughout the Midland and West Midland counties it seems to have been felt most severely. At Birmingham the walls of houses moved, and people, in alarm, sprang from their beds to escape from impending destruction. The noise resembled that of a passing waggon or train; still, although like that, it was felt to be something more. It was not such as we are accustomed to hear on the surface of the earth; but something entirely different, low, rumbling, and terrifying—like distant thunder, rolling amidst a tumultuous assemblage of black and curling clouds. At Edgbaston, it would appear, that successive shocks were distinctly felt, that houses were, in some degree, shaken to their foundations, that an extraordinary "rattle" was rather *felt* than heard, and that people awoke one another to inquire the meaning of it. This is very striking. Everything around was driven into a violent state of agitation, for which, during the first moments of the shock, it was impossible to give any account. Quoting a contemporary, we find that at Wolverhampton everything in the houses vibrated. Walls cracked and groaned as if the timbers had been strained. The policemen on duty saw the walls vibrate, heard everything rattle about them, and were witnesses to the universal terror of the roused sleepers. Near Stourbridge a house shook from top to bottom; the silver rattled, the furniture shivered, and it seemed as if there had been an explosion under the cellars. In South Staffordshire and East Worcester doors were burst open, crockery and furniture broken, clocks ceased to go, and whole populations were brought out of their beds. At Cheltenham furniture was shaken, fire-irons rattled, and heavy stone walls were strained and cracked. The shock extended with equal force to Bristol, Taunton, Exeter; thence to Swanses, and many miles out to sea. In the metropolis a large proportion of the inhabitants "felt a sort of shock and shiver, and the feeling of being upheaved, followed by a sense of oppression."

Such have been the effects of this earthquake which, within the last fortnight, has disturbed a large proportion of the population of Great Britain, and given a wide field for speculation as to the probabilities of its cause. Happily, however, so far as we are aware, no cities have been reduced to ruins, and no lives have been lost

by it; still it has been sufficiently alarming to many of those who were more immediately cognizant of its effects, in the various parts of the kingdom, where it was most severely felt. We think, however, that it can be distinguished by no higher title than that of *tremblores*, which may be translated by *tremors*, a name given by the Creoles of South America, to similar phenomena. These throw the surface of the earth into a trembling motion, by which such objects as are not well supported, are cast down, and even walls are rent but the damage extends no further. Life is safe, and property but slightly injured. Such are by far the most common kind of earthquakes, and they occur in some parts of South America, especially Chili, almost every day in certain seasons. The real or proper earthquakes are called by the Creoles *terremotos*, which impart to the surface either horizontal oscillations, not dissimilar to the waves of an agitated sea, or they consist of violent perpendicular upheavings, apparently caused by repeated explosions exerting their force against the roof of a subterranean cavern, threatening to burst it open and blow everything that is placed over it into fragments. By these earthquakes walls are overthrown and immense fissures are made in the ground, whence water sometimes gushes out as from a fountain.

There is no country on the globe, whether continent or island, which is not more or less subject to earthquakes. Even the sea is affected by them; whilst the histories of all ages record such an immense series of them, that they hardly leave a month, a week, or, perhaps, a single day, without noticing devastations made by them in some parts of the world. Although history, however, speaks of their frequency, variety and destruction, yet no positive information respecting their origin has been transmitted to us. Indeed, the knowledge of them possessed by our predecessors, seems to have amounted only to mere conjecture or vague hypothesis. Nothing certain is yet known of the cause or causes of their production and, however closely the attention of philosophers may be directed to their examination, a considerable degree of obscurity still envelopes the subject. "The shocks of earthquakes," says Dr. Young, "and the eruptions of volcanoes are, in all probability, modifications of the effects of one common cause. The same countries are liable to both of them, and where the agitation produced by an earthquake extends farther than there is any reason to suspect a subterranean commotion, it is, probably, propagated through the earth nearly in the same manner as a noise is conveyed through the air. Volcanoes are found in almost all parts of the world, but most commonly in the neighbourhood of the sea, and especially in small islands; for instance, in Italy, Sicily, Iceland, Japan, the Caribbees, the Cape Verd Islands, the Canaries, and the Azores. There are also numerous volcanoes in Mexico and Peru, especially Pichincha and Cotopaxi. The subterranean fires which are continually kept up in an open volcano, depend, perhaps, in general, on sulphurous combinations and decompositions, like a heap of wet pyrites, or the union of sulphur and iron filings; but in other cases they perhaps approach more nearly to the nature of common fires. A mountain of coal has been burning in Siberia for almost a century, and most probably has undermined, in some degree, the neighbouring country. The immediate cause of an eruption seems to be very frequently an admission of water from the sea, or from subterranean reservoirs. It has often happened that boiling water has been discharged in great quantities from a volcano; and the force of steam is, perhaps, more adequate to the production of violent explosions, than any other power in nature. The consequence of such an admission of water into an immense collection of ignited materials, may, in some measure, be understood from the accidents which occasionally happen in foundries."

The various theories which have occupied the minds of philosophers, as to the cause of earthquakes, are sufficiently known, and ancient authors mention a variety of stupendous effects produced by them, either preceding or during their lifetime. We have it on record, that mountains were separated, that islands appeared and disappeared, that whole cities were destroyed, and some of them so completely swallowed up with their inhabitants, that not even a vestige of their former existence was afterwards to be found. In the seventeenth year of the Christian era, under the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, twelve cities of Asia Minor were, in one night, destroyed. The memory of this disaster was attested by twelve towns, which were raised in lieu of those destroyed, and which is preserved by a medal still extant bearing the legend of "Civitatis Asiae restitutus." Eusebius adds Ephesus to these twelve cities, which raises their number to thirteen. A remarkable circumstance attending the destruction of these towns is particularly noticed by Dr. Stukeley, as very favourable to his hypothesis of electricity being the cause of earthquakes. The circumstance is, that these thirteen cities must have occupied a circuit of about three hundred miles in diameter; and though the cities themselves were completely destroyed, yet neither the mountains were reversed, nor the springs and fountains broken, nor was the course of the rivers altered in the

slightest perceptible degree. In short, there was no kind of change produced on the surface of the country, which, down to our own time, remains the same. From this period down to the present, we may be said to have a continuous series of historical accounts of earthquakes. Those which have occurred in Great Britain are, comparatively speaking, as nothing, when placed in juxtaposition with those which have happened in other countries. Here we have only *tremores*; there they have *terremotos*. The one may excite a certain degree of alarm and speculation; but the other brings positive destruction, and forcibly impresses us with an almost overwhelming idea of the incomprehensibility of that tremendous power, which governs and preserves the universe of worlds which we behold, in the immensity of space with which we are surrounded.

One of the most remarkable events in the history of earthquakes occurred in 1538 on the coast of Puzzoli in the kingdom of Naples, and as it is particularly recorded by many historians, some of whom were eyewitnesses of the phenomenon, it cannot be read without a considerable degree of interest. It is related that, from the year 1537 till the month of September, 1538, shocks of an earthquake were frequently felt along the coast, and they followed each other so closely as scarcely to admit the interval of a few minutes between them. The sea receded several yards from the accustomed shore; but on the 29th of September, about a couple of hours after the setting of the sun, there came such a tremendous shock as annihilated at once the Lake Lucernus. A town with its inhabitants disappeared in the earth, which, in several places opened, and vomited forth flames, with sand and red-hot stones. The ground which lay between the Avernian Lake and a hill called Mount Barbaro began to rise, and with the accession of the ignited matter, formed, in a single night, a new hill, which is now actually in existence under the name of Monte Nuovo. Its perpendicular height from the level of the sea is 1127 English feet, and whilst it, as it were, sprang into existence, the habitations in the neighbourhood were so completely demolished, that in twenty-four hours afterwards not a vestige of their existence could be perceived. Here is one of the most extraordinary effects of an earthquake of which we have ever heard, and supposing that the recent vibration in our island had produced similar results, our wonder would have been aggravated, even beyond our fear, at the startling effects of its power. Had such a phenomenon taken place in the City of London—say on the site of the artificial ponds and fountains that slumber and play before the long squat front of the National Gallery, how would the good citizens, after retiring to rest "all right," on the previous night, risen in the morning and seen a mountain in front of their Gallery, with all the houses in its neighbourhood gone, and nothing but Nelson's monument presenting an insignificant column at its base, how would the "upturned eyes of mortals" have expressed their astonishment! As such an event, however, has not occurred, the Londoners may felicitate themselves that, in so far as regards their own habitations, the ponds, and the fountains, are just as they were previous to the vibratory motion so generally felt, and in which their ancient city to some partial extent shared.

In 1638 a terrible earthquake took place in Calabria, a portion of the globe particularly liable to this kind of calamity, and in 1755, the earthquake which involved in ruins a considerable portion of the city of Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, is one of the most calamitous on record. Its effects were felt at an immense distance from where it occurred, and sixty thousand persons are said to have perished by it. Before the actual shock of an earthquake is felt, various indications that something unusual is about to happen appear. In the earthquake at Naples, in 1805, the sheep and goats ran in dismay before their folds, as if they had suddenly become quite wild with terror; dogs howled and herds became furious in their stalls; rabbits rushed from their burrows, and even moles came forth from their subterranean *hiding-places*; the very cats' hair rose on end with fright, and birds soared scared into the air; ants left their hills—fish crowded to the shores, and the locusts crept through the streets towards the sea, before man was aware of the coming disaster.

A gentleman of Copiapo wrote to Captain Basil Hall:—"Before we hear the sound, or, at least, are fully conscious of hearing it, we are made sensible, I do not know how, that something uncommon is going to happen; everything seems to change colour; our thoughts are chained immovably down; the whole world appears to be in disorder; all nature looks different to what it was wont to do, and we feel quite subdued and overwhelmed by some invisible power. Then comes the terrible sound, distinctly heard, and immediately the solid earth is all in motion, waving to and fro like the surface of the sea. Depend upon it, a severe earthquake is sufficient to shake the firmest mind."

Such are the forerunners of an earthquake, frequently so terrible in its results.

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## MAN AND HIS IDOL.

## CHAPTER LII.

## THE FACE IN THE CHURCH PORCH.

Mark me, lady!  
Many and restless are mine enemies.  
My daily paths have been beset with snares  
Till I have learned suspicion—bitter sufferings  
Teaching the needful vice. If I have wronged you,  
I pray you pardon me! *Southern.*

FLORA ANGERSTEIN had pretty good grounds for asserting that she should be sure to meet Frank Hildred. That wonderful faculty of finding out secrets, and getting at the bottom of mysteries, which made people wonder at and fear her, had already helped the dark little lady to a fact scarcely known to a soul besides herself in all Galescombe.

She had found out that Daniel Kingston was being buried at the expense of Kingston Meredith, and having taken care, as we know, to provide the young man with something of interest at Elderside, she had not much difficulty in coming to the conclusion that Frank Hildred would look after the funeral in his friend's absence.

That duty clearly would take him to the church-yard.

Now Flora's experience told her that a country churchyard is a capital place for a flirtation. It is so quiet, so secluded, has such an air of solemnity about it, that, as a scene for playing at the more serious phases of love-making, it is unsurpassed. Convinced of this, and having set down Frank in her own mind as a mere bird in the net of the fowler, if once brought under the influence of her charms, she resolved to meet him, quite by accident, near the grave digging for the unfortunate deceased.

"I'm going to look at the old church on the hill, Mrs. Angerstein," she said one morning, as they rose from breakfast (by the way, she always called the elder lady "Mrs. Angerstein"—never "mamma"); they tell me it is curious."

"Is it very old?" asked the lady addressed.

"Oh, yes, Saxon or Norman, or something. You know I do not much care for church architecture at archaeological meetings. And they usually have game-pie to perfection at the autumn meetings. It is very nice."

"Shall I accompany you?"

Flora reflected.

"Yes," she said at length, slowly; "it will be better. But mind you will be very much interested in the church if you find me engaged. You understand?"

## [FLORA'S ARCHAEOLOGICAL STUDIES.]

"Ah! it is an assignation?" cried Mrs. Angerstein.  
"No; it is an accidental meeting," replied her daughter.

It was a fresh, brisk October morning. The air was bracing—not cold. Leaves were falling in showers, and the road lay heaped with them. But with a warm sun shining in a sky of almost unclouded blue, one nearly forgot that the year was old and dying, and that winter was so nigh at hand.

Madame Angerstein and her daughter slowly wandered out of the park and up the hill towards the church. On either hand they passed the cottages of the peasantry, and stopped to admire the dahlias in the gardens, or the spikes of hollyhock, or the china-asters, or the yet early crysanthemum—the last gem in the garland of the year. Flora was fond of flowers. It was not an affected passion, like most of those in which she indulged. As some of the foulest monsters of the French Revolution had their innocent pets, so this strange being, in whose glances burned such craft and subtlety, was moved to tears at the sight of beautiful, innocent flowers.

The church was reached in time. The old sexton was called from his work, and induced to hunt out the keys of the place, and the two ladies gained admission. There was not much to be seen—just a Norman chancel arch, an old font, supposed to have been a Roman altar, scooped out so as to hold water, and a series of monuments to departed Earls and Countesses of St. Omer.

Flora's love for church architecture might have been very ardent, no doubt was very ardent at archaeological meetings, where there were people to see it, but on this day she simply cared nothing about what she saw, and did not care to conceal her indifference.

"I consider this wonderful curious, ma'am," said the old sexton.

"I dare say," yawned Flora.  
"Folks comes far and wide to see it," he continued.

"Do they?" sneered the young lady.

"The moneymen be wonderful fine, they do say," said the sexton.

"Can you read them?" demanded Flora, suddenly waking up to a point of interest.

"Not the old uns; they be in Latin. They two," pointing to one on either side of the altar; "I can make out if I put my spectacles on."

"Don't trouble yourself," said Flora, "I can read for myself."

She ascended the three altar-steps for the purpose, when the sound of a footstep echoing through the deserted building caught her ear, and turning, with one hand upon the altar-rails, she perceived that it was Frank Hildred who had entered the church.

In a moment the woman's manner had changed. No longer harsh, imperious and patronizing, she seemed all of a sudden affected by the most charming embarrassment, as if some womanly delicacy in her had been outraged by her being detected in the position in which she stood.

A rosy blush overspread her olive complexion and lit up her large eyes with a bewitching fire.

Frank Hildred was struck, we might say fascinated, at the first glance. As a rule he cared little for women, avoided their society, made epigrams on their weaknesses. Truly there must have been something fascinating about the old German banker's slave's child that the sight of her should move him as he was moved at that moment.

The most natural thing for Frank to do, on finding women in the church, would have been to beat a retreat as speedily and as quietly as possible. But he did nothing of the kind. Instead of retiring he advanced; at the same time Flora descended the steps, and thus they met in the most embarrassing position in the world—utter strangers in the deserted chancel of this village church.

Flora was the first to speak.

"Are you, may I ask," she said in her low, soft voice, "the—the clergyman?"

It was said as naturally as if she really sought that piece of information.

"No," said Frank, drinking in the dangerous fascination of those large black eyes; "I am only a stranger—an intruder, I fear?"

And he bowed.

Flora looked down and blushed; then looked up with the most radiant smile in the world, and said:

"You think so because you found me where, I'm afraid, I really had no business. Was it very wicked of me to stand on the steps to read the inscriptions? Do you know?"

"Well, I'm afraid —" he began with a smile.

"Ah, it's in the rubric? I know it is. But what is one to do? They put them so high, and I am so short!"

Flora was not short. She knew that. She was aware of her height to the eighth of an inch. She was fully aware, too, that it was a height in conformity with the proportions of her charming figure. She only spoke to draw attention to that fact.

Frank found himself murmuring something in the way of compliment, and then he gallantly offered to read the inscriptions for the lady's behoof.

"Oh, that will be so nice! And the Latin ones—perhaps you can read those?"

"Perhaps I can," replied Frank, "I'll try."

"Oh, how good of you. Mamma will be so pleased. Oh, gracious! where is mamma? I declare if she

hasn't gone off with that stupid old man to look at the organ; as if there was anything to see in a dreary thing like that!"

"If you will allow me, I will fetch the lady——"

"Oh, no, no! she will be back presently, I daresay; then we can tell her all about the inscriptions, which will do just as well. Will you begin with a Latin one?"

Cramped Latin, centuries old, partly effaced by time, and partly by damp, is not easy reading, and Frank read none the easier from the presence of the beautiful brunette, who had sunk down on the crimson cushions of the altar-steps; and who, half-reclining, formed an irresistibly fascinating picture in his eyes. So the reading took a long time, and when it was done, Frank had not the remotest idea of what it had been about, except that an Earl John, and an Earl Swithin, and several countesses, and a great many prematurely deceased infant St. Omera came in for as much laudation as their respective tablets would well hold.

On Flora, not a word of all this was lost. She had arranged the names of the earls and countesses on her fingers, and had actually proposed to herself to remember the dates of the years in which they respectively died. So you will see that the powers of intoxicated vanity natural to a woman in making a conquest, had little affected her.

After the Latin, there were the English monuments; and as Frank read these, and drew by degrees toward late dates, the little woman grew manifestly more and more interested.

The last inscription, at the bottom of the newest-looking tablet, was, "To the memory of Rupert, Earl of St. Omer, and Dorothea his countess, who both died March 26th, 18—;" and the monument went on to assure posterity that "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided."

"That's all," said Frank, "the present earl was the son of Earl Rupert and the Lady Dorothea——"

"The lovely and pleasant party," said Flora, with the least possible sneer on her lovely mouth; "who enjoyed the singular privilege of dying on the same day. The family have taken great pains to record when they were not divided; do you happen to know when they were united?"

It was a simple question; yet Frank Hildred flushed crimson.

"You mean——" he faltered.

"Simply, when were they married?"

"I suppose the register settles that," said Frank, uneasily; "no doubt the marriage took place here."

"Do you think so?" asked Flora.

"Well, I have no reason to doubt it. Why do you question it?" he said, dropping down on the cushions by her side, and looking straight into her face.

"Oh, I don't know, really. It is so unpleasant to know too much, it makes one seem as if one was curious, and prying, and inquisitive; but of course you know what kind of man Earl Rupert was."

"Indeed, no. I have never heard his name until now," said Frank.

"How curious! Yet he was a marked man in his day. He travelled a good deal, and fought duels, and broke banks in 'hells'—I beg pardon—in German gaming-houses, and was what they called a four-bottle man, and a 'Mohawk'—if you know what that is—and so made himself big among the men, and was adored by the women. Oh, yes, I have heard a great deal about Earl Rupert."

"It appears, from your description, that he was what we should call a bully and a blackguard in these days?" replied Frank.

"Precisely," said Flora; "but you must not judge him by the standard of these days. Well, as I was going to tell you, he married a maid of honour at the Court of Hanover, the Countess Dorothea, mentioned in that tablet. Some say her father blew his brains out over the cards, some say Earl Rupert shot her brother through the heart, the story is even varied by a statement that it was her sister whom he betrayed and stabbed. Anyhow, he was mixed up in a family quarrel involving bloodshed, and he would seem to have promised it by marrying Dorothea. Some people think he married her at once."

"And if so?" inquired Frank.

But Flora was busily rolling up a bonnet-string over her fingers, and smoothing it out again. And she only smiled and blushed, and assumed the most innocent and playful manner possible.

"What does it matter?" persisted Frank.

"Very little to you and me," answered the charming woman, "but a great deal to the earl and countess, I should say."

"How?"

"Why, as I understand it, the date of Earl Rupert's marriage in the register yonder, is the date of his return to England after his mad career on the continent. That was six years after the little unpleasantness at Hanover, and if it is true that a marriage took place at the time of the quarrel, to patch it up, in fact, and that there were reasons which made a second marriage desir-

able in England, and if the present earl claims under that second marriage, why—now, I don't know anything about it, mind, for it's all very dreadful and very wicked, but it does seem to me that there might have been some justice in the claim of the poor man who had just died in prison."

She rose hastily.

Frank Hildred could not endure the idea of her going. Besides, she had awakened his interest in the highest degree.

"Will you pardon me?" he said, earnestly.

"I don't know. I won't promise. But I'll try," said the artful woman.

"I was going to ask; but no, it would be unpardonable. I was going to beg you to give me some of this information? Am I very presuming?"

"Not at all," she replied; "but I hardly know the source myself. I have picked up what I know. A fact, a rumour, a bit of road-side gossip, I have heard all and forgotten nothing and you have the result, such as it is. But you are very curious, you have some interest in this matter?"

"Frankly, I have."

"You are related to the St. Omer family, and I have compromised myself dreadfully. Is it so?"

"No; I am simply the friend of—of—"

She would not help him out.

Not once did she raise those downcast eyes, luminous with mischief.

"In a word," Frank blurted out at length, "the man who stood by the death-bed of the poor claimant to this earldom, is my very dear friend, and what you have told me may be of the very utmost moment to him."

Flora looked up quickly.

"May I ask his name?" she said, a smile beginning to steal out all over her face.

"Certainly. He is called Kingston Meredith, you have heard the name?"

Flora burst into a pretty, little, ringing laugh.

"Oh, yes," she said, "Hear it! The fun I have had with Blanche—she is the earl's daughter, you know—about her 'amorous swain' as she calls him—her 'Colin,' her 'Strephon,' her 'Orlando Amorooso'—I can't tell you the names we've given him—oh such fun! But haven't you heard the news? Blanche is a good girl, she really is; and as she's led him such a dance, and well-nigh worried his life out, I do believe she has determined to do something by way of recompense. And so—but perhaps you know this—I have got my brother to get him an appointment in one of the colonies, Sierra Leone I believe."

"The White Man's Grave!" groaned Frank.

"No! is it though? I may be wrong in the name, I dare say. I've no memory for names and dates. At any rate, the good-hearted girl has put this in his way; and then, you see, he will be comfortably provided for, he will have the opportunity of curing his heart-ache and she——"

"What of her?" gasped rather than asked Frank.

"Oh, don't you know? The marriage with Lord Sandoun takes place a month earlier, in November. I have seen the wedding-dress, a lovely white *glace* covered with Mechlin."

Frank did not hear another word.

He had caught sight of a white, horror-stricken face, peering through the gloom of the old Norman porch into the church, and he rushed out to play the friend's part to the man who had heard his doom rattled from the glib lips of a worthless woman.

### CHAPTER LIII

#### DOOMED TO THE "WHITE MAN'S GRAVE."

Afric is all the sun's and as her earth,  
Her human clay is kindled full of power,  
For good or evil burning from its birth. *Byron.*

As Frank Hildred left the church, Madame Angerstein came sailing up the aisle in her grand manner, the flowered brocade she wore rustling as crisply as a field of barley rustles swept by a light wind.

"Gone!" she cried, as naturally as if she had not watched his departure from the organ-loft.

"Yes," replied Flora, mechanically, and with her thoughts preoccupied.

"He is very abrupt, my dear, is he not?" observed mamma.

"He is a beast," said Flora, promptly and decisively. "Yet you were very anxious to—to make yourself agreeable to him? I thought you admired him, perhaps?"

"Yes, I do, as a tool, a decoy, a pawn to move from black to white as I need him. So far all has turned out better than I could have hoped. I wanted to act through him on Kingston Meredith, and while we were speaking Meredith himself came to the porch and listened. I am very lucky. I'm sure I was born under a lucky star!"

Madam Angerstein sighed.

"I didn't think so then," she said. "I would have crushed the life out of you if I had dared, if he had not seen you."

A shudder crept over the speaker, and her face changed to an unwholesome hue. It was obviously not pleasant to her to recall the time when she was Herr Angerstein's slave. It had set a brand upon her, a brand that had entered her very soul.

Flora turned on her a look of disgust.

"Are you mad?" she said, "is there nothing to talk of but *that*? My father was a fool. He must have been raving or imbecile when he gave you your freedom. He should have sold you; made money by you; improved his estate by you. He might have known that once a slave always a slave. He should have seen that freedom was a mockery to such as you, with that slave's blood in you."

The slave's blood flushed up like fire at these words. The eyes that Flora confronted so calmly were like the eyes of a famished leopard,

"You—what are you?" hissed and foamed the outraged mother. "A slave's child! A slave's child!"

"No, no," said Flora, with aggravating coolness—for she enjoyed the sport, "my father was a free man, and your owner. You were his cow—his pig. He could drive you, torture you, mutilate you, sell you! But his blood ennobles me."

"You lie! Miserable child, you lie—lie!" screamed Madame Angerstein: "You are a slave-born, base-born. You are my curse and my shame!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Flora—a loud, taunting, maddening laugh, which drove the woman to the verge of madness. Then suddenly ceasing, as if fearing that this sport might have some despondent end, she held out her hand. "Forgive me," she said, "I'm to blame. I'm very sorry. Don't you see, I ask your forgiveness—mother?"

Not above three times since her childhood had she ever used that word. The effect of it on the ears of the dusky woman was electrical. Her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, my Flora!" she cried: "Why do you? Why do you say such things?"

Flora took her hand, and tucked it under her arm.

"Let us go and see if they have met," she said, smiling to herself, as if the cruel scene just enacted had afforded her the most exquisite enjoyment.

Thus they passed out of the church. At the door they met the sexton, who stood, hat in hand, and who was perfectly astounded at the coins which Flora dropped into his hand. He had never been paid so much for showing the church in his life. Moving through the long, damp grass, they reached the half-dug grave designed for Daniel Kingston, and, having peered cautiously and curiously about in search of Meredith and Hildred, they at length descended the hill, and took the way toward Redruth House.

As Flora Angerstein said, she had been very fortunate. In the dark work she was pursuing, some propitious Fate seemed to attend her, and to turn even accidents to her advantage.

By a few simple words she had divided Kingston Meredith and the Lady Blanche more effectually than all the previous circumstances of their hapless career. Up to the time of her appearance on the scene, there had been a lingering hope in the minds of both, that each might have yielded to some false impression, or might have attached undue importance to events which might have been exaggerated for a purpose by those interested in keeping them asunder.

Though he had seen the cool indifference of Blanche—assumed only for the purpose of gaining facilities of communication with him—though he had even heard from her own lips the expression of a wish that he would leave her, Meredith still nursed some hope, still cherished a secret conviction that appearances might have deceived him. And on her part, Blanche had never altogether despaired.

But since Flora had come upon the scene, all that had happened had been of a nature to crush and trample out the last sparks of hope and contentment.

What could Blanche think of a lover who, in her own hearing, had promised to protect and cherish a woman, young and beautiful as herself, and with whom he actually contemplated emigrating? Where could be the love, the devotion, the passionate ardour, with which such a man had once sworn to be hers, hers only, in life and in death?

As for Kingston Meredith, picture his emotions at hearing, accidentally and in course of a communication not intended for his ears, that all this while he had been the plaything and the butt of a woman's leisure, and that now, when her marriage raised a difficulty, she was trying, covertly, and through the hands of another, to secure him an appointment which would at least secure his absence, and, if all prospered favourably, his death!

You will say that the soul of love is trust, and that when doubt enters the sacred precincts of the loving heart, the spot is profaned, and the virgin purity of life's brightest blossom—for such is love—hopelessly lost. There is truth in this; but it is hard to hope against hope, to trust against the strongest evidences, the most overwhelming proofs of indifference, or yet more ignoble feelings.

In spite of his true, ardent, chivalric devotion to the early daughter, Kingston Meredith left the little church that morning, indignant, furious, and with all trust in Blanche, all hope in life crushed out of him.

He did not rave, or swoon, or grovel upon the earth as he had done when the fact of the possibility of Blanche's perfidy had first broken upon him. It was a different feeling which now possessed him. From long brooding over the idea it had lost its first sharp pang. It could not be said of him altogether that, like the prisoner, after long years, he had "learned to love despair;" but as proof after proof forced the conviction of his great wrong upon him, there had sprung up a feeling of indignation against the author of it. At first he had only pitied Blanche: now, how could he refrain from blaming her? Yes, it was like sacrifice, but as he strode over the graves, and plunged his feet deep in the long, rank grass, and went he cared not whither, Kingston Meredith was influenced by feelings of blame and anger, and hard thoughts were shaping themselves against his life's idol—against the fair, true, but long-suffering and maligned Blanche.

Frank Hildred overtook Kingston as he was ploughing through a brake of alders, skirting the fields which stretched from the church away down to distant corn-fields, now white with stubble.

With the action of a friend he laid a hand upon his arm.

Kingston Meredith stopped, and turned upon him a face white and haggard—still bloodless, as when he had listened to those fatal words, but more haggard, more stern too, than Frank had ever beheld it.

"You have heard—?" Frank faltered.

Kingston waved his hand and turned aside his face.

"Don't Frank," he said, "don't speak of it—don't torture me."

"I wouldn't have believed it of Blanche; even now I can hardly credit it," urged Frank.

"Don't," cried Kingston, in deep anguish of tone. "For weeks, months, I've buoyed myself up with that thought. 'It can't be,' I've said, 'I'm deluded, deceived. She is misrepresented. Circumstances show her acts to me in a false light. Time will justify her.' So I've played with myself, fooled myself. But now—God help me! I know the bitter—bitter truth!"

For a few moments Frank was silent, and they walked on side by side. He knew not what to say. To talk of hope or consolation would have been a mockery.

At length he asked:

"What will you do? I mean about the future?"

"We must leave this place," replied Kingston, mournfully. "It has grown intolerable to me. And then—"

He hesitated. Then with a tone of utter despair, he added:

"What matters? Of what possible moment can it be to me, where I bend my steps, or what fate befalls me? My happiness is buried in the grave of her love. Why should I care then? Why should I think or trouble for the rest?"

"At all events you will not accept her offer?" said Frank.

"Her offer?"

"Yes. You heard, did you not, of the boon she had devised for you? This judgeship, so cunningly devised to rid her of an incumbrance, and to put a speedy period to your griefs. You will reject it?"

"Why should I?"

"Are you ignorant of the deadly character of the place to which it would consign you?"

"I have heard something of the colony."

"Something! Why, do you not know that this colony is the most unhealthy of all those owing allegiance to England? That pestilential vapours fill the air with death, and make the tropical luxuriance of a land fertile as Eden a curse? Have you forgotten that our regiments are decimated, that civilians sink under the climate, as if under the visible hand of Death, and that even the negro population, who are native to it, die off by thousands in the bad seasons?"

Kingston Meredith listened with avidity.

"Does Blanche know of this?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"You know it?"

"I read it in the sarcastic curl of the girl's lip who told me of what had taken place. Could you not see that she knew well enough the nature of the place?"

"You are unjust to Blanche," said Kingston, with a momentary return of the old feeling; "she would not, she could not, doom me to death. She may have ceased to care for me. I do believe that her mind is poisoned against me, but I will not credit that she would sentence any man to such a fate."

"Forgive me, Kingston, if I have wronged her," said Frank; "but, whatever may be the fact, you must reject this species appointment with contempt."

"On the contrary," said Meredith, "I have determined to accept it."

"To accept it?"

"Yes."

"But this is madness. You are rushing upon destruction," urged Frank.

"One moment!" replied Kingston, mournfully. "Other and better men than I have tried their fortunes in that accursed land. To me, life and death have become names representing things of equal value. I am sick of the toil and fret and turmoil of existence. Without happiness, without hope, I sigh for the peace and the repose of the grave. In this crisis I have resolved to tear myself from every other consideration and to devote the rest of my days, not to selfish regrets, but to the discharge of a solemn duty. I will forget of my heart the remembrance of the past. I will forget myself and my selfish sorrows, take the post assigned me by Providence; and, standing there, disputing the ground, inch by inch, with death, I will devote myself to doing some good, lending one helping hand to humanity before I die."

It was a dream—the feverish dream of a despairing heart; but the words were uttered so simply, so earnestly, that Frank could not doubt the sincerity of the man who spoke them. At the same time he felt bound to combat what he considered an act of criminal rashness.

"You do not believe that Blanche is aware of the horrible consequences of this act of hers, and yet you resolve to go?" he said.

"Firmly."

"But think of her agony, her remorse, if, when it is too late, the dreadful truth comes to her knowledge and she finds herself your murderer!"

"Why should I think of this?" demanded Kingston, fiercely. "Has she pity—has she consideration? Is there in her tickle heart a thought beyond the desire to rid herself of me—handsomely, perhaps, she believes—but still, to rid herself of a troublesome connection? Heaven knows, Frank, I am not vindictive; but if one thought could soothe the agony of my dying brow, it would be that she who had done me this great wrong might come to know how great that wrong is, and to suffer the agony of remorse for her thoughtless deed."

Frank saw that it was useless to discuss the matter further with his friend, in his present mood, and they walked on in silence to the village.

That night Kingston Meredith addressed a letter to his friend, the vicar of Elderside, requesting him to convey to Mr. Angerstein his thanks for the favour proposed to be conferred upon him, and accepting the appointment with gratitude. He did not mention that he had learned the name of the colony to which it was proposed to send him, chiefly because he feared some opposition on the part of Mr. Greggson and his father, the aged missionary.

The posting of that letter was, he felt, a crisis in his fate.

Yet, so strange is the working of human nature, it was not altogether with bitterness of heart, not wholly without a fierce and morbid satisfaction, that he brooded over the thought that it was Blanche's hand which was assigning him a place in the White Man's Grave.

#### CHAPTER LIV.

##### THE VAMPIRE.

Dark and cold  
Stretches the path: the great gods forbid  
That thou shouldst follow in it. *Tal's word.*

The fascinations of Flora Angerstein were very great. Mark Allardice knew that to his cost. Long ago she won him on with her siren wiles, only to wreck him on a sunken rock, over which the water flowed as blue and bright with sunshine as where no danger lurked. And now, in the quiet walks and cosy interviews at Redruth House, he found the same dangerous spell working about him.

But there were a good many other things which had fascinations for Mark. Betting, as we know, had a powerful charm, as it has for many men of his mental range, who once betake themselves to that dangerous species of literature represented by the betting-book. And then Mark sighed for his billiards. Not that he was cut off from practice, for there was a billiard-table at Redruth House; but then home-billiards are like home-cookery to the man accustomed to the French cook at the club.

Among the guests there were incipient lords and drawing officers, and young swells, "used up" at twenty, who would play for good sums, and back one another, and squander their money more or less freely; but Mark liked the liberty, the law, the press of public rooms, and wasn't happy. You can't swear at a man, or bully him at your father's table, and incite him to come out and have a set-to on your father's lawn; Moreover, Redruth Park had no Rotten Row attached to it, and Galescombe had no Regent Street, and, worse than that, no Haymarket, and was, in many other respects, decidedly "slow" in this man's estimation.

He longed for a "pull at London life," as he expressed it, as the famishing wretch longs for a draught of the desert fountain, and having communicated his condition to Archy, as he called Lord Sandoun, they agreed to start off, unknown to the rest of the family,

and spend a few days and nights after their own fashion up in town.

This was plotted as they loitered about the bowling-green on the afternoon of the day following that on which the scene occurred in the church, and it may be given as a proof of the influence Flora Angerstein had over this man, that when, shortly after, he met her in the adjoining garden, he fairly trembled lest she should have discovered their design.

"Mark," she said, approaching him with a radiant face, "it is all settled. Meredith has accepted the appointment."

"Indeed!" said Mark, "and what has become of the girl?"

"What girl?"

"Why, the prisoner's daughter; the woman his high-mightiness undertook to protect?"

"Oh, I suppose she is under his protection," said the woman, smiling.

"No. She has left the place—has disappeared."

"Disappeared!" echoed Flora. "you are so romantic. Don't people always disappear when they go away? Is she gone? Well, so much the better. It saves us trouble, doesn't it? I said we would trample out this danger as one tramples out fire, and we are doing it bravely. One after another they are all going. The earl is not ungrateful, is he, Mark?"

"No; but he has fine notions about honour and honesty, and all those abstract qualities, and if you have done anything desperate to this girl—"

"I?" she interrupted, with a pretty, playful look of horror.

"You, Flora. Don't suppose that you are throwing dust in my eyes. You know of her disappearance—her going away."

The little lady stooped, thrust her right hand into a deep pocket in her dress, drew out the floss-silk and the ivory needles, arranged her stitches on one needle, counted them with the point of the other, and then, looking up with a mouth screwed into a rose-bud and all on one side, she said:

"You are a wicked fellow, full of suspicion, and I won't have another word to say to you. There!"

She turned and passed slowly up the garden, knitting as she went.

Mark knew as well as if she had told him in so many words that she had decoyed Emmy Kingston away, and his curiosity was excited as to the means she had adopted, and the results. He had no sympathy with the poor girl; but the mere fact of the mystery which Flora had thrown around her awakened his sympathy.

"Not a bad-looking girl," he mused, as his mind conjured up the form he had seen, "uncommonly like Blanche, and I think the neatest aunc I've seen for many a day. Jove, how well that leg would look in silk tights and a bronze boot!"

You will gather from this how Mark, and men of his stamp, think of women. Here was a sweet girl, beautiful as one of the Graces, virtuous, and in distress, perhaps danger, and she awoke no other feelings in this fellow's mind than those he had given utterance to!

That evening, at dusk, Mark and Archy left Galescombe by the train for London. Thirsting after the degraded pleasures to which they had been accustomed, they only once mentioned the matter which was of such vital importance to both of them.

"Deuced awkward business this down at Galescombe," Mark observed. "Jove, if that fellow had lived, and brought his case on in court, he might have upset the whole thing. St. Omer might have been a beggar, and we—where should we have been?"

Sandoun shrugged his shoulders.

"It's all right now, I suppose?" he asked; "no more claimants? They don't spring up like—who was that classical party that had the heads, and it was a case of cut and come again with 'em?"

"Hydra?" suggested Mark; "oh, no; it's all right. There's only the daughter, and she's no harm. I wanted the gov'ner to pension her off; but she's somehow disappeared all of a sudden."

"Indeed! Take a weed? Strong or mild? Give you a light?"

And they smoked to London.

At the terminus they were met by Joe Leech, Mark's "man"—smart, clean, and active as usual, chewing, as was his wont, an inch of straw. Mark had left him in town partly to look after his affairs of gallantry and otherwise; partly to delude and baffle his creditors, who were again becoming clamorous. In this latter act Joe was a decided genius: it was his beast that he would foil the keenest creditor and put him on a wrong scent with any man in England.

Joe's first duty was to call a Hansom. Having done that, and just as Mark was stepping into it, Joe whispered:

"She's here."

"Who's here? Where?" asked Mark, sharply.

"The old cove's girl—he as lived in Endie's Bents."

"Do you mean to say that Kingston's daughter is here in London, and that you knew where she is?"

Joe nodded.

"Let him drive to the place."

"No; too early. Later to-night," returned Joe, and the two young men were driven off to the house of a mutual friend who had been spotted as the right man to help them spend the evening.

That night, shortly after twelve, Sandoun, Mark, and their friend—he was called Larry Slee—was turning out of a billiard-room near the Haymarket, when Joe Leech suddenly touched his master's arm and intimated that they were near the place in which Emmy Kingston might be found. Mark whispered to Sandoun, and he, nervously anxious about the marriage, which was his only chance in life this side outlawry, at once agreed that it was the proper thing to do. Slee had in the meantime become fascinated by a lady with the costume of a duchess and the face of a scullery-maid, and so they left him and went off together, following Joe, who, on reaching the door of a public-house, pointed at it and disappeared.

It was a quiet, shabby place. One or two men were leaning upon the bar, drinking, and behind there was a room, partitioned off by curtains, in which it was not difficult to tell that people were playing cards.

The most conspicuous individual in front of the bar was a man, his companions called Vamp. He was not a handsome man, and there was nothing very attractive about his manners or his mode of speech. Yet he seemed to be immensely popular with his companions. He was between forty and fifty, not tall, but immensely muscular, with a tremendous breadth of back, bull-neck, and huge arms, the muscles of which ridged his coat-sleeves. His features were Jewish in type, hard and ferocious, and covered with a skin which, originally yellow, had become varnished by exposure to the weather. His eyes were small, like those of the elephant, his mouth large and his lips thick. His hair black, just grizzling with grey, was cut short like a prize-fighter. What completed the picture of the man was the fact that he had huge ears, which had once been adorned with earrings; but in some fierce encounter, or some moment of peril, these had been torn out, leaving the slit ears as proofs of the atrocity.

It may be added that Vamp, the name by which his companions called this man, was only a contraction of vampire. The rumour went that he was first called the Vampire from this circumstance—once while voyaging at sea, he had formed one of a boat's crew, launched to take despatchers between the ship and the shore. The boat was somehow capsized. All sank but this man, who was a first-rate swimmer, and a young midshipman, a handsome lad, who, in his mortal terror, clung to the swimmer, and so encumbered him that both must have sunk. In that crisis Vamp was not wanting in an expedient. He could not use his limbs. He was powerless to shake off the terrified lad: but he had his teeth. In an instant he had fixed those large, yellow fangs in the throat of the boy—they closed as the teeth of the Vampire might have done over his windpipe, the blood gushed, and between loss of blood and strangulation, the end was accomplished. The lad's hold relaxed in death, and the Vampire saved himself.

The horrible name which this equally horrible adventure gained for the man among his fellows did not seem to be offensive to him. I fancy he rather gloried in the exploit. Certainly he was ever ready to tell the tale, and he told it well, using the great yellow fangs largely by way of illustration.

The means which this man had of getting a living were numerous, but were chiefly of a secret nature. He was continually crossing the channel, sometimes to France, sometimes to Jersey, and occasionally he might be met in wild un frequented places in Cornwall, or along the Irish or Scotch coast. No doubt he did a little smuggling. He was said to have practised all kinds of expedients in that way. It had been noticed that he was fond of walnuts, and often sat on deck eating them, from a heap which he carried in the loose pocket of his pilot coat. Once he had given a handful to a friend, and one of the nuts contained a pair of kid gloves neatly glued up in it! People said that his coats were always padded with laces and silk, that his hat had a false inner crown so that he could carry a couple of pounds of cigars on his head, that his boots were capable of being plugged, and that his big walking-stick was hollow, and could be packed to advantage.

But the Vampire did not get his living by smuggling alone. Nor by conjuring, though he was expert at it. Nor by exchanging foreign money or discounting bills, though he did it. He had other and more mysterious pursuits, and in these he was assisted by his wife, who was called Madame Dupin, though why, it was difficult to say, as the fact of her interlarding her conversation with scraps of every known language did not conceal the other great fact that she was an Irishwoman, and had in her youth paddled barefooted about Galway, thus acquiring a breadth of foot which she could never afterwards overcome. Madame Dupin's ostensible profession was fortune-telling.

When Mark and Archy lounged into the house, as directed by Joe Leech, and, leaning upon the bar, called for brandy-and-water and a light for their pipes, the

Vampire was engaged in conversation with a man whom he called Ned, and who was evidently a dock-porter, or steward's help, or in some way connected with shipping.

"Not to-night!" they heard Dupin, the Vampire, say, in a tone of dissatisfaction.

"Well, it was blowing a gale," the other answered.

"We might get the gal down—"

"No," replied the other, "I won't risk it. Don't want her seen. You twit? Straight down and straight off—that's the dodge. My old 'oman won't go if it's rough, as you say, and I can't undertake it without her. Another day won't matter much."

They caught these words; but they also knew that the Vampire, out of those little eyes of his, had detected that they were interested in the dialogue. So winking to his companions, he moved round the bar, and they were about to enter the room in which the card-playing was going on.

Mark, fond of adventure, and curious to see what kind of agent Flora Angerstein had secured to work her will, followed close upon their heels.

The Vampire turned sharply round.

"Private room, sir!" he said.

"Stuff!" returned Mark, "you're playing. You'll let a fellow have a hand?"

"We don't play games as you know anything about," returned he of the split ears.

"Don't you? They must be rum games if I don't know 'em," returned Mark, with a meaning smile.

The Vampire was evidently disposed to yield.

"You may drop a lot o' chips," he said, by way of warning.

Mark made a gesture expressive of utter indifference on that score, and then the Vampire popped his head between the curtains, used two or three words to the persons within, apparently gained their consent, and then lifted the curtain so that Mark and Sandoun might pass in.

There were three tables in the room, one large, two small. At each of these persons sat playing cards. All the players were of the same stamp. All had descended into the vagabond stage of life—all were more or less rakish in appearance, and bore the impress of gin, smoke, and late hours. They were playing furiously. The games were novel, played with few cards, and with extraordinary rapidity. The sums staked were high; the men betted recklessly, and what puzzled Mark was to detect which were the sharers and which the dupes. He couldn't believe that men of that stamp would be fleecing each other; yet they evidently took a feverish interest in the game.

Every eye was fixed upon the strangers, but only for a second. Play was not suspended, and their entrance created no embarrassment. The Vampire pointed to two seats, and they took them near the large table. There were about a dozen empty chairs in the place, and the Vampire having selected one of them, sat opposite the new-comers.

When the man took his seat, Mark noticed a peculiar click. He heard it distinctly, but said nothing. He knew its meaning, too, but said nothing. It was not yet time.

The game was faro, or rather a modification of it, such as Mark had seen practised at Homberg. At first Mark alone engaged in it, Sandoun amusing himself with a new meerschaum, in the colouring of which all his faculties were absorbed. Not so absorbed, though; but that he distinctly heard that peculiar click—once and no more.

In the commencement of the game, both Mark and his opponent played steadily, and for small sums. There was no advantage on either side. They won game and game; then the stakes were increased, and still the result was much the same.

But as time went on, Mark noticed that the Vampire grew peculiarly restless, and impatient. Twice he looked fixedly up toward the ceiling, which did not differ from other ceilings, except in this respect, that it was papered like the walls, with a star-patterned paper, the stars red, coloured on a vivid arsenic-green ground. Nothing resulted but increased arsenic-green, and as the man went on playing, and began to lose as he played, he grew very angry.

"Curse the cards!" he cried, at length, throwing down hand in disgust.

"Double the stakes. It may change your luck," suggested Mark.

"Do you want to rob me?" shouted the man.

"Rob!" cried Mark, "you're using strong language, my friend."

"And I shall use stronger if—"

He stopped short.

At that moment the door of the room opened, and a stout, vulgar, brazen-faced woman entered. The expression of her broad, flat face was sinister, and was increased from traces of the small-pox, which years had not effaced.

"Meg!" cried the Vampire, turning fairly round on Madame Dupin, for it was she.

The woman looked at him aghast.

"Are you asleep—drunk, or what?" he shouted,

rising with the cards in his hands, and approaching her.

"What! Has she dared?" whispered the woman. A savage, though suppressed oath, was the answer of the ruffian, as he returned to his chair.

But he found it already occupied. Mark sat in it. The Vampire fiercely glared at him.

"We'd better change seats," said Mark quietly. "Your luck may change, and I don't want it all my own way."

"Take your own seat, sir," shouted the Vampire.

"What?"

"I insist on it. It's a piece of gross impertinence for a man to take advantage of another's back being turned to take his seat."

"That's a matter of opinion," said Mark, coolly. "I shall sit here."

"You will?"

"Yes."

"What the deuce do you mean, sir?" shouted the Vampire.

"I mean that if the telegraph wouldn't work for you, may for me."

He rose from his feet.

The Vampire started back at his words, staggered at the meaning they conveyed, and which he understood too well.

Before either had time to speak again, a shrill scream rang through the house. It came from the room above that in which they sat. It was followed by the sound of blows, and as they listened, the voice of a woman cried in tones of entreaty.

"Mercy! Mercy!"

It was Emmy Kingston who uttered those piteous sounds.

(To be continued.)

## WOMAN AND HER MASTER.

By J. F. SMITH, Esq.

Author of "The Jesuit," "The Prelate," "Minnigrey," &c.

### CHAPTER XXX.

Thou art as opposite to every good,  
As the antipodes are unto us;  
Or as the south unto the septentrion,  
Oh, tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide.

Shakespeare.

LORD MORETOWN was seated in the luxuriously furnished drawing-room of the cottage ornée in which Mademoiselle Athalie and her pupil resided—for the peer, who was a great stickler for appearances, had not ventured to brave public opinion by removing her, in the absence of his neglected wife, to his town-house: a point which all the cajoleries and flatteries of the governess had vainly been directed to attain. They were at breakfast—an air of uneasiness and restraint was visible upon the countenances of each.

"Past post-hour!" observed the peer, regarding the dial on the marble chimney-piece; "surely we ought to have heard from Dr. Briard before this!"

"Perhaps," observed the lady, with a slight sneer, "the happy event has not yet taken place! Rely upon it we will write the instant he has anything worth communicating."

The sound of a carriage was heard upon the lawn, and there was a loud knocking at the door of the house. In a few minutes the subject of their conversation entered the room.

The features of his lordship became deadly pale—those of his companion, on the contrary, very red. It was in vain that they attempted to master their emotion.

"Dr. Briard!" they both exclaimed,

The gentleman bowed with his usual quiet grace.

"What has happened?" demanded the Frenchwoman with a marked emphasis on the word "happened."

"Nothing!" replied the charlatan.

"And Lady Moretown?" added the peer.

"Declined—nay, absolutely refused to see me!" said the doctor.

Neither the governess nor the unworthy husband found courage to ask why.

"My reception," continued the physician, "was most extraordinary! I was met on my arrival by a gentleman who announced himself as the uncle of her ladyship, and a Mr. Fife, a medical practitioner from Newcastle, who civilly informed me that Lady Moretown had already selected an attendant.

"Without my permission!" exclaimed the peer.

"Insolent!" added Mademoiselle Athalie, with an air of ill-concealed vexation.

"Did you produce my letter?"

"I did, my lord; but it was useless!"

"You were a fool, Briard!" said the governess, sharply; "you should have insisted, and not been driven from the house like an intruding cur!"

"It would have been useless!" answered the charlatan, with a meaning look, which the bold, bad woman perfectly understood. "Her ladyship was supported in her refusal not only by the presence of her uncle, but

by another relative, whom I had not the honour of seeing—Lady Digby; I had no choice but to withdraw my services."

"And you were right!" observed the peer, rising from his seat, and walking towards the window to conceal his uneasiness—for the visit of the wealthy goldsmith and the grand-aunt of his wife seriously alarmed him. "However hurt I may feel at the want of deference on the part of Lady Moretown to my wishes, it was not for you to enforce them."

"Certainly not, my lord," replied Dr. Briard, with a bland smile.

"It is fit that some one should be found to enforce them!" exclaimed the governess, losing all command over her temper; "unless you weakly intend to remain, my lord, a cypher in your own house!"

"Neither in my own nor any other!" retorted his lordship, provoked at the unfeminine ebullition in the presence of a third party. "You forget yourself," he added, in a lower tone. "After all," he resumed, aloud, "the affair is of no great moment, Lady Digby is not only a woman of the world, but a person of rank and position: her niece could not be in better hands."

Although this was addressed to Dr. Briard, it was intended for Mademoiselle Athalie, to convey to her that, whilst such eyes were upon them, it would not only be impolitic, but impossible, to insist upon the attendance of her confidential physician—from whom, *par parenthèse*, he would have been very careful how he took a prescription himself.

Almost immediately afterwards, his lordship took his leave; but not till he had directed the charlton to call upon him at his own residence in St. James's Square.

No sooner was he gone, than the manner of Dr. Briard underwent a marked change. He threw himself into the easy chair which the peer had abandoned, with the air of a man, who felt himself perfectly at home; and, stretching out his legs, regarded the governess for some moments in silence.

"You are a great fool, Athalie!" he said, at last. "Do not interrupt me," he added, seeing that the lady was about to reply to him; "hear me out. Under the circumstances, it would have been dangerous to have insisted on forcing my attendance upon Lady Moretown. It could only have provoked suspicion—the very thing we wish to avoid. Her husband, with all his egregious vanity and conceit, has ten times more tact than you have. He saw the danger at once."

"Danger!" repeated the Frenchwoman, impatiently; "you are as great a coward as he is!"

"You will never be Countess of Moretown!" continued the gentleman, with a provoking smile.

"How can you tell?"

"Because you have alarmed the vain and selfish peer, by permitting him to guess your purpose! You have played a weak game, permitted him to see your hand!"

"Have I not been a mother to his child?"

"You had better have acted like a mother to your own!" was the rejoinder. "Bye-bye, Athalie," added the speaker, "how is our Julie?"

"Well! How should she be?" answered the *intrigante*. Then, as if struck by some novel idea, she fixed her eyes upon the questioner, and added, "Alfred, you—I see it all; you are jealous!"

The not very complimentary laugh of Dr. Briard perfectly reassured her upon that point.

"Jealous!" he repeated; "not in the least, Athalie! I am past all such vulgar feelings. I have not abandoned for so many years my claims as a husband, to feel the slightest inclination to resume them now. As long as you keep your share of our compact, fear not that I shall fall in mine!"

The speaker alluded to the sum which the governess for many years had annually paid him to conceal the fact of their marriage—a tie which, since her *liaison* with the Earl of Moretown, she had bitterly resented.

The next day his lordship received a cold and formal letter from Lady Digby, announcing the birth of a son. Stung by its tone, in the first impulse of his anger, he answered it in a manner to evince not only his marked displeasure at her presence at the abbey, but the refusal of his wife to receive the physician he had sent to attend her.

Just as he was in the act of sealing the reply, the groom of the chambers announced a visitor, in the person of Lawyer Quirk.

He was instantly admitted. "Well, Quirk," said the peer, in a condescending tone, "have you brought the money?" He alluded to the annual payment of the large sum which the miser, Nicholas Arden, had advanced upon Sir Charles Briancourt's life-interest on the estate.

"I have paid it into Hammersley's, my lord!" replied the lawyer.

His lordship nodded, to intimate that the arrangement was perfectly satisfactory.

"Of course," continued his visitor, "you have heard the news?"

"News?" repeated the earl: "what news?" For the first time he noticed that Quirk was in deep

mourning, and the countenance of the peer became suddenly pale.

"Sir Charles Briancourt expired five days since, at Brussels!"

"Provoking!" exclaimed Lord Moretown.

"For you no doubt!" answered the lawyer; "but it is an excellent thing for my grandson, the present baronet, whose minority will afford time to recover the estates from the ruinous effects of his father's imprudence!"

"Five thousand a-year gone!" said his lordship, with a deep-drawn sigh.

"Five thousand six hundred!" observed the old man, with provoking precision; "but, of course, your lordship has insured the life of my late son-in-law."

"Indeed, I have not!" was the reply.

"Well, that is unfortunate!" exclaimed Quirk, who secretly rejoiced at the mortification of the peer—whom he had never forgiven for the sly trick he had played him respecting his marriage with Miss Arden. "The money would have been so very useful to your lordship at this time!"

"And why at this time, more than any other?" haughtily demanded the peer, who felt nettled at the ill-disguised satisfaction of the man of law.

"Because the Riddle estate is in the market!"

This was the name of a magnificent property adjoining Moretown, which it had long been the ambition of the earl to possess; and which joined to his present possessions in Northumberland, would enable him to carry the county against all opposition.

"It will fetch a large sum?" he observed, with a sigh.

"Two hundred thousand, at the very least!" replied Quirk, delighted at tantalising him; "independent of the valuation for the timber!"

This was exactly the amount of that portion of his wife's fortune which remained in the hands of Mr. Brindley, and which, without the consent of that gentleman and Alice, he could not touch.

"It was fortunate," he muttered, as his visitor left the room, "that I had not sent the letter!"

He took it from the table, re-read it, and deliberately thrust it into the fire. A fresh scheme had entered his subtle brain. For the first time since his marriage, he regretted that he had not worn the mask a little longer, and treated Alice with more kindness.

"Pshaw!" he added; "I can wind her to anything!"

perhaps he thought, with the immortal bard—

She is a woman—therefore to be wooed;

She is a woman—therefore to be won.

He seated himself at the table, and wrote a reply to Lady Digby, warmly thanking her for the kindness she had evinced towards his wife, of whom he spoke in a tone calculated to convey a feeling of returning tenderness. It was just such a letter as he could have wished to have been read in a *court of justice*, had Lady Moretown ever sued for a divorce; and certainly did more honour to the writer's head than to his heart.

"There!" he said, as he perused it for the second time; "I defy the most astute lawyer in Christendom to pick a flaw in that!"

He was right—he had not even mentioned the refusal to receive Dr. Briard, bitterly as he resented it.

He even so far schooled his temper as to write to his victim, begging her to be careful of her health for his sake, and thanking her for the gift of a fair son, which he hypocritically termed a fresh bond of affection between them.

If the spirit of evil peered over his shoulder as he peanned the heartless lie, how the demon must have smiled at the hypocrisy of the noble writer, who hated his unoffending wife, as base minds hate the being they have most wronged.

Alice was completely deceived. She read and re-read the artful epistle a dozen times, and pressed it to her lips.

"I was right!" she observed to her anxious relatives, as she repeated its contents.

"I told you Moretown would love his child!"

Both the dowager and Mr. Brindley remained silent. Neither of them wished to dissipate the faint gleam of happiness which the prudent calculation of her husband had created in the heart of his neglected wife.

In reply to a long letter which Alice wrote to him, the earl even carried his hypocrisy so far as to consent that the child should be named after the suggestions of her own grateful heart; more, he even promised to escape from the political intrigues in which he was plunged, and be present himself on the happy occasion.

"Smith, Brindley, or any other vulgar name," he muttered, with a sneer; "what can it signify, since the brat will never inherit the honours of *my house*, or disgrace the title of Moretown?"

With this feeling the missive was despatched.

When Mademoiselle Athalie was informed of the birth of the child, and the promises which his lordship had made, her anger led her to exceed the bounds of prudence; she even went so far as to reprobate her dupe with meanness and pusillanimity.

"You are too violent," he replied, in a serious tone; "read there."

He pointed out the advertisement in the *Times*, announcing the sale of the Riddle estate.

The Frenchwoman smiled—she divined the motive and the aim.

"Poor Alice!" exclaimed Lady Digby, with a sigh, as, seated in her easy chair, she commenced a confidential chat with the wealthy goldsmith, in her own dressing-room. "Her heart is her greatest enemy. Truthful and confiding herself, she is slow to suspect deceit in others. These affectionate epistles from the Earl of Moretown alarm me more than coarseness and indifference would have done; *it is the polished weapon which infests the keenest wound!*"

Mr. Brindley acquiesced in the observation, with a deep-drawn sigh.

"I have taken care to place my grand-niece," continued the old lady, "beyond the reach of his control respecting fortune. I have armed her alike against the weakness of her own heart, and the arts of her unworthy husband!"

"You have acted wisely and kindly," replied the gentleman. "In a word, Lady Digby, like yourself. Would you believe it?" he added, "Alice implored me, this very morning, to place the remaining portion of her mother's property in the hands of his lordship! It was with the utmost difficulty that I resisted her entreaties, but I did resist them."

"Such folly amounts almost to insanity," observed Lady Digby. "The sacrifice would only leave her more defenceless in his hands. Yet it is hard," she added, "to crush the bud of new-born hope. Let her indulge her dream, poor girl! She will find the worm within its core before the leaves unfold."

The evening preceding the day appointed for the christening, agreeably to his promise, Lord Moretown arrived at the abbey. The meeting with his wife was cordial—nay, almost affectionate—so well had he schooled himself to act his part. Alice, all smiles and happiness, presented, with mother's pride, her first-born to its father, who thanked her for the gift.

To Lady Digby he was studiously polite—for the fortune of the stately old dowager had become a matter of speculation with him. He was even cordial with the wealthy goldsmith. Such relations were not to be despised; they were valuable as friends, and dangerous as enemies.

"Now," whispered Alice, as she bade her aged relative good-night, "was I wrong to hope?"

"No!" answered her ladyship, kissing her affectionately on the cheek. "It is the balm of life!"

Lord Moretown was one of those men who, when they once resolve to perform a courteous action, know how to do it gracefully. Nothing could be more conciliating than this bearing to the relatives of his wife—both of them were compelled to admit that, however detestable his principles, his manners at least were unexceptionable.

The party, with the addition of Dr. Harland—who was to perform the ceremony—were assembled in the drawing-room of the abbey, to witness the reception of the infant into the bosom of the great Christian family. The regenerating waters were about to be poured upon its innocent forehead, when the rector paused, and demanded of the earl by what name he should christen it.

"Digby Brindley Moretown," was the reply.

How happy Alice felt at that moment. Had not the heart of her husband been dead to every manly feeling, it must have been touched by the look of gratitude and returning love with which she rewarded him.

"Very handsome!—very handsome, indeed, my lord!" exclaimed the gratified goldsmith. "Your son shall have no reason to repent the choice you have made. My name is humble—very humble; but it shall not disgrace him!"

Lady Digby was more measured in the expression of her thanks. She received the compliment with that stately grace which indicated she felt it to be her due.

It was extraordinary the intense affection which the worthy old gentleman from that day entertained for his little namesake. He would steal, the first thing in the morning and the last at night, into the nursery, and watch it whilst it slept. His liberality and cautions to the nurse were unbounded. As the time approached for him to return to London, he appeared to experience but one regret—that he could not take the infant with him.

In the fulness of his heart, he yielded to the intreaties of Alice, and the request of Lord Moretown, to advance the remaining portion of his niece's fortune for the purchase of the Riddle estate. On one point, however, he was inexorable—in having it settled upon his godson after the death of his father.

"Wrong! wrong!" exclaimed the far-sighted Lady Digby, when informed of the arrangement, a few days after the departure of the earl for town. "His lordship's concession is now accounted for! He has played his cards very cleverly, and won the game. We shall witness a new phase soon. I have no faith in sudden conversions!"

The goldsmith pleaded, in defence of his weakness, that he considered the affair merely in the light of all

investment; adding that the earl, during his life, had full power over the interest of the money.

"Investment!" repeated her ladyship, distastefully; "in the event of the infant's death, who then will inherit the property?"

"His elder brother," replied Mr. Brindley, with a groan.

That same day he wrote up to his bankers to arrest the transfer of the money. The letter arrived too late. It had already been paid to Lord Moretown's account—who, a fortnight later, became the purchaser of the long-coveted property.

#### CHAPTER XXXI

Patience, the medicine of the soul—as hope is called its nurse. *Robin Goodfellow.*

For several days after her arrival at Bordercleugh, Mabel remained stupefied with the misfortune which had overwhelmed her. It was not that sullen, mute despair which broods over its wrongs; but the apathy which frequently arises from the extinction of hope—the profoundness of sorrow.

"Puir thing!" old Maud would frequently exclaim, as she descended from the tower—to the upper part of which the prisoner was strictly confined; "it's a sair thing to be deprived of reason; but we maun submit, when He is pleased to bear a heavy hand upon us!"

Gilbert Rawlins marked with satisfaction the impression produced upon the mind of his domestic—that his charge was mad. What else could the simple creature suppose induced so respectable a person as her master to confine his own niece a prisoner at Bordercleugh?

"Ay, Maud," he would say with a hypocritical expression of concern, "it is a sad affliction! Instead of being a comfort to my old age, she adds to its cares!"

"And what may be the cause?" the kind-hearted Scotchwoman inquired.

"A bad husband, and the loss of her child," answered Gilbert; "which died in its infancy. But she persists in believing that it was stolen from her, and has wandered like a wild creature over the country, in the vain hope of finding it."

"Puir thing! puir thing! she has a mother's heart."

From that time, Maude became so thoroughly persuaded of the insanity of the prisoner, that Gilbert Rawlins felt assured no argument of his niece would shake either her fidelity or conviction.

And Mable would have become insane—for recollections crowded upon her in that lonely, solitary tower, which must have driven reason from its throne—had not prayer sustained her. She gradually rallied her broken energies, and battled against the thoughts which, like the vulture's beak, delved into her heart and brain. She supported her captivity for her child's sake, and the latent hope of once more folding her in her arms.

Her uncle seldom visited her—for, resolute and unfeeling as was the disposition of Gilbert Rawlins, there was something in the calm, reproachful look of his niece which he did not like to encounter.

"It is her own fault," he used to murmur; "why did she ever leave me?"

To her entreaties he lent a deaf ear—nothing could induce him to set her at liberty: like most men who have violated their promises, he had no faith in those of others.

Several months passed without bringing the least change in the condition of Mabel. The old Scotchwoman attended to her wants, and would occasionally sit and listen to her recital of her sorrows with that half-pitying, incredulous air which marked her opinion of her sanity.

"Hopeless—hopeless!" the captive would sigh; "she does not believe me!"

After which for several days she would be silent.

As we before stated, Gilbert Rawlins was a bold and resolute man. One evening intelligence was brought to Bordercleugh that several poachers had been seen beating for game in the wood which separated the domain from the wild, uncultivated heath: it was one of his own shepherds who came with the information.

"Give me my gun, Willie!" exclaimed the old man, turning to the boy—Maud's son. They were the only domestics who resided in the house, the rest being employed upon the farm.

"God save us! Surely, Master Rawlins, ye wadna venture out sic a night as this?"

"Hang the night!" was the reply.

Maud went to the window, and opened the casement. The wind blew with that low, moaning sound, which indicates the gathering of the distant storm, and heavy, dark masses of clouds already skirted the horizon.

"Had yo nae better tak' Willie wi' ye?" she demanded; "twa is better than one."

"And great use he would be," replied her master, as he dropped a bullet into the barrel of his gun. "No; he must remain to look after the horses, and take care of the house."

"An' what time will I look for ye back?" inquired the anxious domestic, who, despite his rough ways and harsh temper, was really attached to the old man.

"Not later than twelve."

So saying, Gilbert Rawlins buttoned on his shooting-jacket, and, taking the shepherd with him, left the house, directing Willie to make the doors fast after him.

In a few minutes the boy returned to the apartment where his mother was sitting, with her plaid drawn over her head, by the wood fire, which blazed cheerfully on the hearth-stone, rocking herself to and fro with that peculiar motion which indicates grief amongst Scotchwomen of the humbler classes.

"Eh, mither!" said the boy; "dinner greet sae!"

"I canna help it, Willie—I canna help it! It will be a sair night for Bordercleugh!"

Her son replied only by an incredulous laugh.

"I tell ye it will!" continued his mother; "as ye went down the stairs wi' the maister, I closed the window—for the wind cam' blustering in wi' its could breath, an' I am nae sae hardy as I need to be: perhaps it's because I am getting auld! Weel, jest as I clicked the casement, who should come whizzing agin it but Grey Jack! and that's nae canny sign, ye ken!"

Grey Jack, as Maud familiarly called him, was a name which had been given to a large owl of a fierce species, which for many years had inhabited the roof of the tower of Bordercleugh: like most nocturnal birds, his voices were loudest before the coming of a storm—which, in that wild part of the country, frequently occasioned considerable damage to the woods—drowning the young lambs in the sudden floods which accumulated in the valleys; hence they are regarded as evil omens.

Even Willie's incredulity was not proof against the appearance of Grey Jack, and he remained silent.

The thunder, which for some time had been growling at a distance, at last burst fearfully over the building. The peal was accompanied by broad flashes of lightning, which, penetrating to the interior of the room, lit it for an instant, completely overpowering the blaze of the fire. There was a beating of wings against the casement, and the shrill cry of the owl was heard again.

"God save us!" sighed old Maud, "but it's an awsome night!"

"So it is, mither!" said the boy, advancing to the window to close the shutters.

Maud thought of the lone woman in the dreary chamber in the tower: impelled by a feeling of pity, and perhaps by a desire of companionship, she lit the lamp, and determined to visit her.

As she left the room, she desired her son on no account to leave the place till her return. The caution was unnecessary—for the boy, as Gilbert Rawlins used to complain, was too fond of theingle-nook to desert it willingly, especially on such a night. Drawing his stool into one of the corners of the vast chimney, he seated himself to await the return of his master, and whiled away the time by fancying a thousand strange, misshapen figures in the lengthened shadows of the room, or the burning embers on the hearth.

When Maud entered the long chamber—as the apartment of Mabel was generally called—she found, to her surprise, that her charge was seated at one of the open casements, gazing as calmly upon the war of elements as if they had been powerless to scathe her. She had neither fire nor light; not from any intention on the part of her uncle or his servant to deprive her of them, but simply because she had been too apathetic to demand them.

Placing her lamp upon the table, the first care of her visitor was to draw a bundle of faggots and fuzes from the recess where they were piled; and in a very few minutes they blazed and crackled cheerfully upon the hearth.

"Come frae the window, hinnie!" said the old woman; "the wind drives the rain into the room, and has all blown out the light."

Mabel submissively closed it.

"Where is my uncle?" she demanded.

"Gone upon a wild-goose chase after the poachers!" answered Maud. "Would the doil had rippet a hole in Andrew's tongue before he had wiled the gude man frae his home on sic an errand! You must be unco' lonesome?"

"I am never alone!" was the reply.

Her visitor looked superstitiously round her. Like most of her countrywomen, she was a devout believer in the marvellous and supernatural—a creed which the many years she had passed in the lonely old house of Bordercleugh had tended to confirm. It was not surprising, therefore, that she understood the assertion of Mabel in a literal sense.

"And wha?" she inquired, in an under-tone, "keeps you company?"

"My own sad thoughts!"

"Like enough!" observed Maud, considerably relieved. "I canna wonder at their being sad ones in this dismal place. Why for," she added, "do ye not give your uncle the promise he asks, and live wi' the rest of the family, down below?"

The promise which the speaker alluded to was neither

more or less than an oath not to quit the place whilst he lived.

"Because I could not keep it," answered the captive; "my feelings would not let me! There is a voice within my heart, which—stronger than a thousand promises—would urge me forth to seek for my lost child."

The listener shook her head—for she considered every allusion to her lost child as a fresh proof of her insanity.

"You think me mad?" she added.

"Weel—mad—no; that's no exactly the word," replied the old woman, soothingly; "but just something which in Scotland we call daft, like!"

"And do you think my uncle believes it?" demanded Mabel, bitterly.

"Doubtless—doubtless!"

"And yet he would trust to my promise, as you term it, not to quit the place? Maud—Maud! I am a closer reasoner than you are, with all my madness!"

Her visitor confessed that she could not exactly comprehend it; but added that her master did—for he had had considerable experience in such cases.

"He has, indeed!" thought his persecuted niece.

However solitary the life of a woman may be, it is very seldom that she loses her innate love of gossip, which for many years had inhabited the roof of the tower of Bordercleugh: like most nocturnal birds, his voices were loudest before the coming of a storm—which, in that wild part of the country, frequently occasioned considerable damage to the woods—drowning the young lambs in the sudden floods which accumulated in the valleys; hence they are regarded as evil omens.

"I have heard," she said, "froe Andrews, the shepherd, and others about the place, that Gilbert Rawlins had charge of a poor young gentleman whom God had deprived of his reason; but it was before my time—"

"Not God," interrupted Mabel, "but man."

"It is said he was quite demented," continued the old woman; "and that at times it was necessary to employ violence. How it must have pained the master—for wi' a rough tongue he has a soft heart."

"As soft as the granite that these walls are built of," exclaimed his niece. "I witnessed it all. I was a mere child at the time—but it left an impression upon my heart and memory, which years have not been able to efface. God!" she added, with an involuntary shudder, "I sometimes wonder how that man can sleep!"

"Sleep!" repeated Maud, not supposing for an instant that the speaker alluded to her uncle, for whom she herself entertained the most profound respect; "why the poor man is dead!"

"Murdered!" groaned Mabel.

At the word "murder," her visitor turned deadly pale; for she suddenly recollects that they were sitting in the very room which the unfortunate gentleman used to occupy.

"Not by sudden violence," continued the prisoner, excited by her recollections; "his persecutors were too prudent for that. He was subjected to indignities and taunts which his proud heart could not brook. Even the brutal lash was not spared him. He died at last, and the long-calculated end was gained. His name is a forgotten word! But God has not forgotten him!" she added. "His hand has long been held over the cruel persecutors! It will fall at last, and crush them in his wrath!"

"Eh! woman!" ejaculated the terror-stricken domestic; "dinner speak in that way—it's awsome to hear you! Why Andrews, the shepherd, the foolish auld gomeril, told me that the mad gentleman was nae other than my lord's ain brother."

"He was right!" answered Mabel, with desperate firmness. "The victim was his brother—his elder brother. I only knew the fatal truth very lately—and the knowledge has brought me here."

There was a silence which neither of the females appeared inclined to break. The prisoner seemed buried in the sadness of her recollections and her wrongs, whilst her visitor sat rocking to and fro, reflecting on the tale she had just heard. For the first time, a suspicion that her master's niece was not insane had crossed her. Repeatedly she strove to dismiss it from her mind. Poor, ignorant, and old—utterly dependent upon Gilbert Rawlins for her bread—what could she do to redress the wrong—even if Mabel's tale were true?

As the night advanced, so did the uneasiness of Maud increase at the absence of her master. Several times she fancied that she heard his voice, and called to Willie, in the apartment below, to go to the gate. The boy would thrust his face into the bleak night-wind, whose shrill moans round the quaint old gables and tower were the only sounds he heard, and then return, murmuring, to his warm corner in the chimney-nook.

"Something must have happened!" the old woman kept repeating to herself; "the bird of evil omen did not scream and beat his wings against the window in vain!"

Even Mabel began to share in the idea: although far from wishing harm to her harsh relative, her heart beat wildly at the possibility of some sudden change in

her condition. It was the hope of liberty which had sustained her through the lone hours of her imprisonment, and never once deserted her.

In this manner the two lone women passed the hours of the night.

(To be continued.)

### CASE OF IMAGINATION.

It is a well-established fact, that the mind has a direct and important action upon the body, and to a much greater extent than persons in general suppose. During the prevalence of an epidemic, for instance, such as the cholera, thousands become afflicted through their own fancy, who would otherwise escape the fell destroyer. We well remember, when this scourge was last upon us, of hearing several individuals spoken of as likely to perish with the disease, for the simple reason that they were constantly in dread and fear of it; and we noted the fact that these same persons rarely lived out the season; while, on the other hand, those who seemed to care little about it, and in some cases, scoffed at and defied it, were seldom touched by the invisible foe.

No one can tell what the mind is, or how it acts upon the body; but we have constant evidence of its presence and power, through one of its attributes, the will; and we are sometimes astonished at its increased force, when stimulated by passion or fear. Two men were chopping in a wood, and one of them was crushed by a tree falling upon him. The other, under the excitement of the occasion, ran up, lifted off the tree, picked up the dead body, and carried it home. He went back the next day, with some of his neighbours, and made the, to him, surprising discovery, that with the utmost exertion of his strength he could not stir the huge trunk in the slightest degree. Yet the same physical man was there, but not in the same mental condition, and he owed all his extra strength to his then unduly excited state of mind. Both passion and fear are known also to produce the opposite effects—to paralyze or weaken the vital energies instead of strengthening them; grief generally depresses and sometimes proves fatal, and both disappointment and joy have been known to kill; but all of these only demonstrate the close connection of mind with body, and show how much the latter may be affected by the former.

In a conversation with a distinguished physician of our acquaintance upon this subject, he related a case of the striking effects of imagination, or mind, upon body, which came under his own observation while a student at A—. A lecture by one of the faculty, touching upon imagination and its strange effects, became a subject of discussion in his class; and the question shortly arose, whether it was not rather the body that affected the mind than the mind the body.

"I contend," said one, "that the body first becomes affected by some morbid influence, and the mind of course takes its tone therefrom. If the brain be injured, unconsciousness, or insanity, follows in the same degree. With a healthy body, and a sound, well-developed brain, we may look for clear, sound, discriminating mental faculties, which cannot be impaired while the physical man remains unchanged."

"I maintain," said another, "that the mind may be first affected, and so impair the body, as in cases of mental excitement, such as grief, joy, fear, horror, shame, chagrin and disappointment."

The students took sides on the question, and the matter was ably urged *pro* and *con*, each party about equally maintaining its assumed position. In all questions of a nature permitting a strong argument on either side, it is fair to presume that both parties have truth for a foundation, and neither has the whole truth; and so it was in this case—the fact being that the mind does affect the body and the body the mind.

But something more than argument was wanted in this case; medical students like to try experiments and witness practical demonstrations; and it was finally agreed that a perfectly healthy subject should be selected and put under the effects of imagination. A young, robust, rosy-cheeked farmer, who occasionally came into town to dispose of his fruit, and who had found some of his best customers among the students, was finally fixed upon as an individual in every way satisfactory for the trial. The plan was, for some of the students, at different times and in different places, without any appearance of collusion, to be struck with his altered looks—to perceive some secret malady beginning to affect him, and finally to predict his death at a given time. With this understanding, they went deliberately to work the next time he appeared among them. Some three or four of them sauntered out to his waggon, from which he was selling apples, and each, as he came up, took a long and unusual stare at him, as if suddenly discovering something very peculiar, and then all seemed to consult together in a very serious manner, occasionally glancing at him with looks of pity verging on alarm.

"How are you to-day, Mr. Bassett?" at length

inquired one of the party, in a grave, quiet tone, with a look of commiseration; while the others crowded up, stared hard in his face, and seemed anxious for his answer.

"I'm right well, I thank you," replied Bassett, with a pleasant smile: "how do you find yourself? I've got some right down good eating apples here, gentlemen—the same kind you liked so well before."

"How old are you, my friend?" pursued the one who had first addressed him, still looking him steadily and seriously in the eye.

"Going on twenty-four."

"Just the age, too," remarked the other to his companions, in a low tone, which Bassett overheard, as was intended he should. "Are you married?" he inquired, turning again to the young farmer.

"No, not yet, exactly," laughed Bassett.

"Intend to be, I suppose?"

"Well, perhaps, some time or other, if I live."

"Very well put in—if you live!" returned the questioner, with solemn emphasis.

For the first time the young farmer looked at the speaker in some surprise.

"Why, what do you mean by that—if I live?" he inquired.

"Is it best to tell him?" said the student, in a low tone, addressing his companions.

"It may be as well," replied another; "it can alter nothing, you know, Wheatley, and he may have some preparations to make."

"Ah! here comes Doctor Giles, of the graduating class—a very shrewd observer—let us see if he notices anything first," observed Wheatley, glancing at another student, who was leisurely approaching.

"Well, boys, how are the apples to-day?" said the new-comer, in a light tone, as he neared the group.

He glanced at the apple-dealer as he spoke, gave a start, stopped suddenly, and then looked inquiringly at the others, who maintained an ominous silence.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed! "is it so? and so young!"

"Is what so?" rather seriously inquired Bassett, on whom the manner of the whole group had begun to make a marked impression.

"I was about to tell him," said Wheatley to Giles, in confidential tone; "but seeing you approaching, I thought I would wait and see if your observation confirmed it."

"A clear case—I saw it at a glance!" replied Giles. "What a pity! and he in such apparent health!"

Then the five students drew back and mysteriously conferred together.

"Does he suspect nothing?" the farmer overheard Giles inquire.

"Nothing, whatever, and even announced himself in good health," answered Wheatley.

Giles silently lifted his hands, with a look of commiseration, and muttered, as if to himself:

"Poor fellow! poor fellow! it will be a hard blow to him and his family."

Nothing of this was lost on Bassett, who began to grow very restless and uneasy.

"What's the matter?" he again inquired, looking from one to another. "Do you see anything queer about me?"

"Tell him yourself, doctor," said Wheatley.

"Some one should," returned Giles; "but I wish the task had not devolved on me. One must do his duty, however."

He then walked up to the young farmer, and solemnly asked him if he felt well—perfectly well—and if he had any particular fear of death?

"What do you say all this to me for?" returned the other, turning somewhat pale and looking frightened.

"Because we see the seeds of death in you," said Giles, "and know you cannot live over a week from to-day—from this hour, in fact."

"Gracious Heaven! what is it? what's matter with me?" cried the other, in real alarm, turning still more pale and beginning to tremble.

"You have that secret but fatal malady, known in the olden time as the plague—a disease again revived, and now going about the country, baffling all attempts of the most scientific physicians to master it. It is always preceded by peculiar spots on the skin, such as we see on yours, and kills on the seventh day, if not sooner. You will further be assured of it, by a certain pain about the region of the heart, such as, if I am not mistaken, you feel now. How is it? am I not right?"

"I believe I do feel rather queer here," replied the frightened farmer, putting his hands to his breast and shuddering.

"Of course you do. Come, gentlemen, take pity on him, and purchase his apples, so that he can go home and arrange all his affairs, before he has his first attack of delirium."

"Can't you do anything for me? ain't there no hope?" whined the now terrified fellow, with big

drops of perspiration, wrung out by mental agony, standing all over his face and brow.

"We cannot do anything for you now," said Giles; "but Professor Copple, of our college, fancies he has discovered a cure. We shall know to-morrow—for he is, in the meantime, to try the remedy on a patient not far from here—and should he succeed, we will come to you on the day after to-morrow with his secret. Meanwhile go home, and, if you feel weak, go to bed, and if cold, see that you are well covered. Do not apply to any other physician, or take any medicine of any kind till I see you. I will come at the time set, and let you know your fate for a certainty. Try to keep up your spirits, and hope for the best!"

The students bought the poor fellow's apples at their own price, and he offered Doctor Giles all he was worth if he would come and cure him. He drove off in great alarm, feeling very weak, and complaining that the pain in his heart was increasing.

On the road beyond the village, he met some more students, who looked at him in surprise and alarm, inquired how he felt, and assured him he was very ill, and threatened with the plague, if, in fact, he had not got it already.

He finally reached home, more dead than alive, informed his parents of what had occurred, took to his bed, and gradually grew worse. In spite of his protestations, they sent for a doctor; but it so happened that the latter was away on a consultation in a neighbouring town, and did not return in time to see him the next day. The day following, young Giles, with several others, went to visit him, and report upon the case. They found him with a high fever, covered with quilts, complaining of cold and intense anguish about the heart, and verging on delirium.

"Well, doctor?" he gasped, looking wildly at the now alarmed student.

"You are saved," whispered the other. "Professor Copple's remedy has already restored six dying patients. Here, take these pills, one every fifteen minutes, and in an hour your pains will leave you, and before night you will be well."

The man brightened at once, and took four bread pills, at intervals of fifteen minutes. In an hour, sure enough, he was better, and before night he had left his bed and was pronounced out of danger. The students returned to town, satisfied with their experiment; and the next week Bassett was again at the college, selling them more apples. Then they told him the joke, and though inclined to be angry at first, he finally joined them in the laugh against himself.

So much for the force of imagination. E. B.

DISCOVERY OF ANGLO-SAXON REMAINS IN KENT.—Some very interesting antiquarian researches are now being made at the village of Sarre, in the Isle of Thanet, in connection with the Kent Archaeological Society. In the field where the diggings are going on, Anglo-Saxon relics have from time to time been discovered, and at length a thorough research was resolved upon. Numerous swords, daggers, centres of shields, medals, gold coins, crystals, earthen vessels, &c., have been found, and so far the discoveries favour the supposition that this was the scene of some sanguinary battle. In olden times Sarre must have formed an important position, as it is not only on the bend of the main land, midway between Richborough and Reculver, but it is believed to have been the principal ferry for passengers between Thanet and Canterbury. The excavations are consequently watched with much interest.

ABOUT MOURNING.—The "widow's cap" is a kind of shroud, intimating that the wife, being one with her husband, has, in a manner, died with him. But the etiquette of a widow's mourning does not render it necessary for her to wear her weeds for more than a year, though many continue them much longer. Among the Romans, a year of mourning was ordained by law for a husband. The colour meant to signify grief, varies in different countries. In Egypt it is yellow, representing the colour of leaves when they fall. In Ethiopia it is brown, that being the colour of the earth to which the dead return. In Turkey it is blue, an emblem of the happiness it is hoped the deceased enjoys. In Europe, black, denoting the deprivation of light as the termination of life. Exalted personages mourning in purple or violet signifies a mixture of sorrow and hope.

CHINESE FORTUNE-TELLERS.—These men carry on their profession in the streets of the city wherever there is the least available space. A mat is spread on the ground, with a stick at each corner, around which a strip of cloth is cast to form an enclosure for the fortune-teller and his men—kept in a small bamboo cage. By his side is an open box, containing a number of very small rolls of paper, with sentences or single characters written on them. In front of him is a long row of sixty or more small pasteboard envelopes, which also hold single characters or divination sentences. A little board painted white, for writing on, and the ink-stone and pencil, are at hand and ready for use. An inquirer who wishes to consult him squats down on his heels

outside the enclosure, pays three *cash* (half a farthing) and tells his story, stating what he wishes to know. He is told to pick out a roll from the box, which having been done, he hands it to the man, who unrolls it and writes its contents on the board. The door of the cage is then opened, and the hen marches forward to the row of envelopes; after peering over them inquisitively, she picks out one and lets it fall to the ground. A few grains of rice are put into the cage and she returns. The envelope is opened, and the contents also written down; from these two inscriptions the consul's prospects are announced. The hen is regarded as the arbiter of fate, incapable of mortal motive in the selection of the roll, and is therefore supposed to give the decree of fate, without the possibility of collusion or misinterpretation of any kind.

## SCIENCE.

THE GLASGOW TIME-GUN.—Recently, the new time-gun for Glasgow was fired for the first time at one o'clock, simultaneously with the discharge of the pieces at Edinburgh, Newcastle, North Shields, and Sunderland. The experiment was witnessed by a large number of spectators, and some interest has been awakened as to whether it may be established as a permanent regulator of city time. Until the matter is definitely decided, the gun will be fired every day at the same hour. The attention which has been called to the subject by this time-gun experiment has led to another scheme being proposed with the same end in view. Steps are now being taken to connect by an electric wire the Glasgow Observatory with one of the turret clocks in the city, for the purpose of controlling the latter by the normal clock of the Observatory, as practised so successfully at Liverpool. The controlling of a seconds clock by the same method is also under consideration.

BLASTING EXTRAORDINARY.—A remarkable blast in iron mining took place at the Lake Superior Mine a short time since. In ordinary ones but in this case one of 4 inches in diameter is drilled, but in this case one of 4 inches and 18 feet deep was made, distant from the edge of the cliff about 10 feet, into which one keg of powder was put and exploded as a preliminary, and which had the effect to open a seam to the depth of 50 feet. Sixteen kegs of powder were then put in as a final charge, which threw down over 3,000 tons of ore completely broken up. A gigantic mine was exploded on the 18th ult. near Mergozzo (Piedmont). A gallery had been pierced under the granite hill to be blasted, a work which it had taken a whole year to complete. The mine was charged with 20 metrical quintals (4,430lb.) of gunpowder, and fired from three different points at a time. The quantity of granite thus detached was estimated at 30,000 cubic metres, much less than was calculated upon; but the rest is much shattered. The firm was obliged to deposit 1,000,000fr. as a security for damages to neighbouring landholders in case of disaster; but the shock was hardly felt at a distance of 2 kilometres.

A SUBSTITUTE FOR COAL.—There is in Trinidad, only a mile from the coast, a basin of ninety-nine acres, filled with asphalt, yielding seventy gallons of crude oil per ton. There are also springs of asphaltic oil in the neighbourhood, and large pitch-banks off the shore. It is estimated that the lake is capable of producing 300,000,000 gallons of oil, and forty or fifty gallons are considered equal to a ton of coal. The *Trinidad Colonist* publishes a *mémoire* by Mr. Stolmeyer, of Port of Spain, proposing the use of this liquid fuel for oceanic steam navigation, and he states that he has been, at various times for the last three years, suggesting this employment of a distillate from the pitch-lake of Trinidad. To oil a ship would not take above a tenth of the time it takes to coal her, if pipes were employed; and the oil would not take above a fourth of the space occupied by coals. He recommends that it be applied at once as auxiliary to coal by throwing jets over the burning mass, but contemplates eventually upright tubular boilers, the liquid fuel to be supplied as fast as it can be converted into flame. Of course the North American oil-springs are another source of supply.

## LABOUR OF ORIGINAL THINKING.

SIR Benjamin Brodie, in his work on "Mind and Matter," states that a man may be engaged in professional matters for twelve or fourteen hours daily, and suffer no very great inconvenience beyond that which may be traced to bodily fatigue. The greater part of what he has to do (at least it is so after a certain amount of experience), is nearly the same as that which he has done many times before, and becomes almost matter of course. He uses not only his previous knowledge of facts, or his simple experience, but his previous thoughts, and the conclusions at which he had arrived formerly: and it is only at intervals that he is called upon to make any considerable mental exertion. But at every step in the composition of his philosophical works, Lord Bacon had to think; and no one can be engaged in that which requires a sustained

effort of thought, for more than a very limited portion of the twenty-four hours. Such an amount of that kind of occupation must have been quite sufficient even for so powerful a mind as that of Lord Bacon. Mental relaxation after severe mental exertion, is not less agreeable than bodily repose after bodily labour. A few hours of *bond fide* mental labour will exhaust the craving for active employment, and leave the mind in a state in which the subsequent leisure (which is not necessarily mere idleness), will be as agreeable as it would have been irksome and painful otherwise. More attention is an act of volition. It is with the mind as it is with the body. When the volition is exercised, there is fatigue; there is none otherwise; and in proportion as the will is more exercised, so is the fatigue greater. The muscle of the heart acts sixty or seventy times in a minute, for seventy or eighty, or in some rare instances, even for a hundred successive years; but there is no feeling of fatigue. The same amount of muscular exertion under the influence of volition, induces fatigue in a few hours.

THE SUN'S DISTANCE FROM THE EARTH.—Mr. J. R. Hind says:—"There are strong grounds for supposing the generally received value of that great unit of celestial measures—the mean distance of the earth from the sun—to be materially in error, and that, in fact, we are nearer to that central luminary by some 4,000,000 miles than for many years past has been commonly believed." By the adoption of M. Le Verrier's solar parallax (8°.95) for that of Professor Encke, on which reliance has so long been placed, the earth's mean distance from the sun becomes (says Mr. Hind) 91,328,600 miles, being a reduction of 4,036,000. The circumference of her orbit, 599,194,000 miles, being a diminution of 25,360,000. Her mean hourly velocity 65,460 miles. The diameter of the sun 850,100 miles, which is smaller by 88,000. The distances, velocities, and dimensions of all the members of the planetary system of course require similar corrections if we wish to express them in miles; in the case of Neptune, the mean distance is diminished by thirty times the amount of correction to that of the earth, or about 122,000,000 miles. The velocity of light is decreased by nearly 8,000 miles per second, and becomes 183,470 if based upon astronomical data alone. These numbers will illustrate the great importance that attaches to a precise knowledge of the sun's parallax, in our appreciation of the various distances and dimensions in the solar system.

## HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

OATMEAL PORRIDGE.—The superior advantages of oatmeal as food are little known in the southern part of this kingdom. The composition of oatmeal is superior in nutritive value to that of any other corn plant. Thus 100 parts of dry oatmeal contain eighteen parts of nitrogenous or strength-giving substances, six of fattening materials, and sixty-three of starch substances; whereas 100 of wheaten flour contain only six of nitrogenous, two of fatty, and seventy of starch bodies. With this composition, it may be asked why oatmeal has not been more extensively appreciated? The answer is that its gluten is not adhesive, and consequently it cannot be made into a spongy dough, capable of yielding a light vesicular bread; it must, therefore, be used as oat-cake or porridge. The superior nutritive qualities of oatmeal are recognized by all feeders of stock, and it is hardly necessary to say that it forms the most important item in the diet of a man in the hands of a professional trainer, whether he be in training for somefeat requiring a rapid powerful effort, or for one necessitating long-continued exertion and endurance. Perhaps the greatest drawback to the use of oatmeal in the south of England is the difficulty of getting it freshly ground. The substance of the oat grain is exceedingly hygroscopic; it absorbs water freely from the air. Before grinding it is necessary to dry it in a kiln; after grinding it absorbs wet vapour from the atmosphere with so great degree of rapidity that it can be used under the reservoir of an air-pump to cause water to freeze by the cold produced by its own rapid evaporation. When absorbed, this moisture causes the speedy deterioration of the oatmeal, which acquires a pungent unpleasant taste, and loses its valuable qualities; hence it should be bought freshly ground and kept in close vessels. Porridge is made by boiling oatmeal and water in such proportions that a thick mixture is obtained, which, on cooling, becomes nearly solid. The coarse Scotch oatmeal is far superior for these purposes to the fine meal ground in England. The most approved method of making porridge is to strew oatmeal with one hand into a vessel of boiling water (to which salt has been previously added), so gradually that it does not become lumpy, stirring the mixture the whole time with the other. After the requisite quantity has been stirred in—namely, about two large handfuls of coarse oatmeal to a quart of boiling water—the whole should be allowed to stand by the side of the fire, so as to simmer gently for twenty-five or thirty minutes. During this time it

thickens considerably. As thus prepared, it is usually eaten with the addition of milk.

CURE FOR BURNS.—The long sufferings, ending but too often in death, which result from injuries caused by fire, invest every suggestion tending to remove them with peculiar interest. The following is from *Les Ménades*, a scientific review, which advocates the application of electricity by means of a *Volta-Faradic* apparatus. We must here premise that "Faradisation" is an operation first proposed by Professor Faraday, in which electricity is applied to the human body in intermittent currents; for instance, in the painters' cholic, in which case the pain caused by the apparatus overpowers that caused by the disease, and ultimately removes it. The *modus operandi* proposed for burns is as follows: The part of the body which has suffered from the effects of fire is immersed in a basin, or if necessary a bath of water; the negative pole of the apparatus is put into communication with the water by means of the usual conductor, while a wire from the positive pole communicates with some point of the body out of the water, and not far distant from the part affected. The electrical current is thus carried over the latter, its force being regulated according to the patient's strength. To ascertain whether sufficient electricity has been administered, the patient exposes the burn for an instant to the air; and if he does not feel the inflammation any more, the operation may be suspended; in the contrary case, it must be resumed until that effect is produced. So long as the part affected remains immersed in water under the influence of electricity, the patient feels no pain. In mild cases an hour's exposure to electricity is sufficient for a complete cure: in more serious cases it must be continued for three or four hours, but the cure is stated to be both prompt and certain. When the whole person has been injured by the flames, the patient must be put into a bath with the negative pole in the direction of the feet, and the positive one placed in contact with the nape of the neck. Part of the water must be changed every quarter of an hour, to prevent the bath from getting warm. The discoverer of this method is Dr. Rebord.

TOWARDS the latter end of October her Majesty will return from Scotland and remain at Windsor Castle a short time, and then proceed to Osborne. The Queen will return to Windsor Castle previous to the 13th of December, where it is expected her Majesty will remain to spend the Christmas, at which time the festivities of the season will be resumed.

CHINA INDEMNITY.—A return just issued from the Treasury shows that the indemnity agreed to be paid under the treaty of Pekin, made in October, 1860, for Canton losses and war expenses, is in gradual course of payment out of the Customs revenue taken at the ports opened to foreign trade. At the end of 1862, 3,450,457 taels had been received by Great Britain, leaving 4,549,543 taels yet unpaid; 717 taels are taken as equal to 1,000 dollars. The indemnity of 300,000 taels for the prisoners who were unfairly captured by the Chinese in September, 1860, was paid down; and after erecting a monument at Pekin over the remains of the prisoners there was left £91,440 to meet payments to prisoners or relatives of prisoners.

LIFE IN ABYSSINIA.—Vice-Consul Walker, who has lately been residing for many months on the coast of Abyssinia, states that the slave-trade is still carried on there, though the King does not sanction it himself. Drovers of from thirty to forty men, women and children are brought down to the coast, secreted in the Arab villages, and, under cover of night, put in small boats and dropped down with the tide to the larger craft that are in waiting to take them across to Jeddah, Mocha, or Addeio. In Jeddah they are sold in public market. The vice-consul found the climate of the Abyssinian coast in the summer, as he mildly says, "not adapted for a European constitution." He can compare it to nothing but a vast furnace, with not a leaf or a blade of grass surviving, and where it is impossible to find rest day or night. The temperature ranges there from 115 deg. to 120 deg. in the shade. Even the Abyssinians from the interior cannot live in this climate for any length of time during the heat. The vice-consul bought a horse just brought from inland, but in two months it had gradually sunk under the change. When the rains set in, and the moisture of the earth, long suppressed, is suddenly restored, the herbage which springs up is at first poisonous, and mules often die from eating it. The vice-consul seems to have resided at Masowah, a coral island about 200 yards from the main land. While he was there the French purchased a place called Obok, situated between Leila and the Babelmanel coast, from the Dunkalie shiek, and gave him 10,000 dollars for it. The shiek of the village, after receiving the money disappeared, and his successors did not countenance the claim or right of the French to purchase the site, nor of the shiek to dispose of it, and the few huts that were erected by the French on that coast while occupied in surveying, were, after their departure, thrown into the sea by the natives.



## THE THREE ROSES.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

MARGARET UPHAM.

Thou medley of contraries!  
We trust thee, yet we doubt thee,  
Our darkness and our light;  
Night would be day without thee,  
And day, without thee, night.

Judge Carlton.

MAGGY UPHAM kept her promise. As soon as Janet and Staunton had departed the next day, she jumped on her horse and rode over to Oak Lodge. She found the ladies in the oak-panelled parlour, seated near a cheerful fire. Mrs. Redclyffe engaged in tambour-work, and Alice reading aloud to her in French. Alice closed her book, and, without rising, bowed gravely to their visitor; while Mrs. Redclyffe left her seat, and advanced to welcome her.

Maggy took off her hat, and gaily sat down between them; and, while drawing off her gloves, and replying to Mrs. Redclyffe's polite inquiries respecting her own and her uncle's health, the merry maiden was, more than ever, struck by the deep melancholy, hardening at times into a severe gravity, that marked Alice's countenance and demeanour. Her very dress seemed only the expression of her nature; it was so grave and sad—a close-fitting black silk, with a slight edge of fine thread lace at the neck and wrists, its severe simplicity only relieved by the large glossy ringlets that swept in three heavy divisions down her shoulders and each side of her bosom, to her waist. Alice had closed her book, and, still holding her fingers between its leaves, she fixed her large eyes earnestly on those of Maggy, and inquired slowly:

"Have you seen Janet since you were here, Maggy?"

"Yes; I went and brought her home with me, and she remained at All Saints two weeks. She left us this morning."

"She is well?"

"No; very far from it; she is in a decline, if I am any judge of the matter," said Maggy; and then she recounted all she knew of Janet's illness, ending by saying that she believed she must die, if her heart was not relieved by a reconciliation with her family, her mind from the incessant pressure of anxiety, and her delicate frame from the labour and privations of her present lot. Alice listened with a grave, countenance, but made no comment.

"Have you no influence with her father, Mrs. Redclyffe? Can you not persuade him to forgive and receive his daughter and son-in-law?"

"Impossible, Maggy. I should expose myself to in-

## [MARGARET UPHAM CONSULTS BETTY.]

sult in making the attempt. If Janet will leave her husband, and promise never to see him again, she may be received into her father's house, where she must necessarily lead a life of strict seclusion; those are the only terms of reconciliation."

Maggy's face flushed with indignation, and she remained silent for a while; then—

"Have you, Alice, no power with her father?"

Alice lifted her heavy lashes, but before her slow reply was formed, her mother answered:

"Alice must not expose herself to her uncle's violence of temper."

"Very well, then," thought Maggy. "Thank God, I have no false refinement to be shocked, and no false pride to be humbled, though it may be false courage that prompts me now to—

"Beard the lion in his den,

The Douglas in his hall;

and I will wait on Roland Mildred myself."

This was Maggy's secret resolution; but she did not express it. Something of a natural, though quiet hauteur in the manners both of the elder and the younger lady, chilled her into reserve. Soon she took her departure, declining Mrs. Redclyffe's invitation to stay to dinner, and turned her horse's head towards the Limes.

Is this the hall? The nettle bulldeth bowers

Where loathsome toad and beetle black are seen!

Are these the chambers? Fed by darkest showers,

The slimy worm hath o'er them crawling been!

Is this the house? The wretches dreary cry

Unto that asking makes a sad reply.

Nothing could be more dreary than the aspect of the Limes as she approached it. Everything about the plantation bore testimony to the despairing neglect of its master. It was very evident that Roland Mildred no longer rode at morn and eve all over his estate to see with his own eyes that everything was done properly. It was proved that he no longer heeded his favourite proverb that "The master's eye doth more work than the servant's hands." Fences were broken; gates down; fields littered; cattle straying: everything bore marks of indifference and neglect. Maggy's spirits fell, oppressed by the scene.

"At least, though, this shows that he loves her still; mourns her absence; has no spirit of enterprise without her. Come, courage, I can do something here!"

And Maggy opened the gate that admitted her into the garden. But what a dreary change was here! As yet, she had seen not a single soul beyond the group of labourers she had left in the field, dozing in the hot sun. As she wended her way up the grassy walk, a large snake started up before her horse's hoofs, and glided swiftly away. A superstitious awe

had been slowly gathering over Maggy's spirit, and now a shock of fear thrilled through her nerves. She looked up at the house. The front doors and windows were all closed. Cobwebs were stretched across those of Janet's deserted rooms; dried leaves had fallen and lodged in them. Deserted, desolate, and forlorn, Maggy had not spirits to go up the mildewed stone steps and ring the rusty bell. She turned her horse's head, and trotted round to find Betty, giving a fearful glance behind her, as though she dreaded having been seen from the house. The dreary and forsaken aspect of the place made Maggy's nerves tremble as though she were doing some wrong, fearing some discovery, and incurring some punishment. She trotted down the hill to the hollow where were situated ten little white cottages on each side of the street, with a larger one facing the line at the upper end. This place looked scarcely less lonely than the house. Here in the doorways sat old women, dawdling over their patching, or old men smoking. Each nodded, or spoke respectfully to Maggy as she passed on, and rode up to Sam's house. Here she jumped off her horse, and, passing the little gate, went in. The front door was open, and gave a view of Betty within, seated among baskets of apples, pans, and dishes, engaged in cutting up fruit for preserving.

"Come in, Maggy, come in. Excuse me for not getting up, 'cause my lap's full o' parins. Sit down—sit down. How's the old gentleman, Mr. Burleigh, God bless him! Take off your hat, and lay it down on the table. Have you seen anything of my poor baby? We heerd how she was staying along with you. Is she there yet?"

"She has been staying with us a fortnight but has now returned home. She is in very bad health, Betty."

"Poor dear child! I knowed it. An' I ain't been to see her since that first time, 'cause you see, when the master found out how I had been there, he was like to kill me outright!"

"I am going to speak to him about Janet, Betty."

"I advise you not to. You run your head right into a hornet's nest, if you so much as mention her name, let alone plead for her. You'd better let him alone—he tak leave of all sense and decency. He'll insult you as quick as wink! You can't do nothin' at all with him. He don't do nothing but sit in that house from morning till night and drink; and every single thing about the place is going to rack and ruin! My poor old man, Sam, does the best he can—he's foreman, you know—but he can't do nothing at all with the men, 'cause you see, when they neglects their duty, he threatens how he'll report them to the master; but you know if the master don't pay

no attention to his report, how are they going to mind his threats?"

"I am sorry to hear that he drinks so."

"He don't do nothing at all else from morning till night."

"Well, anyhow, Betty, I came here for the purpose of seeing him; and I intend to see and to speak to him in Janet's behalf, too!"

"Indeed, hell insult you; he will indeed!"

"Which way shall I get in, Betty?—the front part of the house is all shut up."

"Stop, I'll go with you," said the old woman, pushing the apple parings out of her lap into an old basket, and preparing to accompany her.

They left the cottage, she leaving her horse there, and walked towards the house. Betty conducted her in through the back, and stopped to ask her whether she would visit the "old lady" first, or go into the parlour. Maggie decided to see the invalid, and the old woman led the way up-stairs, and to the door of Mrs. Mildred's room. Then the sound of voices made Betty pause, and hold up her finger to Maggie. It was Jessie's voice, in a high key and insolent tone, apparently speaking to the old lady.

"And Betty shall not come up these stairs with her impudent interferences, and her awkward blunders, and her mischief-making. If you want anything done for you, I'll do it!"

A low and plaintive reply was made to this rude speech, the only word distinguishable being "Janet."

"You know it is against the orders of her father to send any message or hold any communication with that young woman, and I am here to see his orders enforced."

"Come, Betty—come, my blood is boiling! My heart will burst! Let me in! It is improper, anyhow, to listen—and to such insolence as that. Let me in, Betty, and stop that indignity, or I shall lose my reason. Burst the door open; seize that impudent girl, and shake the breath out of her body! Let me in, Betty; for I do not want to forget myself."

Betty, with an "I-told-you-so" look, opened the door, and followed her into the room. The old lady was sitting in her arm-chair, the very picture of imbecile suffering. Maggie went to her and spoke very respectfully, purposefully omitting to see Jessie.

"Oh, how do you do, my dear? Did you know that Janet was gone?" she inquired, with an appealing look of grief.

"Yes, I know it—I saw her this morning!"

"Did you—did you? Oh, how is she?"

"She was over at our house—she sent her love to you," replied Maggie, evading the question of her health.

"Over to your house! and did not come to see me? Does she know that I am helpless—that I have lost the use of my limbs?"

"Yes, she knows it, and grieves about it."

"Tell her not to grieve; tell her I am doing very well! She mustn't grieve! You mustn't tell her anything to make her grieve. I'm sorry now she knows I am helpless; but why don't she come to see me, then?"

"She wants to come but they won't let her."

"Who won't? It's my house, and no one has a right to prevent her! She shall come! tell her so—tell her to come! I'll see!" said the old lady, the spirit of her youth flashing fitfully up.

"Really, Margaret! I shall be forced to request you to leave the room, if you excite Mrs. Mildred in this manner!" said Jessie, coming forward.

Maggie sprang sharply around, confronting the girl, and flashed upon her a look of such blighting scorn and indignation, that the audacity of the wily girl nearly quailed under it, and she continued, more quietly:

Mrs. Mildred cannot bear the least excitement, and the name of Janet—"

"Mrs. Staunton, I presume you mean," said Maggie, haughtily.

"Mrs. Staunton, then," continued Jessie, with an imperceptible smile, "is a *forbidden* name in this house!"

Maggie fixed her dark eyes, blazing with an effulgence of light, upon those of Jessie, and extending her arm, pointed to the door, saying:

"Jessie, leave the room—I overheard your conversation before I entered! Leave the room, lest I expose your insolence to Mrs. Redclyffe, who will compel you to leave the house!"

Jessie recovered her momentary fear, and smiling, touched the bell.

Maggie regarded her with as much surprise as indignation, and something even of admiration. She had changed very much within the last few moments. There was a sort of attraction, glamour, witchcraft, or what not, about that thin, fierce face, that being neither beauty nor goodness, was more fascinating than either—it was unity, power, strength, individuality. The bell was answered by a servant, to whom she said:

"Tell your master that I crave his presence for a few moments in this room."

She spoke with an air of authority; and the man, bowing with great respect, withdrew to obey her.

"Leave the room, Betty," was her next order. And old Betty, saying to Maggie as she passed—"Let us go," went out.

The step of Roland was heard upon the stairs, and Jessie turned her dark, bright face, with its light gleaming out between the wilderness of black, shining ringlets, with a fierce smile upon Maggie.

He entered the room, saying, with a maudlin fondness:

"What does my little fire-fly—what does my sprite with me, now?"

His face was flushed, his eyes blood-shot, his step unsteady, and he sank heavily into a chair.

Maggie saw, and groaned in the spirit.

"Well, what does my little mustard-seed want with me, now?"

"Send that girl from the house!"

"That girl!—which girl?" asked the poor man, his inflamed eyes flashing round the room, and settling on Maggie. "Oh! that's little Nimrod!—mustn't send her away!"

"Then, Roland Mildred, I must go," said Jessie, a flush rising to her brow.

"You! you go! oh, never—stop! I'll send her off; I'll do anything you tell me to do, Jessie, my queen of love and beauty. What am I to do, now? Put Maggie out? Oh, yes! Come, you must march—what is an ungentlemanly thing to turn you out, I know; but Jessie commands, and she must be obeyed. Come, right face forward, march!" exclaimed the monomaniac, coming towards Margaret.

Blushing deeply with shame and indignation—yet too proud to resist, she suffered him to take her arm and lead her to the door, which he closed behind her.

Poor girl! Never was a *Donna Quixote* more completely unshored and discomfited. She had fallen, nearly buried under the ruins of her castle, and such a castle as it had been! All the way, as Maggie had ridden to the house, she was recollecting Roland Mildred as he had been before his daughter's elopement—brave, frank, generous, merry, pure, exceedingly fond of young girls, who could wheedle him out of anything with a few soft words and smiles; and Maggie had pictured herself—coaxing, wheedling, and caressing him into urbanity and forgiveness, and purchasing Janet's pardon with an infinite number of kisses and caresses. Poor girl! and now, instead of her safe, affectionate, fatherly old gentleman, whom it would be a very merit to be fond of, she finds him totally changed. She could have wept with shame and indignation; but then she thought of her Quixotism, and as the comb largely preponderated over the tragic in her happy composition, she laughed outright as she exclaimed: "Never was *Donna Quixote* so completely discomfited!" Then she sought out her horse, which, you remember, she had left tied at Betty's gate.

The old woman was sitting at her apple-paring again when Maggie came up.

"Well! Miss Margaret, didn't I advise you not to go? Didn't I tell you, you'd get insulted—now what are you going to do?"

"What am I going to do? I am going straight back to Oak Lodge to inform Mrs. Redclyffe of all I have seen and heard—that's what I am going to do!" "I tell you she can't do nothing at all with the master. For master's his own master, and Miss Jessie's his mistress; and Mrs. Redclyffe won't thank you for your news."

"I don't care if she don't! I'll do my duty, and bear my testimony, come what will. I declare, if I were Charles Staunton, I should get out a writ of lunacy against this old gentleman, and have him confined. I could swear to his madness with a safe conscience?"

"Miss Maggie! I advised you for your good this morning, and you wouldn't hear it! You went and ran your head right into the fire. Now I advise you again, not to say anything to Mrs. Redclyffe. She can't do nothing at all; and she won't thank you for your news, 'cause you see, nobody likes to hear of the misbehaviour of their own relations!"

"But I shall tell Mrs. Redclyffe that she ought to take her mother home with her, where she could be pointed with respect and attention."

"'Tis no use. The master ain't going to do that. He keeps old missis here for a cloak for Miss Jessie. Because, you see, if old missis warn't here, Miss Jessie couldn't stay. For, you see, people would talk, and Miss Jessie's too deep to let people talk about her. So, you know, Miss Jessie ain't a goin' to let her go—and whatever she says is law and gospel here, as you see yourself."

"I must try though! I must try. It were shameful to be silent, and let that angelic old lady be tormented by a fiend like Jessie."

Now, unfortunately for all concerned, Maggie, instead of going immediately to Oak Lodge, and revealing to Mrs. Redclyffe what she had witnessed, determined first to inform her uncle, and act upon his advice. It was very late in the afternoon when she reached All Saints. The old man was in his study; and Maggie, after laying off her riding-skirt, went in to him there,

and recounted all that she had seen and heard at the Limes. The clergyman listened with deep gravity, and groan after groan struggled up from his chest, and sigh after sigh broke from his lips, as the story progressed—and:

"Where is the end of one sin?" he said, "Where is the end of one sin?"

"The end of it would be here and now, dear uncle, if you would only go and expose this sinful girl, and use your influence with Mrs. Redclyffe in behalf of the suffering old lady; and with Roland Mildred (for I know if he won't listen to anybody else on earth, he will listen to you) in behalf of his distressed daughter."

"I may not, must not interfere, my dear child!" said Mr. Burleigh, with a deep sigh, "As for Mrs. Mildred, she is a saint prepared for heaven. May her sorrows be sanctified to her less holy relatives. May she herself have a speedy release. I cannot interfere."

"Well uncle," said Maggie, with a look of deep disappointment, "I counted certainly upon your assistance in exposing villainy and relieving oppression—but as I have it not, I must try what I can do alone. I shall go to-morrow to Oak Lodge, and reveal to Mrs. Redclyffe the situation of her mother at the Limes."

Mr. Burleigh arose suddenly, walked up to her, dropped his hand upon her shoulder, and said, sternly:

"You shall do no such thing, Margaret. You shall not interfere by one word."

"I am sorry, uncle, but in this matter, for the first time in my life, I must disobey you."

The countenance of Mr. Burleigh changed frightfully before her—his face grew thin and fierce in its agony, and his eyes stared with a piercing anguish, intolerable to witness—her eyes dropped, and she paled with terror, as he said, slowly:

"Girl! you know not what you do. Would you tell the old lady by one blow to the grave? Would you cover Mrs. Redclyffe with dishonour? Would you break the proud heart of Alice? Would you bring me to a shameful death? Yes! you have heard aright, Maggie! You may well gaze with those startled eyes! If you would flood a whole family with infamy and horror, offend that fall girl! She is a demon, Maggie; but a demon of transcendent power and malice, nevertheless!"

## CHAPTER XIX.

ALICE.

Thou dwell'st on sorrow's high and barren place,  
But round about the mount an angel guard—  
Chariots of fire—horses of fire encamp,  
To keep thee safe for heaven!

Mrs. Eliza.

WHEN Maggie had taken leave of Oak Lodge for her visit to the Limes, she left Mrs. and Miss Redclyffe still sitting in the parlour. Alice did not resume her reading, but after looking steadily at her mother for awhile, she said, in low, slow tones:

"Mother, what is your purpose in this affair?"

"To remain inactive, Alice; I cannot, with any sort of self-respect, again interfere with Roland's method of governing his household. Indeed, the Limes is no longer a fit or pleasant place of visiting; and were it not for the duty I owe my mother, and the wish to make Jessie's stay there a little less unpleasant, I should never enter its doors."

"My mother, do you not see that my uncle—"

"Roland Mildred, if you please, my dear."

"Mother, why?"

"You can scarcely be proud to claim the relationship of that gentleman, Alice. You were about to say something, my dear?"

"Mother, do you not perceive that Roland Mildred's own evil passions cause all this misery, both at the Limes and at Eagle Cliff?"

"I see, my dear, that Janet's disobedience has caused it all."

"My mother, Janet's disobedience is irretrievable—it belongs to the past—the squire's resentment is the present evil to be overcome. It is leading to general ruin. Mother, his resentment is not without a purpose; he hates Staunton, and hopes to compel Janet to leave him; his own heart is not pure enough to teach him that she can never do that. Janet may perish with want, but she will never leave her husband."

"And to what does all this talk tend, my daughter?"

"To this, my mother: that we must succour and save Janet and Charles. They are both too young to struggle successfully with such difficulties as now surround them. We must assist them, mother; we must frustrate my uncle's plan of freezing and starving Janet to death—for that will be the alternative."

"Well, I listen to you, my child."

"Let us invite Staunton and Janet here to spend the winter; and before spring, Roland Mildred may be reconciled; or, if not, we may hear of some business for Charles."

"Alice, my dear, I disapprove of this. I do not like to give aid to a disobedient rebellious child. Let Janet suffer the penalty of her sin. Until her father pleases to forgive her, she must endure—"

"Unto death, mother? You heard what Maggy

said. Her report agrees with what I heard before from Martha Downes, who gained her information from her relatives; that was my reason for wishing Maggy to see her. Mother, I have heard you say that threatened consumption is not to be trifled with—that a single week of delay may decide the destiny of the victim, and place a cure beyond the power of medicine! Mother, I cannot so give up my cousin!

"Alice, I never thought you loved any one much since your return from school; you have been so cold. Least of all did I know of your affection for your cousin."

"Nor did I, mother, until she fell into misfortune!"

"Alice, my child, have you set your heart upon this mother?"

"Indeed I have, my mother. I desire to have Janet and her husband here."

"Alice, this is the first boon you ever asked of me, my child; did you know it?"

"No, mother."

"It is—and, darling, it gives me an opportunity of fixing a condition—"

Alice suddenly raised her large eyes, shot a piercing glance into her mother's, and then dropped the lids.

"I will invite Janet here, if you confide to me—"

"Mother, mother!" exclaimed Alice, in a tone of sudden, acute pain, her face becoming pale in its anguish.

Mrs. Redclyffe also grew pale, but maintained her composure,

"But you must—must confide to me that which rests upon your mind, blighting your health, blighting your beauty, darkening your youth, overshadowing my age!"

Alice, deadly pale, and shuddering in every nerve, arose, reeled, clung to her chair for support, recovered partially, and tottered from the room. Mrs. Redclyffe left her seat to accompany her daughter, but with a deathlike brow, and frantic, imploring gesture, Alice repulsed her.

"Merciful Heaven, what is this? What but *guilt* would seek to hide itself from a mother's eyes? What sorrow but *remorse* should shrink even from a mother's sympathy? But guilt, remorse, for Alice? Impossible! Oh, would I had never trusted her from home! She was so happy, so full of life and light before she left home: none so gay as she. Now what a change! Merciful Heaven, what does it mean? Shall I ever know? The slightest notice of her melancholy disturbs her. Any question as to its cause agitates her nearly to death; I must not allude to it again."

Such was the mental soliloquy of Mrs. Redclyffe, as she resumed her seat and mechanically went on with her tambour-work.

When the dinner-hour drew on, Alice reappeared, but with a majestic gravity settled upon her brow that repelled every, even her mother's inquiries and comments. When they had left the table, and were seated again by the fire, Alice inquired:

"Will you, my dear mother, send for Staunton and Janet?"

"Will it make you happy if I do, my darling child?"

"Mother, I desire it above all things."

"I will send for them, then, to-morrow!"

Alice took her mother's hand and pressed it closely, saying:

"My dearest mother, dismiss anxiety on my account. Believe that there is nothing worse than heart-sickness, as unreasonable as it is unfounded. It must be disease—for life seems to me to be utterly valueless. At times I lose all faith in Heaven, all love for earth, and only pray for unconsciousness—not death—for I do not live now!"

"Alice! you are the envy of the whole valley; young, beautiful, accomplished; an heiress, and betrothed to a most distinguished young man."

"I am heart-sick and brain-sick, mother!" Then with a sudden relapse into her old reserve, she said—"I did not mean to trouble you, mother, with my nervousness. I only meant to relieve your anxiety!"

"And you have not done so, Alice. You are not nervous. Some dark secret shadows your mind—some heavy grief weighs you down. Alice—"

The lady had quickly forgotten her resolution of silence upon the subject of her daughter's melancholy, but was recalled to it by her increasing agitation. She suddenly dropped the subject, and recurring to another, said:

"I have given orders for the chamber, with the adjoining dressing-room, to be prepared for Janet."

"Thank you, dearest mother! You confer a benefit on me, also, in giving me some one to care for and be kind to—I mean some one who, like the poor invalid, my cousin, really needs, really suffers for want of attention."

The conversation dropped.

Mrs. Redclyffe took up her knitting, and Alice fell into her usual state of cold and dark abstraction. From this she was aroused by the opening of the door, and the announcement of Captain Houghton, who immediately after entered the room.

## CHAPTER XX.

### CAPTAIN HOUGHTON.

He takes the hand I give not—nor withhold—  
Its pulse nor check'd—nor quickened—calmly cold;  
And still he goes unmourned—returns unsought—  
And when present, absent from my thought;  
Oh! hard it is the heart's recoil to bear,  
And hide from one—perhaps another there. *Byron.*

CAPTAIN HOUGHTON entered the parlour, bowing with his usual grace and stately courtesy. Mrs. Redclyffe arose, curtseyed, and pointed to a seat. Alice bowed gravely without rising. Captain Houghton took the chair on the other side of the fireplace to that where Alice was seated, and immediately entered into conversation with Mrs. Redclyffe, who was seated between them. Captain Houghton was not a gentleman who considered his duty violated if he failed, on coming in, to take a seat by his lady-love; nor was Mrs. Redclyffe a lady who thought politeness infringed by remaining in the room during the visit of her daughter's accepted lover. Indeed, all this party seemed to shrink from any thing very *prononcé*. Nor was it until Mrs. Redclyffe was summoned from the room by her housekeeper that Captain Houghton, taking Alice's hand, led her to a distant sofa, seated her, and stood before her with folded arms and severe brow. There was nothing lover-like in his aspect. Alice's hands lay folded one over the other upon her lap, and her eyes cast down, seemed fixed upon them. He stood there contemplating her fully a minute, and then said:

"Alice, what is the relation supposed to be subsisting between us at this moment?"

She was silent; a sigh or sob seemed to struggle in her bosom, but did not escape.

"Did you hear my question, Alice?"

"I heard it."

"Will it please you to reply?"

"I am your betrothed wife. You do not permit me to forget it," replied she, without raising her eyes.

"In what light do you consider this engagement? Will you be so good as to look at me, Alice, when replying to my question?"

Her brow flushed as she raised her eyes, with their calm, returning light, to his face, and fixed them there so steadily, that his falcon glance fell before their gaze.

"I inquired, Alice, in what light you were pleased to look on our betrothal?"

"I hold it to be sacred, inviolable; at least it shall be so on my side," she answered, in a tone so grave and firm, with a sigh, involuntary, but so deep, that Captain Houghton, frowning darkly, said:

"You say that with the air of a martyr. I pray you, were your inclinations influenced in the least in this matter, Alice?"

"They were influenced, Captain Houghton. We were betrothed, you know, when I was an infant of five years of age, and you a youth of fifteen. I was early taught love and veneration for you, as one older, wiser, more enlightened, and more accomplished than myself, and above all, as one who was destined to be my husband. I had no brother or sister; and except Janet, who lived at a distance from me, no cousin, and I thought only of you."

"But I was absent at the university."

"But present with my thoughts always."

"Well, and then?"

"And then came war! and I, child as I was, had my soul fired with love of country and—yes! with admiration of the boy hero who, at sixteen years of age, threw down his books and seized his musket, and who, at twenty-four, returned, illustrious with military glory, and with the rank he bears now!" replied Alice, with something of enthusiasm kindling her pale cheek.

"And then," said Captain Houghton, bitterly, "when that boy, who, in his first battle, and every subsequent field; in all the trials, privations, and dangers of his campaigns; in hunger and cold; in vigil and sickness; in battle and tent, thought only of one being—one small girl—a calm, proud, majestic little princess of nature, whose high heart he thought would demand ambitious love—when that boy returned to lay his laurels, few or many, at the feet of the maiden—how did she receive him? You are silent, Alice; shall I answer? She met him with a kindling blush of pride and love on cheek and brow; and when, in his own proper name and person, he offered to renew his betrothal, how did she receive his vows?"

"With pride and joy! With pride and joy, George, to be a hero's chosen wife; but with the love of a sister. Alas! alas! I knew no difference!"

"What wild words are these, Alice—you knew no difference? Do you now know a difference?" inquired he, in a severe tone.

Alice dropped her face within her open palms, and remained silent.

"Those few bright, glorious days—too bright, too glorious to last. Oh! we might have known them for a bright vision soon to vanish! We parted, Alice—you to pass three years at school, for you were but fifteen; I to my estate, to occupy the time of your absence in

converting that estate into a paradise for your reception. The three years have passed. The full time for the consummation of our marriage is at hand. You return from school—I claim your promise; and now you entreat a delay. I accede. But if I touch your hand it turns cold in mine! Once I pressed a kiss upon your brow, and it struck a sudden paleness in your cheeks! You reeled—I thought you would have fallen! How is this, Alice?"

She arose, trembling, and would have left her seat, but he intercepted her.

"Alas! George, my hand is yours whenever you claim it. But, oh! listen. Before you take it you must hear a dark secret. A sin that I have not dared to confide to my mother, and when you have heard this secret, you will cast away this hand with scorn! But not yet. I cannot enter upon it yet. Let me pass. I am ill—fainting—let me pass to my room, I will leave our destiny in your hands; you shall be the arbiter of mine. I can do no less, no more. Good-bye!" and gliding past him, she quitted the room, leaving him stupefied with astonishment and horror. Recovering himself at last, he took his hat, and, leaving an apology with a servant for the lady of the house, departed.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE GREY EAGLE AND THE SIOUX.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE RESCUE.—THE RENCONTRE WITH THE SIOUX.

"HELP! help! they are on my track. I hear the dip of their oars on the stream, the tramp of their horses' feet among the thick rushes and wild rice on the opposite bank. Save me—save me from pursuers, that have no more mercy than the grey wolf!"

"Ah! what is this?" exclaimed Maurice Rutherford, as that half-fraught appeal came ringing across the prairie, where he and his party had encamped. "It sounds like a woman's voice, and I doubt not some of those vengeful Sioux are in mad pursuit. She shall have such aid as a strong arm and a stout heart can lend. Thanks to my good revolutionary ancestors, I know not what fear is, and am glad I chance to be on the last watch."

With these words, he sprang to his feet, and cast a quick, eager glance around him. On one hand, as far as his eagle gaze could sweep, might be seen the vast reaches of the prairie, with its tall, rank grass, and its wealth of gorgeous bloom; while the setting moon flung a broad track of silvery splendour over the verdure, that tossed like the waves of some fairy sea. All was solemn and quiet there; no emigrant-wagon rolled along, bearing the pioneer's family to a western home; no caravan of Mexican traders, with their mules and horses, could be seen bivouacking for the night. No brigade of buffalo-hunters, with their fleet steeds, their trained dogs, and their own gay and picturesque costume, were in sight; not even a Sioux watch-fire blazed in the distance, and there was nothing to break the solitude of the vast prairie, save the camp of the party to which Maurice Rutherford had been attached for the last month.

The spot chosen for the camping-ground was, as usual with travellers who bivouac on the prairie, hard by a deep, clear stream; and a bold bluff overhanging the river, like the grand old castellated piles which rise, grim and stately, on the banks of the storied Rhine. The camp-fire burned low, casting a dim, flickering light on the white tents pitched here and there; the tired mules and horses, picketed for the night, and the motley group, who lay slumbering where they had fallen asleep in the midst of their songs and story-telling.

As that sharp cry was repeated with a still wilder pathos in every tone, Maurice Rutherford mechanically grasped his weapons, and darted toward the river. Pausing on the bluff to which we have alluded, he glanced down at the stream. What a scene met his gaze! Drifting along with the rapid current, he perceived a frail raft, which seemed but a toy on the swift waters; a young girl was guiding it to the best of her ability, among the rocks and rapids, that rendered her position most perilous. How beautiful she was! Rutherford thought that never in his whole life had he seen such beauty as he had found now, blossoming out like a prairie-rose in a region so full of adventure and romance.

The stranger was what the old poets have described as a "nut-brown maid," with a brilliant, gipsyish face; a cheek that flushed and paled by turns in the excitement of the hour; red, ripe lips half-parted in her keen anxiety; and a pair of large, brown, lustre eyes that mirrored every passing emotion as a mountain lake reflects the clouds above. Her long, heavy hair fell in tangled curls about her, and nothing could have been more picturesque than her spirited and graceful attitude at the oar she held in her small, dimpled hand, while the shawl she had flung round her figure in careless drapery, harmonized with the bril-



on me rapidly. I shouted for help, and this gentleman, who belonged to a party that had encamped hard by, hastened to my relief. The Indians, maddened at the thought of losing their captive, gave the war-whoop, and attacked him and his travelling companions, but they were all well-armed, and they fought bravely. Grey Eagle fell, and at sight of his fatal wounds, his companions seized him and fled. Mr. Rutherford, who acted as sentinel at the encampment, and was the first to rush to my rescue, has, as you see, brought me safely home."

During Jessie's recital, her father had listened with breathless interest, and when she concluded her story, he beat over her, and kissed her, murmuring :

"Horace Reed would be worse than a boor, should he refuse a welcome to your friend and companion, Mr. Rutherford, and I hope if I can be of any service to him, he will let me know how and when. I owe your Indian lover a spite, not only for wishing to deprive me of my housekeeper, but other incivilities since I came to the West. If he is dead, both you and I shall breathe more freely, Jessie!"

With these words, he moved to Rutherford, and extending his hand, thanked him for his kindness, with the graceful ease which marks a man of the world.

Rutherford took the seat which he proffered, and sat wondering at the strange adventure of the last few hours, while Jessie laid the cloth, and prepared breakfast, and Mr. Reed carried on a desultory conversation.

If Rutherford had thought the pioneer's daughter beautiful, in the stirring and terrible scenes of the previous night, she seemed absolutely bewildering now in the pleasant security of her home. As her busy fingers lifted the lid of the steaming coffee-pot, or shaped the delicious biscuit, or turned the fowls she was broiling, her eyes danced, her cheek burned, her laugh rang cheerfully through the great kitchen. Nothing could have been more arch than her face, nothing more charming than her manner. He could not help congratulating himself on having rescued the beautiful girl from a horrid fate, and as he watched her graceful figure, and listened to the music of her voice and laugh, dreamily wondered who would be so fortunate as to secure such a prize as this bewitching Jessie.

### CHAPTER III

A NEW CHARACTER.—A SCENE ON THE PRAIRIE.

HORACE REED, his daughter, and Maurice Rutherford were seated at a little round table, heaped with fowls, warm bread, the luscious strawberries of the prairie, wild honey, and coffee, when they heard a loud and imperative rap. The host hastened to open the door, and for a moment stood silent before the presence which had risen on his threshold. Then he regained his self-control, in some degree at least, and exclaimed :

"Marston, upon my word!"

"Yes, yes, Waldo Marston, at your service!" was the reply. "But pray don't keep me on the door-step, when I have travelled day and night to visit you and claim my lady-love, and have not met her or my old friend her father for three years!"

"Walk in—walk in, sir," responded the pioneer; and the next instant Horace Reed ushered in the new guest.

There was something singular in Waldo Marston. His form was as tall as Maurice Rutherford's, but far too slender to be symmetrical, and lithe as an Indian hunter's; his face was well-chiselled, and fine enough in its contour to have been an ancient Greek's; the complexion was marble pale; the eyes deep-set, keen, and full of phosphoric light; the lips thin, and with a sinister curl. It would have been difficult to tell his age, if he had not already alluded to it; for time, which had dashed Horace Reed's hair with silver, had left Marston's heavy beard and crisp locks an ebon blackness, and this contrasted strikingly with his extreme pallor.

As Jessie Reed heard her father articulate his name, her coffee-cup dropped from her grasp, her cheek grew pale, the smile died away from her mouth, and she seemed the picture of despair.

"Waldo Marston!" she muttered, gasping the words out as if the utterance cost her heart a wild throb, and then, as if unwilling to betray too much of her emotion to Rutherford, she nervously met the visitant, whom she cordially wished at the antipodes.

"Jessie, dear Jessie," said Marston, advancing to the girl, "you grow more beautiful, more fascinating every year—I am delighted to meet you again!"

He clasped her slight fingers, and bent low over them; but when he would have kissed the ripe lips, Jessie drew back in positive disgust.

"Ah! you are shy," exclaimed Marston, "and that is not remarkable, as you were only fifteen when we parted. Besides, my visit was surprise."

"Yes—I was not prepared for it."

"Then you had not told her?" said Marston, turning towards the pioneer.

"There was not time," replied Reed, confusedly; "I have not seen her alone since my return."

"Very well, let the matter drop for the present. Jessie shall make room for me at her side, and over a cup of coffee we will renew our acquaintance."

With an assurance that vexed Rutherford beyond measure, he took the coveted seat, and, pale and tremulous, Jessie resumed her duties as hostess.

A shadow had settled on the backwoodsman's home, and Rutherford soon excused himself, and rose to go, with an air of painful constraint. Jessie followed him to the door, and glancing at the pictures on the walls, as he crossed the room, the young man observed :

"Those are fine engravings, Jessie."

"Yes," she replied, "they are relics of a pleasanter home, and better days; you see I could not give up all, when I became mistress of a log cabin."

"There are people," said Rutherford, "who shed sunshine around them, whether their lot is cast in a palace or a hovel, and you are one, I am certain."

"Do not speak so," said the girl, "there is but little sunshine in my heart this morning!" And, with a sudden energy, she dashed away a tear.

"I wish I had but the right and the opportunity to inquire what troubles you," murmured the young man, in a tone audible only to her; "but as it is, I must leave you with a cloud on your brow, and tears in your eyes. Last night you and I were utter strangers, and yet it seems as if I had known you for years. I came to the West to see about the title of a large tract of land, purchased by my father, and at St. Paul's joined a party who are travelling, some for business and some for pleasure to various points of interest. We pitch our tents wherever we can find wood and water, and on the morrow we shall resume our journey; amid the perils of the prairies it is hardly probable that we shall meet again. Good-bye, Jessie!"

"Good-bye, and God speed you, Mr. Rutherford!"

Thus they parted, and while Jessie Reed returned to the kitchen, Maurice Rutherford took his way back to the camp.

It was mid-day when he reached the camping-ground of his party. The mules and horses were grazing amid the prairie grass; the Cree servant was gathering wild plums for a dessert, and the comrades who had been wounded the previous night, lay in the tents, flushed and feverish. The rest of the company declared that it would be madness to move on till the fever had abated; and it must be confessed that Rutherford felt a sense of relief at the thought that they were not to leave the neighbourhood at once.

It was moonrise on the prairie when he left the encampment, and restlessly strode through the billows of verdure tossing in the cool breeze which swept up from the river. At length he perceived a cumbrous emigrant waggon, a pair of jaded horses, and an *outre* figure bending over a heap of fagots, which he was endeavouring to kindle into a blaze. Thinking that it might be pleasant to exchange a few words with the strangers, he hurried to the new encampment, and paused in the dim firelight.

"Good evening," he began; "I saw your waggon and camp-fire, and thought I would stop and speak with you. I hope I don't intrude?"

A tall, gaunt, ungainly form, the same he had espied when at a considerable distance, rose from the ground and laid a long, thin finger on his lip, as he repeated :

"Speak softly, sir, or you may disturb my poor mistress! There she lies, and—and I fear she will be a dead woman before morning."

"What has happened? Have the Indians struck your trail?"

"No—no;" and a strange light shot into those restless eyes, and his voice grew hoarse with suppressed emotion, as he went on: "there are troubles, young man, that cut deeper than a redskin's tomahawk—wrongs that strike where a Sioux arrow could never reach—right home to the heart's very core!"

"I do not understand you," remarked Rutherford.

"You've heard of broken hearts?" continued the strange man; "I tell you, man, it's no fiction. Come and look at her—her heart's breaking."

In wondering silence Rutherford followed his companion to a secluded spot at a little distance, and stopped in the midst of a group that daguerreotyped itself on the young man's memory. A coarse blanket had been spread on the grass, and upon it lay a woman, who, in her palmy days, must have been peerlessly beautiful. The form was wasted to a mere shadow, and the small, pale hands folded on the breast, were so thin that they seemed almost transparent, while the face, on which the firelight glimmered, looked like a crystal lamp, with a dim flame burning within. The closed eyelids were like the petals of a crushed white flower, threaded with violet veins, and the hair, which fell damp and tangled from the hood of her grey travelling-cloak, though dashed with silver, had once been waves of dusky gold. A child of six or seven summers had pillow'd its weary head on her breast, and sat in silent awe, while a huge Newfoundland dog crouched at her feet, watching her with his almost human eyes.

For a time there was a solemn silence, only broken by the chirp of a night-bird and the crackling of the campfire, but at length the woman's eyes unclosed, and

turned to the uncouth man; they were large, clear, steadfast as the stars glowing above, and the wistful yearning in their blue depths thrilled Rutherford with pity, and sent a tear over her servant's rugged cheek.

"John," she murmured, "I shall not live to reach him—I am dying—my life's story is told!"

She paused, panting for breath, her brow damp with the dew of anguish, her lips parted, her features working convulsively.

"Oh, mother!" cried the child; "do not talk in that way—you are tired after our long day's journey; you will be better by-and-by!"

"No, no, I shall never be better, child; you must prepare for the worst. Listen; you know how feeble I was when we started from St. Paul's, and what I have suffered since; my strength is wasted, and when the sun rises to-morrow, it will shine on your mother's dead face, or her grave in the solitude of the prairies!" A convulsive embrace, a half-smothered sob, answered her, and she continued :

"'Tis hard to die far away from home, far away from him, who, though he has beggared my prospects, is still dear; but my trials have not been in vain—shining ones stand by me, and God's peace falls like the twilight dew on my soul!"

Once more she stopped, and then resumed, speaking slowly, and with a faint articulation;

"If I could but see Waldo Marston again—if I could but lay my little Blanche at his feet, and plead his cause with him, I should be willing to go."

"Waldo Marston?" echoed Rutherford. "Ah! that was the name of the man I met at the pioneer's cabin to-day."

The woman did not hear him, but the restless eyes of John Marsh fastened on the young man, and grasping his arm with fingers that seemed like the talons of a bird of prey he muttered :

"Stranger, do you know Waldo Marston?"

"I cannot say that I have the honour of his acquaintance, but I saw him this morning for the first time."

"Marston's acquaintance can be no honour," muttered John Marsh, while his chest heaved, and his brow knit. "His foot-print is like fire, and scorches whatever it touches. But I forget—I can never speak of him calmly. Where—where did you see him? Perhaps you told me before—but I was in such a whirl that I only gleaned the fact that you knew him."

Rutherford drew the man on one side, and briefly related the circumstances of his meeting with Waldo Marston. For a few moments John Marsh remained silent; then, with a quivering lip, he asked :

"How far from here does this Reed live?"

"Five miles, at least."

"One thing more; will you go back to Herace Reed's, and carry a message for me?"

"Yes; I am always ready to lend a helping hand in the hour of need."

"I dare not tell my mistress what I have just heard, till I know whether he is likely to come or not. Her trembles on a thread, and I would give the world, if I possessed it, to have them meet before she dies! I will write a few lines, and take the responsibility on my own shoulders."

As he spoke, he took a small memorandum-book from his pocket, and, with an unsteady hand, wrote a message to Waldo Marston.

"There," he muttered, "if that does not stir his blood, he must be stone! Fly, fly—not a minute should be lost when so much is at stake!"

Rutherford seized the note, and mounting the tired horse which Marsh had brought forward, said :

"I will exchange this at our encampment for my own fleet steed, and I trust that your mistress will live till I return. Even if he does not come, I can bring you information as to how he receives the message."

"Yes, yes; and meanwhile Blanche and I will do all we can for her."

They parted, and when Rutherford had mounted his horse, and spurred off to the cabin, John Marsh flitted to and fro, bathing the white brow, moistening the parched lips with cold water or a sip of wine, and ministering to the wants of the child.

The poor woman had not perceived Rutherford in the encampment, for the shadows hung dark over the spot where he had stood, and she did not dream of the purport of his revelation to John, or the strange errand on which he had gone. She had now fallen into a fitful slumber, and Blanche, who could not be persuaded to leave her for the shelter of the emigrant waggon, had sunk to sleep, and old Bruno yet kept his post.

(To be continued.)

**MANNERS OF THE FINNS.**—The grand dignitaries who accompanied the Emperor of Russia to Finland, and who have recently returned to St. Petersburg with his Majesty, bear witness to the extraordinary simplicity of the mode of life in that country, and which is in such direct opposition to that now prevailing in the Russian capital. The chief of the secret police, Prince Dolgoroukys, paid a visit to the Archbishop of Helsinki.

singers, when, to the surprise of the former, the only servant of the ecclesiastical dignitary took the light from the archbishop's table and opened the door and admitted the prince. On his departure the archbishop accompanied him to the door with the same light in his hand. One must be acquainted with the prevailing luxury at St. Petersburg, and with the fact that an immense number of servants are maintained at the mansions of the nobles, in order to appreciate the hilarity with which the recital of this anecdote is received. A still more comic adventure fell to the lot of Prince Gortschakoff when he visited the civil governor of Helsingfors. As the prince's servant rang, the governor came to the parlour window and lamented that he could not admit his highness, as the cook had gone out and had taken with her the key of the street door. The governor added that he had, himself, just returned, and had been obliged to get in through the parlour window. The prince, so goes the story, did the same.

**HOW TO DISPENSE WITH CORKSCREWS.**—The trouble of drawing corks is well known. In most instances a very strong pull is required, and numerous corkscrews have been invented to overcome the difficulty. A new invention has just been brought out, which is to supersede the use of corks, and thus overcome the difficulty in another way. It is a metallic cap, or capsule, to use the patient term, with an airtight valve at its upper end, which can be opened and closed at pleasure. When fitted on the neck as a bottle, the air is effectually excluded by this cap as by a cork, and with the additional advantage, that a small quantity of the contents may be poured out, and the valve closed down upon the remainder, whereby the trouble of recorking is obviated. The convenience of this arrangement to persons who empty a bottle of wine or ale by instalments, will be great. The valve is intended to be locked by a small key.

## FACETIA.

An old lady, who had a great aversion to rye in any form, says, "that now they have got to making it into whiskey, she can take a little now and then."

**THE LAND OF LIBERTY.**—Instead of *Habeas Corpus* in the United States, which has been suspended, it is now, in the case of the prisoner who has been arbitrarily arrested, Abe who has *corpus*.—*Punch*.

What are the points of difference between the Prince of Wales, an orphan, a bald head, and a gorilla? The Prince of Wales is heir apparent; an orphan has never a parent; a bald head has no hair apparent; and a gorilla has a hairy parent.

An alderman of London once requested an author to write a speech for him to speak at Guildhall. "I must first dine with you," was the reply, "to see how you open your mouth, that I may know what words will fit it."

**THE BEST FRUIT FOR PRESERVING LOVE.**—Kate was talking glowingly about "love-apples." "That's strange!" exclaimed Charlie, her accepted lover. "Why should 'love' be associated with 'apple'?" On the contrary, I thought that love always went in pairs." Kate smiled approvingly.—*Punch*.

An old maid was wont to console herself for her disappointments in the matrimonial line by the following reflection: "If she had been married, and had a baby, and the poor thing had crawled into the oven and burnt itself to death, what a horrible thing it would have been!"

**RETALIATION.**—The Nile has risen this year in an astounding manner, has swept away part of the railway, and menaces Egypt generally. Just what we expected. Old Nilus is revenging himself for the outrage committed on his privacy by Captains Grant and Speke. The Pasha will have a good action against Sir Roderick Vichurison.—*Punch*.

A SCHOOLMASTER who had an intolerable habit of talking to himself while alone, was asked by a neighbour what motive he could have in talking to himself. He replied he had two good and substantial reasons: in the first place, he liked to talk to a sensible man; in the second place, he liked to hear a sensible man talk.

**THE BIG SHIP AND A LITTLE DIFFICULTY.**—It is currently reported that the Great Eastern is to be sold by auction. That's all well enough, but we should like to know where they will find an auctioneer strong enough to knock her down, even with the help of the largest bidder.—*Punch*.

**A LARGE WIFE AND A LITTLE ONE.**—On Thursday last a wedding of rather an unusual character was celebrated at Wingate Church, near Morpeth, between John Chopping, alum shale burner, and Eleanor Harewood, widow. On the parties presenting themselves, a little woman appeared, and declared that she was already Mrs. John Chopping, and objected to the ceremony being performed. She stated she had been married to John Chopping for twenty-two years, and had

had sixteen children. At this the minister felt rather puzzled what to do; but at length told her that as John Chopping and Eleanor Harewood had been duly asked at church for three Sundays, without any one appearing to show cause why they should not be joined together in holy matrimony, he felt bound to proceed. By this time a great number of people had collected about the church gates. On leaving the church, John was accompanied by both wives, one on each arm. In this way they proceeded to the Grange, their intended place of residence, followed by two or three hundred children. On arriving, the old wife was not allowed to enter to partake of the good things provided. The new wife, who is of prodigious size, shoved her out and bolted the door.

**WEATHER-WISE AND WISE WEATHER.**—Admiral Fitzroy has returned to his offices at the Board of Trade. It is confidentially affirmed that the late gales blew up tremendously on hearing he was not there.—*Punch*.

A PROVINCIAL priest in France was preaching about the sun, and laying especial stress upon his feat of making the sun stand still. "Good gracious!" exclaimed a parishioner, "how is that, parson? I have always heard the sun stood still." The priest was embarrassed for a moment, but recovering himself said: "So it does, but it used to move; it has stood still only since the time Joshua commanded it to do so."

**ATTEMPTED MURDER.**—A young man who had been jilted by Miss Susan—met her in the street two days ago, and deliberately cut her in two places, once opposite the post-office, and the second time near the church. The young lady has fortunately recovered the blow. The ruffian boasts of his act, and describes it as one of "justifiable Suey-side."—*Punch*.

## FEMALE FICKLENES.

WILT thou dare to blame the woman for her seeming sudden changes, Swaying east, and swaying westward, as the breezes shake the tree? Fool! thy selfish thought misguides thee—find the man who never ranges; Woman wavers but to seek him—is not then the fault in thee?

**SOMETHING FOR THE ANTIQUARIES.**—Mrs. Fondle-chick was much amused the other day by reading in a paper that a medal had been found at Oswestry, bearing the legend "Augustus Imp." "Bless me," she said, "that's what I say to my troublesome little Gussy twenty times a day. Well, it shows that Greek mothers had their troubles, like us." Her husband, who collects Queen Anne farthings, rushed out of the room.—*Punch*.

**MARVELLOUS PHENOMENON IN HUMBLE LIFE.**—A cook in a family of the greatest respectability, in Bloomsbury, retired to rest on Wednesday last, and did not at the time observe anything at all particular about the bed-chambers. However, to the surprise of her fellow-servants, when she woke up the next morning, she found herself in tea and sugar. Up to the hour of going to press this remarkable circumstance has not been satisfactorily accounted for.—*Comic News*.

## INFERENTIAL REASONING.

A physician took a young student to see a patient who was confined to his bed. "Sir," said the physician to the sick man, "you have been imprudent; you have eaten oysters."

The patient admitted that he had. Returning home, the student asked the doctor how he discovered that the man had eaten oysters.

"Why," replied the doctor, "I saw the shells under the bed."

A few days after, the student was sent to visit the same patient. He soon returned, however, saying that he had been kicked out of the house for telling the patient he had been imprudent; he had eaten horse-flesh.

"Horseflesh, you young fool! what do you mean?" cried the doctor.

"Because, sir, I saw a saddle and a pair of stirrups under the bed."

**OLD ABE'S LAST.**—A few weeks since, a colonel was dismissed from the service by order of the President, upon charges of disloyalty. The colonel, feeling that he had been grossly misrepresented by malicious enemies, secured papers from a number of our generals and other influential men, refuting the charges, and requesting his reinstatement, and repaired to Washington to submit his case to the President. The papers were examined, an interview was appointed, and the colonel found himself cordially received by the President, and informed that injustice had been done him, and that he should be reinstated. The President then added, "Now, colonel, I know you to be one of my most bitter political opponents, but I propose to promote you to a brigadier-general, provided you will allow me to fully test your loyalty beyond what papers you have produced. If you are a loyal man and a war democrat, you can surely have no objection." The colonel, as a

matter of course, felt highly elated at this unexpected favour, and earnestly stated that he was prepared to submit to any requirements calculated to test his loyalty, and expressed his delight in complying with the demand, since his excellency had shown such confidence in him as to honour him with such an enviable position. "Well, colonel," replied Old Abe, as a merry twinkle danced in his eye, "I promote you to the command of a negro brigade, and I hope you will prove yourself as loyal as you are represented, and do honour to the high trust to which you are assigned." The democracy of the colonel was violently jarred at this announcement, and, straightening himself to his full length, he replied: "Mr. President, I thank you for the temporary pleasure you have conferred upon me in building up an air-castle of such extraordinary dimensions, and thus sweeping it down with one stroke. While I admire the joke, I most respectfully beg leave to decline serving in any such capacity."

**A LONG CANE.**—A traveller, among other narrations of wonders of foreign parts, declared he knew a cane a mile long. The company looked incredulous; and it was evident they were not prepared to swallow it, even if it should have been a sugar cane. "Pray, what kind of a cane was it?" asked the gentleman, sneeringly. "It was a hurricane," replied the traveller.

**CONDITIONS OF PEACE WITH AMERICA.**—There is a consideration which may have some weight in determining the Yankees not to force us into a war with them, whilst they have on hand any such work as the siege of Charleston, and whilst we have a Channel Fleet of ironclads disengaged. Two circumstances render it inexpedient for them to quarrel with us. They have too many irons in the fire, and we too many in the water.—*Punch*.

**NO POWER TO HANG.**—A villainous specimen of humanity was brought into the police court, charged with having brutally assaulted his wife. The charge was substantiated in the clearest and most positive manner, and exhibited the most heartless cruelty on the husband's part. On his examination before the justice, he had a good deal to say about "getting justice." The magistrate exclaimed, "You can't get it here. This court has no power to hang you!"

**FARMER B.**—A farmer was sitting in the country church. He had been working hard in the harvest-field. Hands were scarce, and farmer B. was dozing. The loud tones of the minister failed to arouse the farmer, until at length, the time waning, the good man closed the lids of the Bible, and concluded as follows: "Indeed, my hearers, the harvest is plenteous, but the labourers are few." "Yes," exclaimed farmer B., "I've offered three shillings a day for cradlers, and I can't get 'em at that."

**LORD ROBERT MONTAGU'S LUCK.**—At the annual dinner of the Huntingdonshire Agricultural Society, at St. Neot's, the other day, Lord R. Montagu, in a speech after dinner, observed that: "In his (Lord R. Montagu's) journeys through the country he frequently drank most excellent beer." Did he? Then he is a fortunate man. Lord R. Montagu is implored to publish a list of the public-houses at which he has been so lucky as to find a really good tap, flowing with genuine old English ale. The best liquor drawn by too many landlords is stuff called bitter beer, of which bitterness is the best quality, and which is more than bitter enough. By the publication of a guide to good liquor, his lordship would do the state some service, and benefit the public.—*Punch*.

**FISH STORY.**—Almost frozen, and dying of hunger, we saw a wounded whale struggling on the ice. We were so hungry we could hardly refrain from eating it raw; but upon my suggestion we proceeded to fry the whale entire. We did so, and found its flesh as tender as salmon. How did we fry it? Where did we get the frying-pan? Why, I'll tell you. We started a fire on the ice, and let it burn until it became red hot, and then we rolled the fish on it, and in an hour it was done to a turn."

"AH!" said a sceptic to an old quaker, "I suppose you are one of those fanatics who believe in the Bible?" Said the old man, "I do believe the Bible. Dost thou not believe it?" "No; I can have no proof of its truth." "Truth! dost thou believe in France?" "Yes; for although I have not seen it, I have seen others who have." "Then thee will not believe anything thes or others have not seen?" "No." "Did thee ever see thy own brains?" "No." "Knows thee the man who did see them?" "No." "Does thee believe thou hast any?" This last question put an end to the discussion.

**WORDS IN SEASON.**—*Le Follet* begins its account of the Fashions for October with the following devotional words:—"Now that the Autumn has decidedly made its appearance among us, all our thoughts and energies must be directed to the study of the most becoming and appropriate styles of dresses and materials for the Season." "All our thoughts and energies?" What all, love? All our heart, soul, and strength, dearest? Well, then, we shall be worshipper of Fashion, indeed.

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Now that the Autumn has decided made its appearance, some of us begin to think that Christmas is coming. Some others of us have gloomier views, most of us are inspired with thoughts more or less serious. But you and I, sweet, will devote our whole minds to the decoration of our bodies.—*Punch*.

"WHY," asked the genial bachelor at the breakfast-table the other morning, "will the pretty girls refuse to wear the new leather bonnets which will soon be on the market?" There was no answer; so after a polite pause, and blushing at finding himself the object of much attention, he replied, "because they are unwilling to hide their faces."

## STATISTICS.

**COST OF THE CENSUS.**—The expense incurred at the central office (exclusive of postage) and in payment of the local officers in taking the census of England and Wales was £86,728 in 1841, £93,132 in 1851, and £95,719 in 1861. This was, in 1841, £5 9s. per thousand of the population, in 1851, £5 4s., and in 1861, £4 10s. 5d., or rather more than a penny per head for every man, woman and child in the kingdom. 33,966 local officers were employed in taking the census of 1861.

### THE IRISH CROPS.

The remarkable fact in connection with the statistics in Ireland is that the number of acres under cereal crops this year is less than it was last year by 144,719. The following table shows the amount of decrease in the several crops:

	Acres.	Acres.	Acres.
1862.	356,321	264,766	91,555
Wheat	...	...	...
Oats	1,977,528	1,948,986	28,542
Barley	192,302	171,238	21,064
Bere and Rye	12,128	8,624	3,504
Beans and Peas	15,202	15,148	54
Total	2,553,481	2,408,762	144,719

There has also been a decrease in the quantity of land under green crops, amounting to 19,358. This falling-off has been chiefly in turnips, mangold-wurzel, vetches and rape. In potatoes, however, there has been an increase of 5,514 acres; cabbage, 3,455 acres; carrots, parsnips, and other green crops, 4,940 acres. In meadows and clover also there has been an increase of 7,724 acres. The increase in the extent of the flax crop is 60,000 acres, which is about 40,000 more than the quantity under flax in any year since 1847. The excess in this crop over last year's produce is estimated by the Registrar-General at £1,000,000. The total decrease in acreage under crops of all kinds this year is 92,431 acres.

But, although there is so large a decrease in the area under cultivation, it is not to be inferred that the value of the harvest is less than it was last year. On the contrary, Mr. Donnelly states that, from inquiries that have been made in well-informed quarters, and from accounts in the press, we are warranted in drawing the conclusion that the abundant produce and excellent quality of the crops will make the value of this year's harvest greater by several millions sterling than the harvest of last year.

With regard to live-stock, the returns show a serious falling-off as compared with last year. In horses there is a decrease of 23,715, in cattle 116,615, in sheep, 152,201, and in pigs 89,522. The total value of the decrease is estimated at £1,227,041. This diminution is the result of the continual pressure last spring upon the small farmers, who, in order to meet their liabilities, were obliged to sell their live-stock to a greater extent than usual. But there is a cheering indication of reviving prosperity in this department, and of a hopeful upward tendency in the large increase of animals under two years old. Thus, under the head "one year old and under two years," there is an increase of 12,771, and under one year there is an increase of 19,148, showing 32,000 head of young cattle more than last year. The results must be regarded as, on the whole, satisfactory, for the total deficiency in live-stock will be nearly compensated for by the increase in the single item of flax, while it is expected that there will be an addition of millions sterling to the agricultural wealth of the country, arising from the superior value of the crops this year.

**THE OGO-WAI RIVER.**—An account has appeared of the exploration of the Ogo-Wai, a river on the Western coast of Africa, in July and August, 1862, by MM. Griffon du Bellay and Serval, of the French navy. This river, which has an average breadth of 2½ kilometres (a mile and a half) is formed at a distance of 60 leagues from its mouth by the junction of two large rivers, the Okanda and the N'Gounyai, the sources of which are still unknown, although the latter seems to follow the general direction of the Ogo-Wai, with a slight inclination to the south, and the direction of the Okanda is north-easterly, which would lead to the supposition that its origin is not far distant from Lake

Tshad. Its banks are peopled by tribes known under the collective name of Oshebas, which comprises those of the Pahouins, Shakis, and Orubets, some of which trade with the tribes of Gaboon. The tribes which inhabit the river N'Gounyai are the Ashiras and Chimbas. The people of these regions are persuaded that the mountains are inhabited by certain savages, whom they call Pahidis, and describe as having wings and antelopes' feet; but they know nothing of a negro race provided with tails, or of amphibious negroes. From the junction of the two above-mentioned rivers, the country may be divided into two distinct regions; the highlands of Lake Jonanga, and the marshy country of Lake Anengue. The former, consisting of lime-formation and clay, is thickly-wooded, and inhabited by the Elengas, who are allied to the Gallois. The marshy country is inhabited by the Eivilis, Bacamas, and Oroongos, and is highly insalubrious; the highlands on the contrary are healthy, as might be expected. M. Du Chalhu peoples Lake Anengue with a vast multitude of crocodiles; our travellers on the contrary hardly found any there. The tribes only manufacture mats and pottery for their own use; but on the other hand, the country is rich in palm-oil, India-rubber, ivory, ebony, and concrete vegetable fat; the two latter are the chief produce of the highlands. European produce reaches these countries in exchange for slaves.

### THE END OF THE RAINBOW.

"COME, brother," I cried, on a soft summer-day, When the moonbeams were chasing the rainbows away; "The rainbow has lit on you hill, and you know There are bags full of gold at the end of the bow."

We were young, thoughtless, children, dear brother and I,

And we thought that the hill-top was close to the sky; We thought, too, (our brothers had said it was so,) We should find heaps of gold at the end of the bow.

So onward we trudged, over meadows of green,

Where violets modest and daisies were seen, Not paused till we stood in the valley below, And gazed all around for the end of the bow.

"Not here," I said sadly; but brother replied, "It is hid in the moss by the waterfall's side; Run fast; if you move o'er the pebbles so slow I'm sure I'll be first at the end of the bow."

We found not the treasures we searched for till night; But brother, the dear, fragile blossom, was right; From this valley of tears he was first called to go, To the spot where is resting the end of the bow.

Where rainbows of glory unceasingly play Dear brother is singing with angels to-day; And his light snowy pinions are folded, I trow, In the fulness of joy at the end of the bow.

A. M. S.

### GEMS.

ALL virtues are fair and honest; only by fortitude we become like the immortal gods, and happy.

**EQUIVOCATION.**—A sudden lie may be sometimes only manslaughter upon truth; but by a carefully-constructed equivocation, truth always is, with malice aforethought, deliberately murdered.

ALL calm inquiry, conducted among those who have their main principles of judgment in common, leads not to an approximation of views, yet, at least, to an increase of sympathy.

### LOVE AND SORROW.

I envy not in any moods  
The captive void of noble rage—  
The linnet born within the cage,  
That never knew the summer woods.  
I hold it true, whate'er befall—  
I feel it when I sorrow most—  
'Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all.—*Tennyson.*

To be continually subject to the breath of slander, will tarnish the purest virtue, as a constant exposure to the atmosphere will obscure the brightness of the finest gold; but, in either case, the real value of both continues the same, although the currency may be somewhat impeded.

**PERFECTION TO BE AIMED AT.**—Alas! we know that ideals can never be completely embodied in practice. Ideals must ever lie a great way off, and we will thankfully content ourselves with any not intolerable approximation thereto. Let no man, as Schiller says, too querulously "measure by a scale of perfection the meagre product of reality" in this poor world of ours. We will esteem him no wise man; we will esteem him a sickly, discontented, foolish man. And yet, on the other hand, it is never to be forgotten that ideals do exist; that if they be not approximated to at all, the whole matter goes to wreck! Infinitely. No bricklayer builds a wall perfectly perpendicular—mathematically this is

not possible; a certain degree of perpendicularity suffices him, and he, like a good bricklayer, who must have done with his job, leaves it so. And yet, if he sway too much from the perpendicular—above all, if he throw plummet and level quite away from him, such bricklayer, I think, is in a bad way. He has forgotten himself; but the law of gravitation does not forget to act on him; he and his wall rush down into confused welter of ruins!

**SHAMEFUL IGNORANCE OF NATURE.**—At present many a man who is versed in Greek metre, and afterwards full of law reports, is childishly ignorant of nature. Let him walk with an intelligent child for a morning, and the child will ask him a hundred questions about sun, moon, stars, plants, birds, building, farming, and the like, to which he can give very sorry answers, if any; or, at the best, he has but a second-hand acquaintance with nature. Man's conceits are his main knowledge. Whereas, if he have any pursuit connected with nature, all nature is in harmony with it, is brought into his presence by it; and it affords once cultivation and recreation.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

**THE AFRICAN BREAD-FRUIT TREE.**—In the tropical department of the Crystal Palace is now in full bearing, presenting a very curious and interesting appearance.

**SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.**—The Lords of the Committee of Council on Education have decided that the New Art Training Schools for male and female classes shall be open for the inspection of the public every Saturday from 2 till 9 p.m. Admission free through the Museum.

THEIR has just been discovered in Spain, document of considerable interest to the literary history of that country. It is the receipt for 112,500 maravedis, paid to the Fathers of the Trinity for the ransom of the author of "Don Quixote," Michel Cervantes, a prisoner in the hands of the Moors. The receipt states that the prisoner was then thirty-three years of age, and had lost his left arm.

ALL passengers by railway in France have hitherto been shown into a waiting-room, and there kept locked up, like wild beasts in a cage, for five, ten, or more minutes. The Government recently ordered that the entrance to the platform should be thrown open, and in spite of the remonstrance of all railway officials, who, like other men, enjoy the sense of power, has determined that the new rule shall at once take effect.

**ARCHEOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES AT ATHENS.**—Some tombs have been discovered in the suburbs of Athens, on the Via Sacra. In one of these is a *bas-relief*, representing a combat between an armed equestrian and a warrior on foot, having indentures for the insertion of ornaments in bronze. An inscription declares that the tomb was erected in the time of the Archon Eubulitos (B.C. 394), in honour of an Athenian killed in the battle of Corinth, twenty years after the death of Pericles.

**GRAPES AND GOBLETS.**—As compared with French and Portuguese wines, which are loaded with brandy, at various percentages, ranging from three up to twenty per cent, German wine is a perfectly innocent beverage. There is no doubt that the buyer who procures the true German Hippocrate, from a reliable source, may congratulate himself upon possessing a wine in which there is less brandy than any other in Europe. Yet these wines are known to be capable of preserving their strength and perfume for a century. "Rhenish," as it used to be designated, was known in England so far back as the fourteenth century, when, in the reign of Richard II., its price was fixed at £5 a tun, or fuder; and in the first year of the reign of Charles II., when a great variety of wines were in use, the price was limited by Act of Parliament to 12d. per quart. The "old brown Hock"—name applied to the first quality, and most celebrated vintages of the Rudesheimer, a powerful wine made from the Orleans grape, and taking rank immediately after the Schloss, Johannisberg, and the Steinberg,—which used to be in high fashion in England some forty years ago, is still to be occasionally picked up of the vintage of 1811 (the year of the comet), and, sometimes, though very rarely, of the vintage of 1783. The statistics of the wine cultivation in the Moselle district offer some interesting results. The produce per acre, on an average of five years, amounts to four and a half ohm—eight hundred and ten bottles. The area under cultivation in 1859 was 22,255 acres, which produced, in round numbers, 100,000 ohm. The vineyards are valued at nine hundred thalers per acre, which yield a total capital of twenty million thalers, equal to three million pounds sterling English. Remembering that this capital is invested in a barren surface, which, for the most part, would otherwise be wholly unprofitable, the fact is full of interest and importance; especially if it be true, as it is asserted, that the vines are capable of supporting a larger nominal population, in a given area, than the ordinary pursuits of agriculture.

## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**INCORONATA.**—1. Steel or silver ornaments are used in mourning, not gold. 2. A velvet dress is not considered mourning.

**A. E. F. (CARDIFF).**—We regret to say that your verses are not quite up to our standard.

**T. S.**—The annual fair at Guildford begins on the 4th of October, and on the previous Sunday, called Tap-up Sunday, publicans are allowed to draw beer at all hours.

**F. S.**—There are three Lord Mayors in the United Kingdom—the Lord Mayor of London, the Lord Mayor of York, and the Lord Mayor of Dublin.

**L. E.**—The Kings of England, down so late as the reign of George II., were styled Kings of France—because, as successors to Henry VI., they preserved a ridiculous claim to that monarchy.

**W. M.**—Your letter has been received, but your question is so vague that it is impossible to answer it. If you will write another letter, entering more fully into the details, we shall be happy to do our best for you.

**D. J. A.**—If a person "faults," place him on his back and let him alone; he wants arterial blood to the head, and it is easier for the heart to throw it there in a horizontal line, than perpendicular.

**CANDIDIA** wishes to become acquainted with one that would make a loving partner through life, as he is very solitary in his present state. He is of fair complexion, and holds a respectable situation.

**W. L. D.**—The ox is a more useful animal than the horse, because it not only supplies mankind with food, but is a useful labourer. Love is a stronger passion than revenge, owing to its being more selfish, more persistent in its designs, and as universal as the light from the sun.

**J. K.** begs to answer the appeal of **LOWLY MAIDEN** (No. 19). He is twenty-two years of age, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, dark-complexioned, and in a good trade, &c. If **LOWLY MAIDEN** thinks he will suit her, he will be most happy to forward his *carte-de-visite*.

**F. A. G.**—If you find yourself inclined to wake up at a regular hour in the night and remain awake, you can break up the habit in three days, by getting up as soon as you wake, and not going to sleep again until your usual hour for retiring; or retire two hours later, and rise two hours earlier, for three days in succession; not sleeping a moment in the daytime.

**G. D.**—Nothing can be more disgraceful than your wife's conduct as described in your letter. Your question is a very difficult one to answer, and, before replying to it, we should like to know what kind of property your income was derived from, by what kind of deal the money was made over to your wife, and whether, when you separated from her, you left her in possession of any furniture.

**B. B. H.**—The myrtle plant, in the language of flowers, signifies love. The snowdrop means hope, and the wallflower fidelity in misfortune. The latter derives its name from the circumstance of its growing upon old walls, and being seen on the casements or battlements of ancient castles, from the ruins of abbeys, and on turrets and cottages. Hence the myrtles and wallflowers were accustomed to wear a bouquet of wallflowers, as the emblem of an affection which is proof against time and misfortune.

**P. Q.**—Steps are being taken in the south-western mining district, which includes Monmouthshire, Somersetshire, Gloucestershire, and parts of several other counties, with the view of investing the portion allotted to the district from the Hartley Fund surplus. It is expected that about £2,000 will be received, and it is intended to invest the same in such a manner as will make it readily available in case of a serious accident at any of the mines of the south-western (Mr. L. Brough's division) district.

**V. S.**—Where gold or silver fish are kept in vessels in rooms, &c., they should be kept in spring-water. The water will require to be changed, according to the size of the vessel, or the number of fish kept therein—but it is not well to change the water too often. A vessel that will hold a common-sized pail of water, three fish may be kept in, by changing the water once a fortnight—and so on in proportion. If any food is supplied to them, it should be a few crumbs of bread dropped in the water once or twice a week.

**CLARA AND KATE** are two disconsolate young ladies in want of sweethearts. Clara is a warm-hearted Scotch girl, eighteen years of age, rather below the middle height, with fair complexion, dark hair, and eyes. Kate is an English girl. She is seventeen, rather below the middle height, with dark hair. She has no fortune, but has received a plain English education, and has an affectionate heart to bestow. She would like the young man to be eighteen or nineteen, of the middle height and dark. She does not desire good looks so much as steadiness and respectability.

**W. J.**—Your lover sent you a rose—and you wish, through the medium of another flower, to tell him his love is returned. Send him a sprig of lilac. The lilac has been consecrated to the first emotions of love, because nothing possesses a greater charm than the delight afforded by its appearance on the return of spring. Indeed, the freshness of its verdure, the flexibility of its branches, the profusion of its flowers, their short and transitory beauty, their soft and variegated hues, all recall those celestial emotions which embellish beauty and lend to youth its grace divine.

**R. P.**—To make artificial mahogany.—The surface is first planed smooth, and the wood is then rubbed with a solution of nitrous acid. An ounce of dragon's blood is dissolved in nearly a pint of spirits of wine: this, and one-third of an ounce of carbonate of soda are then to be mixed together and filtered, and the liquid in this thin state is to be laid on with a soft brush. This process is to be repeated, and in a short interval afterwards the wood possesses the external appearance of mahogany. When the polish diminishes in brilliancy, it may be restored by the use of a little cold-drawn linseed oil.

**R. M. D.**—Petulance is an explosion of weakness. Most sick people are petulant—it is their chronic expression of discontent. But for persons in health to be petulant, is at once to be weak and miserable. They are the spoiled children of society, and, like their prototypes, intolerable nuisances. In a young man, petulance is more endurable than petulance—because puppyish delights in fine dress and affectation, which are frequently only pleasant foibles. But to be disposed to be always cross, as the phrase goes—to be always pursing lips, like a bread-and-butter miss, is intolerable. There is some music in a old bachelor's growl—there is certainly not a particle in a

young one's squeak. But as this variety of the *genus homo* is justly unpopular, we may safely leave them to the chastisement they provoke. As to petulant young ladies, they may be classed as follows: those who want beans and cannot get them; those whose coquetry has recoiled upon and punished themselves; those thwarted in unwise passions for adventurers by prudent parents.

**ADA BRAT.**—We should be able to form a much better judgment of your tale were it finished before it was put into our hands. Our shelves are literally piled with poetry. Your lines, however, discover a fair specimen of the poetical

**VIOLET** would like to correspond with F. K. Y. She is twenty-one, 5 ft. 4 in. in height, fair, and good-tempered; she has no fortune, but has had a good education, and has an affectionate heart. She is charmed with F. K. Y.'s description of himself, and he appears to be her *beau idéal* of perfection.

**A. E.**—The superstition about what are called winding-sheets being seen in a candle, is a relic of the days of witchcraft. The idea of their being the precursor of death is very prevalent all over the country—especially in the rural districts. We do not know its origin—for, like all other such rolices of the past, it is shrouded in mystery. Our impression is that it may be traced to the fact that a candle never burns clearly in foul air. Shakespeare makes the "lights burn blue"—an unequivocal symptom of a vitiated atmosphere—and, of course, of the tendency to disease and death.

**LORD DUNDEE** is twenty-one, 5 ft. 7 1/2 in. in height, a member of a volunteer corps; is of a merry disposition, and in expectation of a comfortable fortune. He will be glad to exchange portraits. **DUNDEE**'s brother is also in want of a wife. He is nineteen, rather good-looking, 5 ft. 8 in. in height, of a mild temper and lively disposition.

**O. R.**—Man's life is a perpetual change. His progress from infancy to old age is a series of changes. "The child is father of the man," said Wordsworth—and a truer remark was never made—for is not the child the ancestor, the foundation of the man? And see how the child changes—how seven divisions of life are as distinctly marked as the rings on the forest tree. But physically man changes often. Supposing three-score and ten years to be his allotted term, he will in that time have had thirteen distinct bodies; for science tells us that the human frame is entirely renewed about every five years. The mind is, of course, affected by these revolutions, and education is to it what muscular and other exercises are to the body. It conducts it safely through all its transitions. As regards the treatment of lamency, these periodical physical changes might be studied with inculcable advantage.

**LILLY (PORTSMOUTH)** writes A GENTLEMAN that she is a real country girl, and thinks the gentleman in question would just suit her, provided it was the case with him towards herself. She has always been brought up to house affairs; she can cook and do anything that is needful. She is of a cheerful, loving disposition, and is contented with her situation in life, for her parents are very comfortable, only she feels that she would like some one to love her, and would make a loving wife. She should be ready to perform a wife's part in standing by her husband (should it be her fortune to get one), in all trials and sorrows. She is dark, with arched eyebrows, and small features; she cannot flatter herself, though some call her nice-looking; she does not expect a fortune; so, whoever has her will have her for herself alone.

**A. R.**—Antique works in Ivory, that have become discoloured, may be brought to a pure whiteness by exposing them to the sun under glasses. It is the particular property of Ivory to resist the action of the sun's rays when it is under glass; but when deprived of this protection, to become covered with a multitude of minute cracks. Many antique pieces of sculpture in Ivory may be seen, which, although tolerably white, are at the same time defaced by numerous cracks. This defect cannot be remedied; but, in order to conceal it, the dust may be removed which has insinuated itself into the fissures, by brushing the work with warm-water and soap, and afterwards placing it under glass. Antique works in Ivory that have become discoloured may be brushed with pumice-stone, calcined and diluted, and while yet wet, placed under glasses. They should be daily exposed to the action of the sun, and be turned from time to time, that they may become equally bleached. If the brown colour be deeper on one side than the other, that side will, of course, be for the longest time exposed to the sun. The bleaching may be accelerated by frequently repeating the operation just described.

**G. H.**—To prevent Baldness. When the loosening of the hair commences, adopt the following treatment: Immerse the head in cold water morning and night, dry the hair thoroughly, and then brush the scalp until a warm glow is produced. In women with long hair this plan is objectionable; and a better one is to brush the scalp until redness and a warm glow are produced, and then rub among the roots of the hair some stimulating oil or pomatum. This treatment should be practised once or twice a day, or at intervals of a few days, according to the state of the scalp—namely, if tender, less—*if* insatiable, more frequently. When the baldness happens in patches, the skin should be well brushed with a soft tooth-brush, dipped in distilled vinegar, morning and evening, and the general plan of brushing above referred to followed. As a general rule, the head cannot be too much brushed, any more than the horse's coat can be too much groomed. The groomer knows full well that by plenty of combing and brushing he can, not only produce a fine coat, but add very considerably to the healthy condition of the animal. And so it is with man—the more the head be brushed, the more healthy will be the skin, the more healthy its function—namely, the production and maintenance of the hair—and, by a reflected power, the more healthy the individual.

**FERN MANIA.**—We have but 46 species of British fern, yet in the nursery there are no fewer than 320 distinct varieties of them, each variety reproducing itself, except in a few instances, with stubborn constancy, so that we may fairly doubt at last if we know the species in any case, and if what we call species are not themselves only varieties which have acquired a tolerably fixed character because compelled to submit to certain uniform conditions of soil and climate. It is a fact of no less interest to the philosopher speculating on the origin of species than to the fern-grower, who cares not a jot about that grave question, that to form a complete collection of British ferns and their varieties is simply impossible. In a recently published catalogue there were 364 species and varieties—319 all pried throughout, and prices range from £1. to £2 2s. per plant, while of a few very rare kinds the prices are omitted, which is a hint that they may be learnt upon inquiry; and special arrangements must be made for

the purchase of these most precious things—as you would make especial arrangements for the purchase of a palace or a steam-ship. We may, perhaps, say that the most complete collection of British ferns it is possible to obtain is worth £100, which is an interesting contribution to the history of the fern mania.

**S. H.** is about seventeen, with dark eyes and fair complexion, and is considered to be good-looking. She has received a plain English education, can sing and play on the piano, and can attend also to the comforts of a home. S. H.'s handwriting is very good.

**ALBERT.**—Mists are caused by cold and warm air coming in contact. This difference in the temperature of the air proceeds from the cooling of land and water. The former is cooled only externally, and it is with difficulty the interior is cooled at all; whereas the upper stratum of the latter, as soon as it is cooled, descends, and has its place supplied with warmer water from below; consequently, the temperature of the water will seldom be as low as that of the land. This phenomenon begins at sunset; and if the weather be calm and clear, the temperature of the air above the surface of the water will be considerably higher than that above the land. When the air from the land comes in contact with that above the water, a fog or mist is the result.

**SPORTSMAN.**—When the tenant has the right to kill the game on his lands, he has not in general the right to point or permit another person to do so, when the game belongs to the landlord. The legislature seems to have considered that if strangers were allowed, by the tenant's leave, to shoot rabbits, the game would suffer, and, therefore, the 30th section of the Game Act absolutely forbids all trespassing, either in search of game or of rabbits, or woodcocks, snipe, quails, and landrails, though all but the game belong to the tenant. The result is, that the right to kill rabbits is *private* personal to the tenant. The tenant may employ his servant to kill the rabbits, provided it is done *bordé* for the tenant's own use, and not for the colourable purpose of giving a day's sport to strangers. Hence a stranger might, with the tenant's leave, shoot rabbits on the land without a game license, yet he incurs the penalty of an illegal trespass, since the tenant's leave and license is worthless to protect him against the latter. In such cases it will obviously be a question for the justices whether the person authorized was *bordé* a servant or a hired agent, and acted under the immediate direction and order of the tenant, or was merely a sham sportsman, who, under colour of friendship, sought to evade the law of trespass.

**D. E. D.**—**Crocus Flower Borders:** Plant in the open ground, in October, November, or as early in December as circumstances will permit, preferring deep, light, rich, sandy soil; but the crocus will thrive in any ordinary soil or situation. In planting, the bulbs should be covered from two to three inches with fine mould; and not more than two inches apart. For edging borders and beds, the crocus is also exceedingly useful; and, where planted in lines along the margin of walks, or in clumps of three, six, twelve, or more bulbs each, and allowed to remain in the ground for several years, the effect of the immense masses of flower which they produce is all that can be desired. We have seen a very effective display in a flower-garden in March, produced by each bed having a broad edging of crocus, the colours being nicely arranged and contrasted. This may be secured without interfering with either the spring or summer flowers; for the bulbs may be planted close to the outside of the bed, where they will scarcely be in the way, either in digging or in planting. Unless the bulbs become too numerous, and the leaves spread over more space than it may be desirable to have covered with them, they should not be disturbed, as they bloom more profusely when well established. Care must be exercised, however, to protect the bulbs from mice, as they are exceedingly partial to them, especially in winter.

**J. L.**—**Japaning:** First provide yourself with a small muller and stone, to grind any colour that you may require; secondly, provide yourself with white, hard varnish, brown varnish, turpentine varnish, japan gold size, and spirit of turpentine—which you may keep in separate bottles until required; thirdly, provide yourself with flake white, red lead, vermilion, lake, Prussian blue, King's and patent yellow, orange, spruce and brown ochre, mineral green, verditer, burntumber, and lamp-black. Observe that all woodwork must be prepared with size and some coarse material mixed with it, in order to fill up and harden the grain of the wood—such, indeed, as may best suit the colour intended to be laid on—which must be rubbed smooth with glass-paper, when dry; but in case of accident, it is seldom necessary to re-size the damaged places unless they are considerable. With the foregoing colours observing to grind your colour smooth in spirit of turpentine; add a small quantity of spirit of turpentine and spirit varnish, and lay it carefully on with a camel-hair brush; then varnish with brown or white spirit varnish, according to the colour required. For a black, mix up a little size and lamp-black and it will bear a good gloss without varnishing over. To imitate black rosewood, a black ground must be given to the wood, after which, take some finely-levigated red lead, mixed up as before directed, and lay on with a flat, stiff brush, in imitation of the streaks in the wood; after which, take a small quantity of lake, ground fine, and mix it with brown spirit varnish, carefully observing not to have more colour in it than will just tinge the varnish; but should it happen on trial to be still too red, you may easily assist it with a little amber, ground very fine, with which pass over the whole of the work intended to imitate black rosewood, and it will have the desired effect. If the work be done by a good jappanner, according to the foregoing rules, it will, when varnished and polished, scarcely be distinguished from the real wood.

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